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History of Agnes de Castro.

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HISTORY

OF

Agnes de Castro.

THO Love, all soft and flattering, promises nothing but Pleasures; yet its Consequences are often sad and fatal. It is not enough to be in love, to be happy; since Fortune, who is capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repose of the most elevated and virtuous, has very little respect for passionate and tender Hearts, when she designs to produce strange Adventures.

Many Examples of past Ages render this Maxim certain: but the Reign of *Don Alphonso* the IVth, King of *Portugal*, furnishes

nishes as [illegible] extraordinary that History [illegible]

He was [illegible] who was [illegible] takings, [illegible] was capable of perfo[illegible] design'd; (and of [illegible] eminent Virtue) who [illegible] inherit a flourishing and [illegible] deavour'd to establish Peace and [illegible] abundance in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Design, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro* (then about eight Years of Age) and *Bianca*, Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Castile*; and whom the young Prince married when he arriv'd to his sixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities and very few Charms. *Don Pedro*, who was full of Sweetness and Generosity, liv'd nevertheless very well with her; but those Distempers of the Princess degenerating into the Palsy, she made it her request to retire, and at her Intercession the Pope broke the Marriage, and the melancholy Princess conceal'd her Languishment in a solitary Retreat: And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, married *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Don John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood

Blood [illegible] the King of
[illegible] word,
[illegible] owing her
[illegible] day to
[illegible] Provinces.
[illegible] Years of Age,
[illegible] had the best
[illegible] with the most ac-
[illegible] Qualities of the Body he poſſeſt
[illegible] of the Soul, and ſhewed himſelf
[illegible] things of the Crown that
[illegible] for him.

The Princeſs *Conſtantia* had Beauty, Wit, and Generoſity, in as great a meaſure as 'twas poſſible for a Woman to be poſſeſt with; her Merit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* eternally to her; and certainly he had for her an Eſteem, mix'd with ſo great a Reſpect, as might very well paſs for Love with thoſe that were not of a nice and curious Obſervation: but alas! his real Care was reſerv'd for another Beauty.

Conſtantia brought into the World, the firſt Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was called *Don Louis*; but it ſcarce ſaw the Light, and dy'd almoſt as ſoon as born. The Loſs of this little Prince ſenſibly touched her, but the Coldneſs ſhe obſerv'd in the Prince her Husband, went yet nearer

her Trust; [illegible] her [illegible] solutely [illegible] her [illegible] made her Tenderness [illegible] But puissant Glo[illegible] tirely to the Interest [illegible] *tugal*, open'd her [illegible] where she observ'd [illegible] and Civilities that [illegible] satisfy her delicate Heart.

At first she fancy'd her self deceiv'd, [illegible] time having confirmed [illegible] what she fear'd, she sighed in secret; yet had that Consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder: and which nevertheless she could not conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who lived with her, rather as a Companion, than a Maid of Honour, and whom her Friendship made her infinitely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the preference her Mistress gave her; she was beautiful to excess, wise, discreet, witty, and had more Tenderness for *Constantia* than she had for her self, having quitted her Family, which was illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her first Moans; and the charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor

[illegible] *Constantia* [illegible] complained of [illegible] his Divorce [illegible] expressed some [illegible] *Gonzales*, [illegible] *Gonzales*, Favourite to [illegible] this Amusement [illegible] the Prince, had made [illegible] *Elvira*, who flatter'd [illegible] the Infirmities of *Bianca*. [illegible] Rage, *Constantia* [illegible] was possest with such Charms, that quite divested her of all Hopes.

Her Jealousy left her not idle, she examined all the Actions of the Prince, and easily discover'd the little Regard he had for the Princess; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good grounds that she suspected him to be in love with some other Person, and possessed with a new Passion; and which she promised herself, she would destroy as soon as she could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for bold and hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her so much Vanity, as all the Indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languished, and concealed the Cause with so much Care, that 'twas impossible for any to find it out. No publick Pleasures were agreeable to him, and all Conversations were tedious; and it

The King, who loved
derly, earneſtly
Reaſon of his
made no anſwer,
was the effect of his

But Time ran on, and
brought to bed of a
and was called *Fernando*.
himſelf a little to take part in the
Joy, ſo that they believ'd his Humour was
changing; but this Appearance of a Calm
endur'd not long, and he fell back again
into his black Melancholy.

The artful *Elvira* was inceſſantly agitated in ſearching out the Knowledg of this Secret. Chance wrought for her; and, as ſhe was walking full of Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Palace of *Coimbra*, ſhe found the Prince of *Portugal* ſleeping in an obſcure Grotto.

Her Fury could not contain it ſelf at the ſight of this loved Object, ſhe roll'd her Eyes upon him, and perceived in ſpite of Sleep, that ſome Tears eſcaped his Eyes; the Flame which burnt yet in her Heart, ſoon grew ſoft and tender there: But oh! ſhe heard him ſigh, and after that utter theſe words, *Yes, Divine* Agnes, *I will ſooner die, than let you know it*: Con-

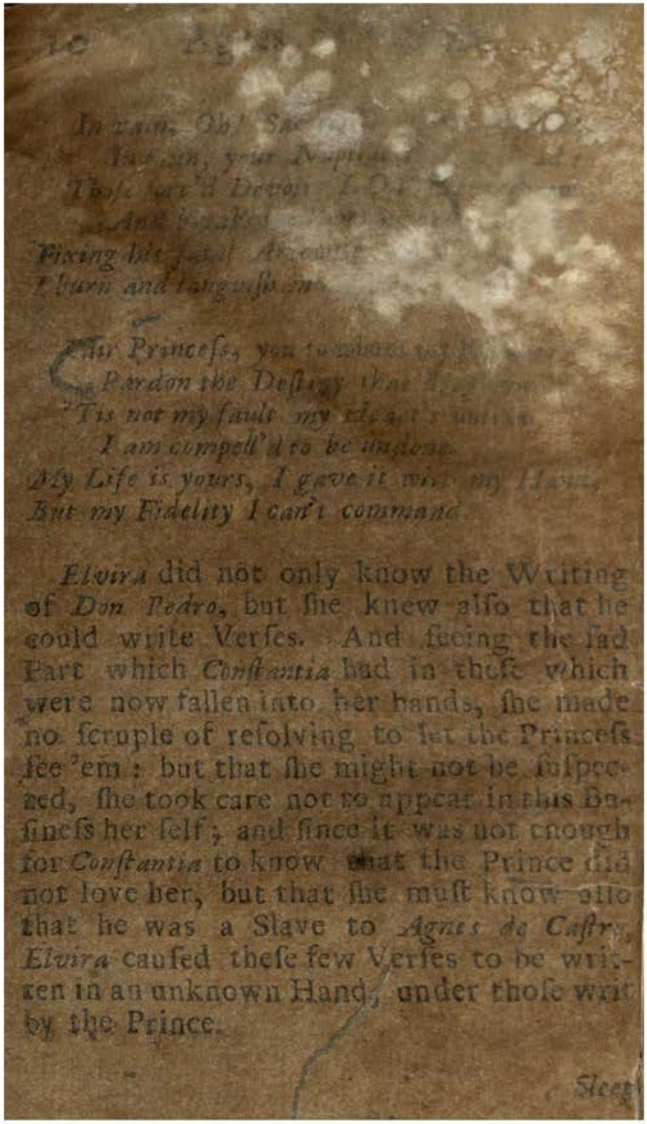
ſtantia

[illegible] shall [illegible] me with [illegible] discourse, [illegible] [illegible]ly, the [illegible] *Agnes de Castro* with all her [illegible] and [illegible] doubting, but [illegible] the Heart of *Don* [illegible] Soul more Hatred [illegible] Tenderness for [illegible]

[illegible] fit Place to make [illegible] to form Designs. Per[illegible] transports would have made her [illegible] him, if she had not perceived a Paper lying under his Hand, which she softly seiz'd on; and that she might not be surprized in the reading it, she went out of the Garden with as much haste as confusion.

When she was retired to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it these Verses, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which, in appearance, he had newly then compos'd.

In vain, Oh! Sacred Honour, you debate
The mighty Business in my Heart:
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate,
Interest and Glory claim no part.
The God, sure of his Victory, triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire share.



In vain, Oh! Sa[illegible]
In vain, your Nuptia[illegible]
Those [illegible] Devoir I Q[illegible]
And [illegible]
Fixing his [illegible] Arrowing
I burn and languish [illegible]

Fair Princess, you to whom [illegible]
Pardon the Destiny that [illegible]
'Tis not my fault, my [illegible]
I am compell'd to be undone.
My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
But my Fidelity I can't command.

Elvira did not only know the Writing of *Don Pedro*, but she knew also that he could write Verses. And seeing the sad Part which *Constantia* had in these which were now fallen into her hands, she made no scruple of resolving to let the Princess see 'em: but that she might not be suspected, she took care not to appear in this Business her self; and since it was not enough for *Constantia* to know that the Prince did not love her, but that she must know also that he was a Slave to *Agnes de Castro*, *Elvira* caused these few Verses to be written in an unknown Hand, under those writ by the Prince.

Sleep

neither Exactness nor
And if they had
design'd, she wished no

Her Impatience could not wait till the next day to expose them: she therefore went immediately to the Lodgings of the Princess, who was then walking in the Garden of the Palace; and passing without resistance, even to her Cabinet, she put the Paper into a Book, in which the Princess used to read, and went out again unseen, and satisfy'd with her good Fortune.

As soon as *Constantia* was return'd, she enter'd into her Cabinet, and saw the Book open, and the Verses lying in it, which were to cost her so dear: She soon knew the Hand of the Prince which was so familiar to her; and besides the Information of what she had always fear'd, she understood it was *Agnes de Castro* (whose Friendship alone was able to comfort her in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal Cause of it: she read over the Paper an hundred times,

times, desiring to [illegible] ve[illegible]
son the Eve [illegible] having [illegible]
she was not [illegible] she [illegible]
possest with [illegible]
she consider[illegible]
was, he [illegible]
ter having made her [illegible]
demning him, the [illegible]
him, made her [illegible]
and inspir'd her with a [illegible]
ceeding her Resentment.

She would certainly have done it [illegible] Virtue extraordinary, if the Prince, who missing his Verses when he waked, and fearing they might fall into Indiscreet Hands, had not enter'd the Palace, all troubled with his Loss; and hastily going into *Constantia's* Apartment, saw her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at the same instant cast his own on the unhappy Verses that had escaped from his Soul, and now lay before the Princess.

He immediately turned pale at this sight, and appear'd so mov'd, that the generous Princess felt more Pain than he did: 'Madam, *said he*, (infinitely alarm'd) from whom had you that Paper? It cannot come but from the Hand of some Person, *answer'd* Constantia, who is an Enemy both to your Repose and mine. It is the Work, Sir, of your own Hand, and doubtless, the Sentiment of your Heart:

'But

'But be not surprized, and do not fear; 'for if my Tenderness should make it pass 'for a Crime in you, the same Tenderness, 'which nothing is able to alter, shall hinder me from complaining.'

The Moderation and Calmness of *Constantia*, served only to render the Prince more asham'd and confus'd. *How generous are you, Madam*, (pursu'd he) *and how unfortunate am I!* Some Tears accompany'd his Words, and the Princess, who heard him with extreme Ardour, was so sensibly touch'd, that it was a good while before she could utter a word. *Constantia* then broke silence, and shewing him what *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: *You are betray'd, Sir*, (added she) *you have been heard speak, and your Secret is known.* It was at this very moment that all the Forces of the Prince abandon'd him; and his Condition was really worthy Compassion: He could not pardon himself the involuntary Crime he had committed, in exposing of the lovely and the innocent *Agnes*. And tho he was convinced of the Virtue and Goodness of *Constantia*, the Apprehensions that he had, that this modest and prudent Maid might suffer by his Conduct, carry'd him beyond all consideration.

The Princess, who heedfully survey'd him, saw so many Marks of Despair in his Face and Eyes, that she was afraid of the Con-

Conſequences; and holding out her Hand, in a very obliging manner to him, ſhe ſaid, 'I promiſe you, Sir, I will never more 'complain of you, and that *Agnes* ſhall 'always be very dear to me; you ſhall ne-'ver hear me make you any Reproaches: 'And ſince I cannot poſſeſs your Heart, I 'will content my ſelf with endeavouring 'to render my ſelf worthy of it.' *Don Pedro* was more confus'd and dejected than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the feet of *Conſtantia*, and with reſpect kiſs'd that fair kind Hand ſhe had given him, and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a moment.

But Love ſoon put a ſtop to all the little Advances of *Hymen*; the fatal Star that preſided over the Deſtiny of *Don Pedro* had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moment's ſight of *Agnes* gave new Force to his Paſſion.

The Wiſhes and Deſires of this charming Maid had no part in this Victory; her Eyes were juſt, tho penetrating, and they ſearched not in thoſe of the Prince, what they had a deſire to diſcover to her.

As ſhe was never far from *Conſtantia*, *Don Pedro* was no ſooner gone out of the Cloſet, but *Agnes* enter'd; and finding the Princeſs all pale and languiſhing in her Chair, ſhe doubted not but there was ſome ſufficient Cauſe for her Affliction: ſhe put herſelf

herſelf in the ſame Poſture the Prince had been in before, and expreſſing an Inquietude, full of Concern; 'Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, 'by all your Goodneſs, conceal not from 'me the Cauſe of your Trouble. Alas, 'Agnes, *reply'd the Princeſs*, what would 'you know? And what ſhould I tell you? 'The Prince, the Prince, my deareſt 'Maid, is in love; the Hand that he gave 'me, was not a Preſent of his Heart; and 'for the Advantage of this Alliance, I 'muſt become the Victim of it —— What! 'the Prince in love! (*reply'd* Agnes, *with 'an Aſtoniſhment mix'd with Indignation*) 'What Beauty can diſpute the Empire 'over a Heart ſo much your due? Alas, 'Madam, all the reſpect I owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring againſt 'him. Accuſe him of nothing, (*interrupted* Conſtantia) he does what he can; 'and I am more obliged to him for deſiring 'to be faithful, than if I poſſeſt his real 'Tenderneſs. It is not enough to fight, 'but to overcome; and the Prince does 'more in the Condition wherein he is, 'than I ought reaſonably to hope for: In 'fine, he is my Husband, and an agreeable 'one; to whom nothing is wanting, but 'what I cannot inſpire; that is, a Paſſion 'which would have made me but too happy. Ah! Madam, (*cry'd out* Agnes, 'tranſported with her Tenderneſs for the 'Princeſs)

'*Princess*) he is a blind and stupid Prince, 'who knows not the precious Advantages 'he possesses. He must see [illegible] some-'thing, (*reply'd the Prince*) But, 'Madam, (*reply'd Agnes*) [illegible] any 'thing, not only in *Portugal* [illegible] in all '*Spain*, that can compare [illegible] And, 'without considering the charming Qua-'lities of your Person, can we enough ad-'mire the Charms of your Soul? My dear *Agnes*, (*interrupted* Constantia, *sighing*) she who 'robs me of my Husband's Heart, has 'but too many Charms to plead his Ex-'cuse; since it is thou, Child, whom For-'tune makes use of, to give me the killing 'Blow. Yes, *Agnes*, the Prince loves 'thee; and the Merit I know thou art 'possest of, puts bounds to my Complaints, 'without suffering me to have the least 'Resentment.'

The delicate *Agnes* little expected to hear what the Princess told her: Thunder would have less surpriz'd, and less op-press'd her. She remain'd a long time without speaking; but at last, fixing her Looks all frightful on *Constantia*, 'What 'say you, Madam? (*cry'd she*) And what 'Thoughts have you of me? What, that 'I should betray you? And coming hither 'only full of Ardor to [illegible] the Repose of 'your Life, do I bring a fatal Poison to 'assist it? What Detestation must I have

'for

'for the Beauty they find in me, without 'aſpiring to make it appear? And how 'ought I to curſe the unfortunate Day, 'on which I firſt ſaw the Prince?——— 'But, Madam, it cannot be me whom 'Heaven has choſen to torment you, and 'to deſtroy all your Tranquillity: No, it 'cannot be ſo much my Enemy, to put 'me to ſo great a tryal. And if I were 'that odious Perſon, there is no Puniſh-'ment, to which I would not condemn 'my ſelf. It is *Elvira*, Madam, the Prince 'loves, and loved before his Marriage 'with you, and alſo before his Divorce 'from *Bianca*; and ſomebody has made an 'indiſcreet Report to you of this Intrigue 'of his Youth: But, Madam, what was 'in the time of *Bianca*, is nothing to you. 'It is certain that *Don Pedro* loves you, '(*anſwer'd the Princeſs*) and I have Vanity 'enough to believe, that, none beſides 'your ſelf could have diſputed, his Heart 'with me: But the Secret is diſcover'd, 'and *Don Pedro* has not diſown'd it. 'What, (*interrupted* Agnes, *more ſur-priz'd than ever*) is it then from himſelf 'you have learned his Weakneſs?' The Princeſs then ſhew'd her the Verſes, and there was never any Deſpair like to hers.

While they were both thus ſadly em-ploy'd, both ſighing, and both weeping, the impatient *Elvira*, who was willing to learn

learn the Effect of her Malice, returned to the Apartment of the Princeſs, where ſhe freely enter'd; even to the Cabinet where theſe unhappy Perſons were, who all afflicted and troubled as they were, bluſhed at her approach, whoſe preſence they did not deſire. She had the Curioſity to ſee *Conſtantia* aſide from her Lover, which had been the Cauſe of all their Trouble, and which the Princeſs had never ſeen, but for her Spite and Revenge; and to obſerve alſo in the Eyes of the Princeſs, and thoſe of *Agnes*, an immoderate Grief: She ſtaid in the Cabinet as long as it was neceſſary to be aſſur'd, that ſhe had ſucceeded in her Deſign; but the Princeſs, who did not deſire ſuch a Witneſs of the Diſorder in which ſhe then was, pray'd to be left alone. *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Caſtro* withdrew at the ſame time.

It was in her own Chamber, that *Agnes* examining more freely this Adventure, found it as cruel as Death. She loved *Conſtantia* ſincerely, and had not till then any thing more than an Eſteem, mixt with Admiration, for the Prince of *Portugal*; which indeed, none could refuſe to ſo many fine Qualities. And looking on her ſelf as the moſt unfortunate of her Sex, as being the Cauſe of all the Suffering of the Princeſs, to whom ſhe was obliged for the greateſt

greateſt Bounties, ſhe ſpent the whole Night in Tears and Complaints, ſufficient to have reveng'd *Conſtantia* for all the Griefs ſhe made her ſuffer.

The Prince, on his ſide, was in no great Tranquillity; the Generoſity of his Princeſs increas'd his Remorſe, without diminiſhing his Love: he fear'd, and with reaſon, that thoſe who were the occaſion of *Conſtantia*'s ſeeing thoſe Verſes, ſhould diſcover his Paſſion to the King, from whom he hoped for no Indulgence: and he would moſt willingly have given his Life, to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the afflicted Princeſs languiſhed in a moſt deplorable Sadneſs; ſhe found nothing in thoſe who were the Cauſe of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderneſs than her Anger: It was in vain that Jealouſy ſtrove to combat the Inclination ſhe had to love her fair Rival; nor was there any occaſion of making the Prince leſs dear to her: and ſhe felt neither Hatred, nor ſo much as Indifference for innocent *Agnes*.

While theſe three diſconſolate Perſons abandon'd themſelves to their Melancholy, *Elvira*, not to leave her Vengeance imperfect, ſtudy'd in what manner ſhe might bring it to the height of its Effects. Her Brother, on whom ſhe depended, ſhew'd her a great deal of Friendſhip, and judging rightly

rightly that the Love [illegible]dro to *Agnes de Castro* won'd [illegible] approved by the King, she acq[illegible]ured *Alvaro* her Brother with it [illegible] not ignorant of the Passion [illegible]d once [illegible]ave for h[illegible]e found himself [illegible]much inte[illegible]; News, from a [illegible] Passion he had for *Agnes*; [illegible] the Business of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from discovering: And he expected a great many Favours from the King, that might render the Effort of his Heart the more considerable.

He hid not from his Sister this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; so that she was now possest with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* Sovereign of all the Hearts to which she had a pretension.

Don Alvaro was one of those ambitious Men, that are fierce without Moderation, and proud without Generosity; of a melancholy, cloudy Humour, of a cruel Inclination, and to effect his [illegible] found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all accounts, ought to have held the first Rank in the Heart of the King, which should have set bounds to the Favour of *Don Alvaro*; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his Jealousy increas'd his Hate of him: and he conjured *Elvira* to

employ

employ all her Care, to oppoſe an Engagement that could not but be deſtructive to them both; ſhe promiſed him, ery well ſatisfy'd, rely'd on

o, who had too lively a Re- within himſelf, of the Beauce of the Prince of *Portugal*, nothing, but how to combat e himſelf not being handſome, *de: His Faſhion* was as diſa- his Humour, and *Don Pedro* Advantages that one Man may poſſibly have over another. In fine, all that *Don Alvaro* wanted, adorn'd the Prince: but as he was the Husband of *Conſtantia*, and depended upon an abſolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free, and Maſter of a good Fortune, he thought himſelf more aſſur'd of *Agnes*, and fixed his Hopes on that Thought.

He knew very well, that the Paſſion of *Don Pedro* could not but inſpire a violent Anger in the Soul of the King. Induſtrious in doing all his firſt Buſineſs was to carry this unwelcome News to him. After he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himſelf to his Deſire, he then beſought the King to intereſt himſelf in his amorous Affair, and to be the Protector of his Perſon.

Tho

Tho *Don Alvaro* had no other Merit recommend him to the King, than a continual and blind Obedience to all his Commands; yet he had favour'd him with ſeveral Teſtimonies of his vaſt Bounty: and conſidering the height to which the King's [illegible] had rais'd him, there were few Ladies that would have refuſed his Alliance. The King aſſured him of the Continuation of his Friendſhip and Favour, and promiſed him, if he had any Authority, he would give him the [illegible] ing *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilful in managing his Maſter, anſwer'd the King's laſt Bounties with a profound Submiſſion. He had yet never told *Agnes* what he felt for her; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and ſought all means to do it.

The Gallantry which *Coimbra* ſeem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awakened. The King to pleaſe *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of diverting *Conſtantia*, order'd ſome publick Sports, and commanded that every thing ſhould be magnificent.

Since the Adventure of the Verſes, *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a conſtraint on himſelf, and to appear leſs troubled; but in his heart he ſuffer'd always alike: and it was not but with great uneaſineſs he prepar'd himſelf for the Tournament. And

ſince

not appear with the Co-
, he took those of his Wife,
ce, or any great Magnifi-

adorn'd himself with the
gnes de Castro; and this fair
d yet found no Consolati-
the Princess had told her,
cause of being displeas'd
ppear'd in the List with an
ace, and *Don Alvaro*, who
s Day as his own, appear'd
ning with Gold, mix'd with
which were the Colours
Agnes; and there were embroider'd all
over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold
on blue Velvet, and Nets for the Snares of
Love, with abundance of double *A's*; his
Device was a Love coming out of a Cloud,
with these Verses written underneath:

Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day,
And to the World his Glories does display;
To race on charming Eyes, and make 'em know,
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.

The Pride of *Don Alvaro* was soon humbled at the feet of the Prince of *Portugal*, who threw him against the ground, with twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the Day. There was in the Evening a noble Assembly at *Constantia's*,

tia's, where *Agnes* woul[illegible] unleſs expreſly comman[illegible] ceſs. She appear'd there[illegible] careleſs in her Dreſs, bu[illegible] all beautiful and charming[illegible] diſdain, her N[illegible]ne, and [illegible] by *Don Alvaro* [illegible]at a p[illegible] and [illegible] was ca[illegible] de[illegible]otions, it was not [illegible] as [illegible] whom her [illegible] them. She [illegible] on [illegible] tempt, which did not [illegible] preſſing ſo near, that there was a [illegible] for her to hear what he had to declare [illegible] her.

She treated him not uncivilly, but he Coldneſs would have rebated the Courag[illegible] of any but *Alvaro*. 'Madam, [illegible] '(when he could be heard of none but 'herſelf) I have hitherto concealed the 'Paſſion you have inſpired me with, 'fearing it ſhould diſpleaſe you; but it 'has committed a *Violence* on my Re'ſpect; and I could no longer conceal [illegible] 'from you. I never reflected on your 'Actions (anſwer'd *Agnes* with all the 'Indifference of which ſhe was capable) 'and if you think you offend me you 'are in the wrong to make me perceive 'it. 'This Coldneſs is but an in Omen 'for me (reply'd *Don Alvaro*), and if you 'have not found me out to be your

Lover

'Lover to-day, I fear you will never approve my Paſſion.

'Oh! what a time have you choſen to make it appear to me? (purſued *Agnes.*) 'Is it ſo great an Honour for me, that 'you muſt take ſuch care to ſhew it to the 'World? And do you think that I am 'ſo deſirous of Glory, that I muſt aſpire 'to it by your Actions? If I muſt, you 'have very ill maintain'd it in the Tour-'nament; and if it be that Vanity that 'you depend upon, you will make no 'great progreſs on a Soul that is not 'fond of Shame. If you were poſſeſt of 'all the Advantages, which the Prince 'has this day carried away, you yet 'ought to conſider what you are going 'about; and it is not a Maid like me, 'who is touched with Enterprizes, with-'out reſpect or permiſſion.

The Favourite of the King was too proud to hear *Agnes*, without Indignation: but as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Reſentment appear; and conſidering the Obſervation ſhe made on the Triumphs of *Don Pedro*, (which increaſed his Jealouſies) 'If I have not overcome at the 'Tournament, reply'd he, I am not the 'leſs in love for being vanquiſh'd, nor 'leſs capable of Succeſs on occaſion.

They were interrupted [illegible], but from that day, *Don Alvaro*, [illegible] the first Difficulties, ke[illegible] wonted Diſtance, but p[illegible] cuted *Agnes*; yet, tho [illegible] ted by the King, that in [illegible] ver the more [illegible] *Pedro* was always [illegible] the Verſes he had [illegible] into the hands of [illegible] ceſs appeared to him [illegible] only concerned for *Agnes*; and [illegible] of *Don Alvaro*, which was then ſo well known, increas'd the Pain: and had he been poſſeſs'd of the Authority, he would not have ſuffer'd her to have been expos'd to the Perſecutions of ſo unworthy a Rival. He was alſo afraid of the King's being advertiſed of his Paſſion, but he thought not at all of *Elvira*, nor apprehended any Malice from her Reſentment.

While ſhe burnt with a Deſire of deſtroying *Agnes*, againſt whom ſhe vented all her Venom, ſhe was never [illegible] of making new Reports to her Brother aſſuring him, that tho they could not pro that *Agnes* made any returns to the Tenderneſs of the Prince, yet that was th Cauſe of *Conſtantia*'s Grief: And, that this Princeſs ſhould die of it, *Don Pedro* might marry *Agnes*. In fine, ſhe ſo in[illegible] cens'd

ſus'd the jealous *Don Alvaro*'s Jealouſy, that he could not hinder himſelf from running immediately to the King, with the diſcovery of all he knew, and all he gueſt, and who, he had the pleaſure to find, was infinitely inrag'd at the News. 'My 'dear *Alvaro*, ſaid the King, you ſhall 'inſtantly marry this dangerous Beauty: 'And let Poſſeſſion ſecure your Repoſe 'and mine. If I have protected you on 'either Occaſions, judge what a Service 'of ſo great an Importance for me, 'would make me undertake; and without any reſerve, the Forces of this State 'are in your power, and almoſt any 'thing that I can give ſhall be aſſured 'you, ſo you render your ſelf Maſter of 'the Deſtiny of *Agnes*.'

Don Alvaro pleas'd, and vain with his Maſter's Bounty, made uſe of all the Authority he gave him: He paſſionately lov'd *Agnes*, and would not, on the ſudden, make uſe of *Violence*; *but reſolv'd with* himſelf to employ all poſſible Means to win her fairly; yet if that fail'd, to have recourſe to force, if ſhe continued always inſenſible.

While *Agnes de Caſtro* (importun'd by his Aſſiduities, deſpairing at the Grief of *Conſtantia*, and perhaps made tender by thoſe ſhe had caus'd in the Prince of *Portugal*) took a Reſolution worthy of her

Vertue; yet, amiable as *Don Pedro* was she found nothing in him, but his being Husband to *Constantia*, that was [illegible] her: And, far from encou[illegible] er she had got over his He[illegible] though of nothing but removin[illegible] The Passion of *Don Alvar*[illegible] no inclination to favour, [illegible] Pretext; and press'd with [illegible] sing, in the end, a cruel Divorce betw[illegible] the Prince and his Princess, she w[illegible] find *Constantia*, with a trouble, which [illegible] her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princess easily found it out; and their common Misfortunes having not chang'd their Friendship—— 'What ails 'you, *Agnes*? (said the Princess to her, in 'a soft Tone, and with her ordinary Sweet-'ness) And what new Misfortune causes 'that sadness in thy Looks? Madam, (re-'ply'd *Agnes*, shedding a Rivulet of Tears) 'the Obligations and Ties I have to you, 'put me upon a cruel Tryal, I had boun-'ded the Felicity of my Life in hope of 'passing it near your Highness, yet I 'must carry to some other part of the 'World this unlucky Face of mine, which 'renders me nothing but ill Offices: And 'it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am 'come to throw my self at your feet, 'looking upon you as my Sovereign.'

Con-

Conſtantia was ſo ſurpriz'd and touch'd with the Propoſition of *Agnes*, that ſhe loſt her Speech for ſome moments; Tears, which were ſincere, expreſs'd her firſt Sentiments: And after having ſhed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderneſs to the fair afflicted *Agnes*, ſhe with a ſad and melancholy Look, fix'd her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a moſt obliging manner, ſighing, cryd —— 'You will then, my dear *Agnes*, 'leave me; and expoſe me to the Griefs 'of ſeeing you no more? Alas, Madam, '(interrupted this lovely Maid) hide from 'the unhappy *Agnes* a Bounty which does 'but increaſe her Misfortunes: It is not I, 'Madam, that would leave you; it is my 'Duty, and my Reaſon that orders my 'Fate. And thoſe Days which I ſhall paſs 'far from you, promiſe me nothing to 'oblige me to this Deſign, if I did not ſee 'my ſelf abſolutely forc'd to it. I am 'not ignorant of what paſſes at *Coimbra*; 'and I ſhall be an Accomplice of the In-'juſtice there committed, if I ſhould ſtay 'there any longer.——Ah, I know your 'Vertue, (cry'd *Conſtantia*) and you may 'remain here in all ſafety, while I am 'your Protectreſs; and let what will hap-'pen, I will accuſe you of nothing. 'There's no anſwering for what's to 'come, (reply'd *Agnes*, ſadly) and I ſhall

'be sufficiently guilty, i
'cause Sentiments, which
'cent. Besides, Madam,
'ties of *Don Alvaro* are it
'me; and tho I find notl
'sion to him, since the K
'insolence, and he's in a
'undertaking any thing,
'[illegible] necessary. Be
'to [illegible] nothing but wha
'to me; I call Heaven to witness,
'if I could cure the Prince by marrying
'*Don Alvaro*, I would not consider of it
'a moment; and finding in my Punish-
'ment the Consolation of sacrificing my
'self to my Princess, I would support it
'without murmuring. But if I were the
'Wife of *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro* would
'always look upon me with the same
'Eyes: So that I find nothing more rea-
'sonable for me, than to hide my self
'in some Corner of the World; where,
'tho I shall most certainly live without
'Pleasure, yet I shall preserve the Re-
'pose of my dearest Mistress. All the
'Reason you find in this Design, (answe-
'red the Princess) cannot oblige me to
'prove of your Absence: Will it return
'me the Heart of *Don Pedro*? And will
'he not fly away with you? His Grief
'is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his;
'do not make him despair then, if you

love me. I know you, I tell you ſo once more; and let your Power be ever ſo great over the Heart of the Prince, 'I will not ſuffer you to abandon us.'

Tho *Agnes* thought ſhe had perfectly known *Conſtantia*, yet ſhe did not expect to find ſo intire a Vertue in her, which made her think her ſelf more happy, and the Prince more criminal. 'Oh, Wiſdom! Oh, Bounty without Example!' (cry'd ſhe) 'Why is it that the cruel 'Deſtinies do not give you all you deſerve? 'You are the diſpoſer of my Actions, '(continu'd ſhe in kiſſing the Hand of 'Conſtantia) I'll do nothing but what you'll 'have me: But conſider, weigh well the 'Reaſons that ought to counſel you in 'the Meaſures you oblige me to take.'

Don Pedro, who had not ſeen the Princeſs all that day, came in then, and finding 'em both extremely troubled, with a fierce Impatience, demanded the Cauſe: 'Sir, anſwer'd *Conſtantia*, *Agnes* too wiſe, 'and too ſcrupulous, fears the Effects of 'her Beauty, and will live no longer at *Coimbra*; and it was on this Subject, '(which cannot be agreeable to me) 'that ſhe ask'd my Advice.' The Prince grew pale at this Diſcourſe, and ſnatching the Words from her Mouth (with more concern than poſſeſt either of them) cry'd with a Voice very feeble, 'Agnes

'cannot fail, if ſhe fo
'Madam; and I leave
'give it her.' He ther
out, and the *Princeſs*,
perfectly *poſſeſt*, not
her Diſpleaſure, ſaid,
'my *Satisfaction* did n
'your Converſatio
'you, for *Don Pedro's*
'ly Advantage that his
'can *hope*? And would not the World
'have reaſon to call *me* barbarous, if
'contribute to deprive him of that? But
'the ſight of me will prove a Poiſon to
'him — (reply'd *Agnes*) And what ſhould
'I do, my Princeſs, if after the Reſerve
'he has hitherto kept, his Mouth ſhould
'add any thing to the Torments I have
'already felt, by ſpeaking to me of his
'Flame? You would hear him ſure, with-
out cauſing him to deſpair, (reply'd
'*Conſtantia*) and I ſhould put this Obli-
'gation to the account of the reſt you
'have done. Would you then have me
'expect thoſe Events which I fear, Ma-
'dam? (reply'd *Agnes*) Well — I will
'obey, but juſt Heavens (purſued ſhe) if
'they prove fatal, do not puniſh an inno-
'cent Heart for it.' Thus this Conver-
ſation ended. *Agnes* withdrew into her
Chamber, but it was not to be more at
eaſe.

What

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the Deſign of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel Agitation in his Soul; he wiſhed he had never loved her, and deſir'd a thouſand times to die: But it was not for him to make Vows againſt a thing which Fate had deſign'd him; and whatever Reſolutions he made, to bear the Abſence of *Agnes*, his Tenderneſs had not force enough to conſent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himſelf, he determined to do, what was impoſſible for him to let *Agnes* do. His Courage reproach'd him with the Idleneſs, in which he paſt the moſt youthful and vigorous part of his Days: and making it appear to the King, that his Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Emanuel*, his Father-in-law, had concerns in the World which demanded his Preſence on the Frontiers, he eaſily obtain'd Liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princeſs would put no Obſtacle.

Agnes ſaw him part without any Concern, but it was not upon the account of the Averſion ſhe had to him. *Don Alvaro* began then to make his Importunity an open Perſecution; he forgot nothing that might touch the inſenſible *Agnes*, and made uſe, a long time, only of the Arms of Love: But ſeeing that this Submiſſion

and Reſpect was to no
ſtrange Deſigns.

As the King had a
Counſels, it was not di
with what he had a
plain'd of the ungrat
got nothing
ceive that
his account, but
ſtability ſhe had for
who was
all the Promiſes he had made him.

The King had not yet ſpoken to *Agnes* in favour of *Don Alvaro*; and not doubting but his Approbation would ſurmount all Obſtacles, he took an occaſion to entertain her with it: And removing ſome diſtance from thoſe who might hear him, 'I thought *Don Alvaro* had Merit enough, (ſaid he to her) to have obtained a little ſhare in your Eſteem; and I could not imagine there would have been any neceſſity of my ſoliciting it for him: I know you are very charming, but he has nothing that renders him unworthy of you; and when you ſhall reflect the Choice my Friendſhip has made of him from among all the great Men of my Court, you will do him at the ſame time *Juſtice*. His Fortune is none of the meaneſt, ſince he has me for his Protector: He is nobly born, a Man of Ho-

'Honour and Courage; he adores you, 'and it ſeems to me that all theſe Rea-'ſons are ſufficient to vanquiſh your Pride.

The Heart of *Agnes* was ſo little diſpoſed to give it ſelf to *Don Alvaro*, that all the King of *Portugal* had ſaid had no effect on her in his favour. 'If *Don Al-'varo*, Sir, (anſwered ſhe) were without 'Merit, he poſſeſſes Advantages enough in 'the Bounty your Majeſty is pleaſed to 'honour him with, to make him Maſter 'of all things; *it is not that I find any Defect in him* that I anſwer not his De-'ſires: But, Sir, by what obſtinate Pow-'er would you that I ſhould love, if Hea-'ven has not given me a Soul that is 'tender? And why ſhould you pretend 'that I ſhould ſubmit to him, when no-'thing is dearer to me than my Liberty? 'You are not ſo free, nor ſo inſenſible, 'as you ſay, (anſwer'd the King, bluſhing, 'with Anger;) and if your Heart were 'exempt from all ſorts of Affection, he 'might expect a more reaſonable Return 'than what he finds. But imprudent 'Maid, conducted by an ill Fate, (added 'he in fury) what Pretenſions have you 'to *Don Pedro*? Hitherto I have hid the 'Chagreen, which his Weakneſs, and 'yours give me; but it was not the 'leſs violent for being hid. And ſince 'you oblige me to break out, I muſt tell 'you,

'you, that if my Son were not already 'married to *Conſtantia*, he ſhould never 'be your Husband; renounce then thoſe 'vain Ideas, which will cure him, and 'juſtify you.'

The courageous *Agnes* was ſca[illegible] Miſtreſs of the firſt Tranſports, [illegible] a Diſcourſe ſo full [illegible]mpt; but calling her Vertue to the [illegible]r Anger, ſhe recover'd her ſelf by the a[illegible]ſtance of Reaſon: And conſidering the Outrage ſhe receiv'd, not as coming from a great King, but a Man blinded and poſſeſt by *Don Alvaro*, ſhe thought him not worthy of her Reſentment; her fair Eyes animated themſelves with ſo ſhining a vivacity, they anſwer'd for the purity of her Sentiments; and fixing them ſtedfaſtly on the King, 'If the Prince *Don Pedro* have 'Weakneſſes, (reply'd ſhe, with an Air 'diſdainful) he never communicated 'em 'to me; and I am certain, I never con'tributed wilfully to 'em: But to let you 'ſee how little I regard your Defiance, 'and to put my Glory in ſafety, I will 'live far from you, and all that be[illegible]ngs 'to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit *Coimbra* 'with pleaſure; and for this Man, who 'is ſo dear to you, (anſwer'd ſhe with 'a noble Pride and Fierceneſs, of which 'the King felt all the force) for this Fa'vourite, ſo worthy to poſſeſs the moſt

'tender

'tender Affections of a great Prince, I 'aſſure you, that into whatever part of 'the World Fortune conducts me, I will 'not carry away the leaſt Remembrance of 'him.' At theſe words ſhe made a profound Reverence, and made ſuch haſte from his Preſence, that he could not oppoſe her going if he would.

The King was now more ſtrongly convinc'd than ever, that ſhe favour'd the Paſſion of *Don Pedro*, and immediately went to *Conſtantia*, to inſpire her with the ſame Thought; but ſhe was not capable of receiving ſuch Impreſſions, and following her own natural Inclinations, ſhe generouſly defended the Virtue of his Actions. The King, angry to ſee her ſo well intnetioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproached her with the ſweetneſs of her Temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with *Don Alvaro*'s Rage, who was totally confounded when he ſaw the Negotiation of his Maſter had taken no effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, ſaid he to the King, and deſpiſes the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I reſiſt ſo fatal a Paſſion? But I muſt love her, in ſpite of my ſelf; and if this Flame conſume me, I can find no way to extinguiſh it. What can I further do for you, replied the King? Alas, Sir, anſwered *Don Alvaro*, I muſt

do

do by force, what I cannot otherwiſe hope from the proud and cruel *Agnes*. Well then, added the King, ſince it is [illegible] for me to authorize publickly [illegible] the midſt of my Kingdom, ch[illegible] my Subjects whom you think n[illegible] of ſerving you, and take away b[illegible] Beauty that charms you; and if [illegible] yield to your Love, but that P[illegible] are Maſter of in execution, to o[illegible] to marry you.

Don Alvaro, ravith'd with this P[illegible]tion, which at the ſame time flatter'd both his Love and his Anger, caſt himſelf at the Feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgments by freſh Proteſtations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjuſt Authority againſt *Agnes*.

Don Pedro had been about three Months abſent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King counſelled him to; tho the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Preſence, and would not attend the return of a Rival, with whom he would avoid all Diſputes.

One Night, when the ſaid *Agnes*, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, ſhe heard a Noiſe, and after ſaw ſome Men unknown enter her Chamber, whoſe Meaſures being well conſulted, they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a cloſe Coach, forced

forced her out of *Coimbra*, without being hinder'd by any Obſtacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to ſuſpect: *Don Alvaro* ſeem'd too puiſſant to ſeek his Satisfaction this way; and ſhe accus'd not the Prince of this attempt, of whom ſhe had ſo favourable an Opinion; whatever ſhe could think or ſay, ſhe could not hinder her ill Fortune: They hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day, were a conſiderable way off from the Town.

As ſoon as Day began to break, ſhe ſurveyed thoſe that encompaſſed her, without ſo much as knowing one of them; and ſeeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with theſe deaf Raviſhers, ſhe ſatisfied her ſelf with imploring the Protection of Heaven, and abandon'd her ſelf to its Conduct.

While ſhe ſat thus overwhelmed with Grief, uncertain of her Deſtiny, ſhe ſaw a Body of Horſe advance towards the Troop which conducted her: the Raviſhers did not ſhun them, thinking it to be *Don Alvaro:* but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of *Portugal* who was at the head of 'em, and who, without foreſeeing the occaſion that would offer it ſelf of ſerving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her Idea, after having

ving performed what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him, changed now her Opinion, and thought [illegible] was the Prince that had cauſed her [illegible] away. 'Oh, Sir! (ſaid ſhe [illegible] 'ſtill the ſame Thought) is [illegible] 'have torn me from the Prince [illegible] 'could ſo cruel a Blow come from [illegible] 'that is ſo dear to her? What will you [illegible] 'with an unfortunate Creature, who deſires nothing but Death? And why will 'you obſcure the Glory of your Life, by 'an Artifice unworthy of you?' This Language aſtoniſh'd the Prince no leſs than the ſight of *Agnes* had done; he found by what ſhe had ſaid, that ſhe was taken away by force; and immediately paſſing to the height of Rage, he made her underſtand by one only Look, that he was not the baſe Author of her trouble. 'I tear you 'from *Conſtantia*, whoſe only Pleaſure you 'are! replied he: What Opinion have you 'of *Don Pedro?* No, Madam, tho you ſee 'me here, I am altogether innocent of the 'Violence that has been done you; and 'there is nothing I will refuſe to hinder it.' He then turned himſelf to behold the Raviſhers, but his Preſence had already ſcatter'd 'em: he order'd ſome of his Men to purſue 'em, and to ſeize ſome of 'em, that [illegible]

he might know what Authority it was that ſet 'em at work.

During this, *Agnes* was no leſs confus'd than before; ſhe admir'd the Conduct of her Deſtiny, that brought the Prince at a time when he was ſo neceſſary to her. Her Inclinations to do him juſtice, ſoon repair'd the Offence her Suſpicions had caus'd; ſhe was glad to have eſcap'd a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her: but this was not a ſincere Joy, when ſhe conſider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who owed his Heart to the moſt amiable Princeſs in the World.

While the Prince's Men were purſuing the Raviſhers of *Agnes*, he was left almoſt alone with her; and tho he had always reſolv'd to ſhun being ſo, yet his Conſtancy was not proof againſt ſo fair an Occaſion: 'Madam, ſaid he to her, is it poſſible 'that Men born amongſt thoſe that obey 'us, ſhould be capable of offending you? 'I never thought my ſelf deſtin'd to revenge ſuch an Offence; but ſince Heaven 'has permitted you to receive it, I will 'either periſh or make them repent it.' 'Sir, replied *Agnes*, more concern'd at 'this Diſcourſe than at the Enterprize of '*Don Alvaro*, thoſe who are wanting in 'their reſpect to the Princeſs and you, 'are not obliged to have any for me. I

'do

'do not in the leaſt doubt but I
'was the undertaker of this Er
'and I judged what I ought to
'him, by what his Importunitie
'ready made me ſuffer. He is
'King's Protection, and he will
'an Accomplice in his Crime:
'Heaven conducted you hither h
'me, and I am indebted to you for
'ty I have of ſerving the Princeſs ye
'You will do for *Conſtantia*, replied the
'Prince, what 'tis impoſſible not to do for
'you; your Goodneſs attaches you to her,
'and my Deſtiny engages me to you for
'ever.'

The modeſt *Agnes*, who fear'd this Diſcourſe as much as the Misfortune ſhe had newly ſhunned, anſwer'd nothing but by down-caſt Eyes; and the Prince, who knew the trouble ſhe was in, left her to go to ſpeak to his Men, who brought back one of thoſe that belong'd to *Don Alvaro*, by whoſe Confeſſion he found the truth: He pardon'd him, thinking not fit to puniſh him, who obey'd a Man whom the Weakneſs of his Father had render'd powerful.

Afterwards they conducted *Agnes* back to *Coimbra*, where her Adventure began to make a great Noiſe: the Princeſs was ready to die with Deſpair, and at firſt thought it was only a continuation of the deſign

deſign this fair Maid had of retiring; but ſome Women that ſerved her having told the Princeſs, that ſhe was carried away by Violence, *Conſtantia* made her complaint to the King, who regarded her not at all.

'Madam, ſaid he to her, let this fatal 'Plague remove it ſelf, who takes from 'you the Heart of your Husband; and 'without afflicting your ſelf for her ab-'ſence, bleſs Heaven and me for it.'

The generous Princeſs took *Agnes*'s part with a great deal of Courage, and was then diſputing her defence with the King, when *Don Pedro* arrived at *Coimbra*.

The firſt Object that met the Prince's Eyes was *Don Alvaro*, who was paſſing thro one of the Courts of the Palace, amidſt a Croud of Courtiers, whom his Favour with the King drew after him. This ſight made *Don Pedro* rage; but that of the Princeſs and *Agnes* caus'd in *Alvaro* another ſort of Emotion: He eaſily divin'd, that it was *Don Pedro*, who had taken her from his Men, and, if his Fury had acted what it would, it might have produc'd very ſad effects.

'*Don Alvaro*, 'ſaid the Prince to him, is 'it thus you make uſe of the Authority 'which the King my Father hath given 'you? Have you receiv'd Employments 'and Power from him, for no other end

'but

'but to do theſe baſe Actions, and to commit Rapes on Ladies? Are you ignorant 'how the Princeſs intereſts her ſelf in all 'that concerns this Maid? And do you 'not know the tender and affectionate 'Eſteem ſhe has for her?' No, replied *Don Alvaro*, (with an Inſolence that had like to have put the Prince paſt all patience) 'I am not ignorant of it, nor of 'the Intereſt your Heart takes in her.' 'Baſe and treacherous as thou art, replied 'the Prince, neither the Favour which 'thou haſt ſo much abuſed, nor the Inſolence which makes thee ſpeak this, ſhould 'hinder me from puniſhing thee, wert 'thou worthy of my Sword; but there 'are other ways to humble thy Pride, and 'tis not fit for ſuch an Arm as mine to 'ſeek ſo baſe an Employment to puniſh 'ſuch a Slave as thou art.'

Don Pedro went away at theſe Words, and left *Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to be expreſs'd; deſpairing to ſee himſelf defeated in an Enterprize he thought ſo ſure; and at the Contempt the Prince ſhewed him, he promis'd himſelf to ſacrifice all to his Revenge.

Tho the King loved his Son, he was ſo pr poſſeſſed againſt his Paſſion, that he could not pardon him what he had done, and condemn'd him as much for this laſt

act

act of Juſtice, in delivering *Agnes*, as if it had been the greateſt of Crimes.

Elvira, whom the ſweetneſs of Hope flatter'd ſome moments, ſaw the return of *Agnes* with a ſenſible Diſpleaſure, which ſuffer'd her to think of nothing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince ſaw the King, but inſtead of being receiv'd by him with a Joy due to the ſucceſs of his Journey, he appear'd all ſullen and out of humour. *After having paid him his firſt Reſpects*, and given him an exact account of what he had done, he ſpoke to him about the Violence committed againſt the Perſon of *Agnes de Caſtro*, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princeſs, and of his own: 'You ought to be ſilent in this Affair, replied the King; and the Motive which 'makes you ſpeak is ſo ſhameful for you, 'that I ſigh and bluſh at it. What is it 'to you, if this Maid, whoſe Preſence is 'troubleſome to me, be removed hence, 'ſince 'tis I that deſire it?' 'But, Sir, 'interrupted the Prince, what neceſſity is 'there of employing Force, Artifice, and 'the Night, when the leaſt of your Orders had been ſufficient? *Agnes* would 'willingly have obey'd you; and if ſhe 'continue at *Coimbra*, it is perhaps againſt her Will: but be it as it will, Sir, *Conſtantia* is offended, and if it were not for

'fear

'fear of diſpleaſing you, (the only thing 'that retains me) the Raviſher ſhould not 'have gone unpuniſhed.' 'How happy 'are you, replied the King, ſmiling with 'diſdain, in making uſe of the Name of 'Conſtantia to uphold the Intereſt of your 'Heart! You think I am ignorant of 'and that this unhappy Princeſs has 'the Injury you do her with Indifference. 'Never ſpeak to me more of *Agnes*' (in a Tone very ſevere.) Content yourſelf 'that I pardon what's paſt, and think ma-'turely of the Conſiderations I have for 'Don *Alvaro*, when you would deſign any 'thing againſt him.' Yes, Sir, replied 'the Prince with fierceneſs, I will ſpeak 'to you no more of *Agnes*; but *Conſtantia* 'and I will never ſuffer, that ſhe ſhould be 'any more expos'd to the Inſolence of 'your Favourite.' The King had like to have broke out into a Rage at this Diſcourſe; but he had yet a reſt of Prudence left that hinder'd him. 'Retire (ſaid he 'to *Don Pedro*) and go make Reflections 'on what my Power can do, and what 'you owe me.'

During this Converſation, *Agnes* was receiving from the Princeſs, and from all the Ladies of the Court, great Expreſſions of Joy and Friendſhip: *Conſtantia* ſaw again her Husband, with a great deal of ſatisfaction; and far from being ſorry at what

what he had lately done for *Agnes*, ſhe privately return'd him thanks for it, and ſtill was the ſame towards him, notwithſtanding all the Jealouſy which was endeavour'd to be inſpir'd in her.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Siſter a Maliciouſneſs worthy of his truſt, did not conceal his Fury from her. After ſhe had made vain attempts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out of his Heart, ſeeing that his Diſeaſe was incurable, ſhe made him underſtand, that ſo long as *Conſtantia* ſhould not be jealous, there were no hopes: That if *Agnes* ſhould once be ſuſpected by her, ſhe would not fail of abandoning her, and that then it would be eaſy to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now ſo proud of *Conſtantia*'s Indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, ſhe promis'd to ſerve him effectually; and having no need of any body but her ſelf to perform ill things, ſhe recommended *Don Alvaro* to manage well the King.

Four Years were paſs'd in that melancholy Station, and the Princeſs, beſides her firſt dead Child, and *Ferdinando*, who was ſtill living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some days after *Don Pedro*'s return, *Elvira*, who was moſt dextrous in the Art of well-governing any wicked Deſign, did gain one of the Servants who belong'd

to

to *Conſtantia*'s Chamber. She fi[illegible] her fair, then overwhelm'd her [illegible] ſents and Gifts; and finding in [illegible] a Diſpoſition as in her ſelf, ſhe [illegible] reſolv'd to employ her.

After ſhe was ſure of her, ſhe [illegible] a Letter, which was after writ ov[illegible] in an unknown Hand, which ſhe [illegible] in that Maid's Hands, that ſhe [illegible] liver to *Conſtantia* with the firſt [illegible] tunity, telling her, that *Agnes* had drop'd it. *This was the Subſtance of it.*

I Employ not my own Hand to write to you, for Reaſons that I ſhall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happineſs ſhall I find in the Progreſs of our Intrigue! The whole Courſe of my Life ſhall continually repreſent to you the Sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the ſecret Converſation that I require of you: I dare not ſpeak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have ſuffer'd, to come to-night to the Place appointed, and ſpeak to me no more of Conſtantia; *for ſhe muſt be content with my Eſteem, ſince my Heart can be only yours.*

The unfaithful *Portugueſe* ſerv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Deſires; and the very next day ſeeing *Agnes* go out from the Princeſs,

ceſs, ſhe carry'd *Conſtantia* the Letter; which ſhe took, and found there what ſhe was far from imagining: Tenderneſs never produc'd an Effect more full of grief, than what it made her ſuffer. 'Alas! 'they are both culpable, (ſaid ſhe, ſighing) 'and in ſpite of the Defence my Heart 'would make for 'em, my Reaſon condemns 'em. Unhappy Princeſs, the ſad 'ſubject of the Capricioufneſs of Fortune! 'Why doſt not thou die, ſince thou haſt 'not a Heart of Honour to revenge it 'ſelf? O *Don Pedro!* why did you give 'me your Hand, without your Heart? 'And thou, fair, and ungrateful! wert 'thou born to be the Misfortune of my 'Life, and perhaps the only cauſe of my 'Death?' After having given ſome Moments to the Violence of her Grief, ſhe called the Maid, who brought her the Letter, commanding her to ſpeak of it to no body, and to ſuffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She conſider'd then of that Prince with more liberty, whoſe Soul ſhe was not able to touch with the leaſt Tenderneſs; and of the cruel Fair One that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, ſhe was willing to excuſe 'em, and ready to do all ſhe could for *Don Pedro*; at leaſt, ſhe made a firm Reſolution, not to complain of him.

Elvira was not long without [illegible] form'd of what had paſs'd, [illegible] Melancholy of the Princeſs, [illegible] ſhe hop'd all ſhe deſir'd.

Agnes, far from foreſeeing [illegible] peſt, return'd to *Conſtantia*; [illegible] of her Indiſpoſition, paſs'd [illegible] the Day at her Chamber-doo [illegible] might from time to time lea [illegible] her Health: for ſhe was not [illegible] come in, at which *Agnes* was [illegible] priz'd and troubled. The Prince had the ſame Deſtiny, and was aſtoniſh'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next day *Conſtantia* appear'd, but ſo alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what ſhe had ſuffer'd. *Agnes* was the moſt impatient to approach her, and the Princeſs could not forbear weeping. They were both ſilent for ſome time, and *Conſtantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to ſome Remorſe which ſhe felt: and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer; 'Is it poſſible, Madam, '(ſaid ſhe) that two Days ſhould have 'taken from me all the Goodneſs you 'had for me? What have I done? And 'for what do you puniſh me?' The Princeſs regarded her with a languiſhing Look, and return'd her no Anſwer but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this reſerve, went out with

with very great Diſſatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Conſtantia* more diſorder'd than uſual, and conjur'd her in a moſt obliging manner to take care of her Health: *The greateſt good for me* (ſaid ſhe) *is not the Continuation of my Life; I ſhould have more care of it if I loved you leſs: but*—— She could not proceed; and the Prince, exceſſively afflicted at her trouble, ſigh'd ſadly, without making her any anſwer, which redoubled her Grief. Spite then began to mix it ſelf; and all things perſuading the Princeſs that they made a Sacrifice of her, ſhe would enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but ſuffer'd him to go away without ſaying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reaſon, and conſuming our Health, than ſecret Notions of Jealouſy in Solitude.

Conſtantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing ſhe had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her ſelf ſo abſolutely to Grief, that ſhe was ready to ſink under it; ſhe immediately fell ſick with the violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: *Don Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the World beſide. *Conſtantia's* Cold-

ness towards her, made her [illegible] sigh; and her Distemper crea[illegible] by fancy, caus'd her to reflec[illegible] thing that offer'd it self to he[illegible] so that at last she began even t[illegible] self, and to reproach her self [illegible] the Princess suffer'd.

But the Distemper began t[illegible] that they fear'd *Constantia*'s De[illegible] her self began to feel the Ap[illegible] it. This Thought did not a[illegible] *et her: she look'd on Death as the only relief from all her Torments*; and regarded the Despair of all that approach'd her without the least concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity she was in. And *Don Alvaro*, who lost not the least Occasion of making him understand that it was Jealousy which was the cause of *Constantia*'s Distemper, did but too much incense him against Criminals worthy of Compassion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long: 'You 'give fine Examples, (said he to the 'Prince) and such as will render your 'Memory illustrious! The Death of *Con-* '*stantia* (of which you are only to be 'accus'd) is the unhappy Fruit of your 'guilty Passion. Fear Heaven after this; 'and behold your self as a Monster that

'does

'does not deſerve to ſee the Light. If 'the Intereſt you have in my Blood did 'not plead for you, what ought you not 'to fear from my juſt Reſentment? But 'what muſt not imprudent *Agnes*, to 'whom nothing ties me, expect from my 'hands? If *Conſtantia* dies, ſhe, who has 'the Boldneſs, in my Court, to cheriſh a 'fooliſh Flame by vain Hopes, and make 'us loſe the moſt amiable Princeſs, whom 'thou art not worthy to poſſeſs, ſhall 'feel the Effects of her Indiſcretion.'

Don Pedro knew very well, that *Conſtantia* was not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes*; but he knew alſo with what Moderation ſhe receiv'd it: He was very ſenſible of the King's Reproaches; but as his Fault was not voluntary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal Star, had forc'd him to love in ſpite of himſelf, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd: 'You 'condemn me, Sir, (anſwer'd he) with-'out having well examin'd me; and if 'my Intentions were known to you, per-'haps you would not find me ſo crimi-'nal: I would take the Princeſs for my 'Judge, whom you ſay I ſacrifice, if ſhe 'were in a condition to be conſulted. If 'I am guilty of any Weakneſs, her Juſ-'tice never reproach'd me for it; and my 'Tongue never inform'd *Agnes* of it. But 'ſuppoſe I have committed any Fault,

'why would you puniſh an inno
'dy, who perhaps condemns m
'as much as you? Ah, Villain!
'rupted the King) ſhe has but to
'favour'd you: You would no
'lov'd thus long, had ſhe not made you
'ſome Returns. Sir, (reply
'pierc'd with Grief for the
'was committed againſt *Agn*
'a Vertue, than which not
'purer; and thoſe *Expreſſions*
'from your *Choler*, are *not*
'you. *Agnes* never granted me
'vours; I never asked any of her; and
'I proteſt to Heaven, I never thought of
'any thing contrary to the Duty I owe
'*Conſtantia*.'

As they thus argued, one of the Princeſs's Women came all in Tears to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that the Princeſs was in the laſt Extremities of Life: 'Go ſee thy fatal
'Work, (ſaid the King) and expect from
'a too-long patient Father the Uſage
'thou deſerveſt.'

The Prince ran to *Conſtantia*, whom he found dying, and *Agnes* in a ſwoon, in the Arms of ſome of the Ladies. What caus'd this double Calamity, was, that *Agnes*, who could ſuffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princeſs, had conjur'd her to tell her what was her Crime, and

either

either to take her Life from her, or reſtore her to her Friendſhip.

Conſtantia, who found ſhe muſt die, could no longer keep her ſecret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after ſome Words, which were a Preparation to the ſad Explanation, ſhe ſhewed her that fatal Billet, which *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: 'Ah, 'Madam! (cry'd out the fair *Agnes*, after 'having read it) Ah, Madam! how many 'cruel Inquietudes had you ſpared me, 'had you open'd your Heart to me with 'your wonted Bounty! 'Tis eaſy to ſee 'that this Letter is counterfeit, and that 'I have Enemies without compaſſion. 'Could you believe the Prince ſo imprudent, to make uſe of any other Hand 'but his own, on an occaſion like this? 'And do you believe me ſo ſimple to 'keep about me this Teſtimony of my 'Shame, with ſo little Precaution? You 'are neither betray'd by your Huſband nor me; I atteſt Heaven, and thoſe 'Efforts I have made, to leave *Coimbra*. 'Alas, my dear Princeſs! how little have 'you known her, whom you have ſo much 'honoured? Do not believe that when I 'have juſtify'd my ſelf, I will have any 'more Communication with the World: 'No, no; there will be no Retreat far 'enough from hence for me. I will take

'care to hide this unlucky Face, where it
'ſhall be ſure to do no more harm.'

The Princeſs touched at this
and the Tears of *Agnes*, preſs'd
which ſhe held in hers; and fix
upon her capable of moving
moſt inſenſible Souls, 'If I hav
'ted any Offence, my dear *A*
'ſwer'd ſhe) Death, which I e
'moment, ſhall revenge it. I
'to proteſt to you, That I have
'loving you, and that I believe every thing
'you have ſaid, giving you back my moſt
'tender Affections.'

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppreſs'd 'em, put the Princeſs into ſuch an Extremity, that they ſent for the Prince. He came, and found himſelf almoſt without Life or Motion at this ſight. And what ſecret Motive ſoever might call him to the aid of *Agnes*, 'twas to *Conſtantia* he ran. The Princeſs, who finding her laſt Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over; and finding ſhe had no more buſineſs with Life, and cauſing thoſe Perſons ſhe moſt ſuſpected to retire, 'Sir, (ſaid ſhe to *Don Pedro*) if I abandon Life without 'regret, it is not without Trouble that I 'part with you. But, Prince, we muſt 'vanquiſh when we come to die; and I 'will forget my ſelf wholly, to think

'to

'of nothing but of you. I have no Re-
'proaches to make againſt you, knowing
'that 'tis Inclination that diſpoſes Hearts,
'and not Reaſon. *Agnes* is beautiful
'enough to inſpire the moſt ardent Paſ-
'ſion, and vertuous enough to deſerve
'the firſt Fortunes in the World. I ask
'her, once more, pardon for the Injuſ-
'tice I have done her, and recommend
'her to you, as a Perſon moſt dear to me.
'Promiſe me, my dear Prince, before I
'expire, to give her my Place in your
'Throne; it cannot be better fill'd; you
'cannot chuſe a Princeſs more perfect for
'your People, nor a better Mother for
'our little Children. And you my dear
'and faithful *Agnes* (purſu'd ſhe) liſten
'not to a Vertue too ſcrupulous, that
'they may make any oppoſition to the
'Prince of *Portugal*: Refuſe him not a
'Heart of which he is worthy; and give
'him that Friendſhip which you had for
'me, with that which is due to his Me-
'rit. Take care of my little *Fernando*,
'and the two young Princeſſes: let them
'find me in you, and ſpeak to them
'ſometimes of me. Adieu, live both of
'you happy, and receive my laſt Embra-
'ces.'

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little her Forces, loſt them again a ſecond time: Her Weakneſs was follow'd

with Convulsions so vehement, th
were afraid of her Life; but *D*
never removed from *Constantia*:
'Madam (said he) you will l
'then; and you think 'tis for m
'Alas, *Constantia!* if my Heart l
'mitted an Outrage against yo
'Vertue has sufficiently revenge
'me in spite of you. Can yo
'me so barbarous?'—— As he w
on, he saw Death shut the Eyes of
generous Princess for ever; and he w
within a very little of following her.

But what Loads of Grief did this bring upon *Agnes*, when she found in that Interval, wherein Life and Death were struggling in her Soul, that *Constantia* was newly expir'd! She would then have taken away her own Life, and have let her Despair fully appear.

At the noise of the Death of the Princess, the Town and the Palace was all in Tears. *Elvira*, who saw then *Don Pedro* free to engage himself, repented of having contributed to the Death of *Constantia*; and thinking her self the Cause of it, promis'd in her Griefs never to pardon herself.

She had need of being guarded several days together; during which time she fail'd not incessantly to weep. And the Prince gave all those days to deepest Mourning.

But when the firſt Emotions were paſt thoſe of his Love made him feel that he was ſtill the ſame.

He was a long time without ſeeing *Agnes*; but this Abſence of his ſerved only to make her appear the more charming when he did ſee her.

Don Alvaro, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Caſtro*, who was now become inſenſible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the beſt of the Deſign ſhe had begun, conſulted all her Womens Arts, and the Delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Conſtancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart. She had taken a firm Reſolution, ſince the Death of *Conſtantia*, to paſs the reſt of her Days in a ſolitary Retreat. In ſpite of the precaution ſhe took to hide this Deſign, the Prince was informed of it, and did all he was able to diſpoſe his Conſtancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himſelf ſtronger than he really was; but after he had well conſulted his Heart, he found but too well how neceſſary the Preſence of *Agnes* was to him. 'Madam (ſaid he 'to her one day, with a Heart big, and 'his Eyes in tears) which Action of my 'Life has made you determine my Death?

'Tho

'Tho I never told you how muc
'you, yet I am perſuaded you are
'rant of it. I was conſtrained t
'during ſome Years for your ſ
'*Conſtantia*'s, and my own; but
'poſſible for me to put this force
'Heart for ever: I muſt once at
'you how it languiſhes. Receive
'Aſſurances of a Paſſion, full of
'and Ardour, with an offer of
'tune, which I wiſh not better,
'your advantage.'

Agnes anſwer'd not immediately t
theſe words, but with abundance of Tears,
which having wiped away, and beholding
Don Pedro with an air which made him ea-
ſily comprehend ſhe did not agree with his
Deſires; 'If I were capable of the Weakneſs
'with which you'd inſpire me, you'd be
'obliged to puniſh me for it: What! (ſaid
'ſhe) *Conſtantia* is ſcarce bury'd, and you
'would have me offend her! No, my Prince
'(added ſhe with more Softneſs) no, no,
'ſhe whom you have heap'd ſo many Fa-
'vours on, will not call down the Anger
'of Heaven, and the Contempt of Men
'upon her, by an Action ſo perfidious.
'Be not obſtinate then in a Deſign in
'which I will never ſhew you Favour.
'You owe to *Conſtantia*, after her Death,
'a Fidelity that may juſtify you and I,
'to repair the Ills I have made her ſuffer,

'ought to ſhun all Converſe with you.' 'Go, Madam (reply'd the Prince, growing pale) go, and expect the News of my 'Death; in that part of the World, whither your Cruelty ſhall lead you, the 'News ſhall follow cloſe after; you ſhall 'quickly hear of it: and I will go ſeek it 'in thoſe Wars which reign among my 'Neighbours.'

Theſe Words made the fair *Agnes de Caſtro* perceive that her Innocency was not ſo great as ſhe imagined, and that her Heart intereſted it ſelf in the Preſervation of *Don Pedro*: 'You ought, Sir, to pre'ſerve your Life (reply'd *Agnes*) for the 'ſake of the little Prince and Princeſſes, 'which *Conſtantia* has left you. Would 'you abandon their Youth (continued ſhe, 'with a tender Tone) to the Cruelty of '*Don Alvaro*? Live! Sir, live! and let 'the unhappy *Agnes* be the only Sacrifice.' 'Alas, cruel Maid! (interrupted *Don Pe'dro*) Why do you command me to live, 'if I cannot live with you? Is it an effect 'of your Hatred? 'No Sir, (reply'd '*Agnes*) I do not hate you; and I wiſh 'to God that I could be able to defend my 'ſelf againſt the Weakneſs with which I 'find my ſelf poſſeſs'd. Oblige me to ſay 'no more, Sir; you ſee my Bluſhes, in'terpret them as you pleaſe: but conſider 'yet, that the leſs Averſion I find I have to

'you,

'you, the more culpable I am; and that I 'ought no more to ſee, or ſpeak to you. 'In fine, Sir, if you oppoſe my Retreat, I 'declare to you, that *Don Alvaro*, as o- 'dious as he is to me, ſhall ſerve for a De- 'fence againſt you; and that I will ſooner 'conſent to marry a Man I abhor, than to 'favour a Paſſion that coſt *Conſtantia* her 'Life.' 'Well then, *Agnes* (reply'd the 'Prince, with Looks all languiſh[illegible] 'dying) follow the Motions w[illegible] 'barous Virtue inſpires you with; [illegible] 'theſe Meaſures you judge neceſſary [illegible] 'an unfortunate Lover, and enjoy the 'Glory of having cruelly refuſed me.

At theſe Words he went away; and troubled as *Agnes* was, ſhe would not ſtay him: Her Courage combated with her Grief, and ſhe thought now, more than ever, of departing.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of *Coimbra*; and not to defer what appear'd to her ſo neceſſary, ſhe went immediately to the Apartment of the King, notwithſtanding the Intereſt of *Don Alvaro*. The King received her with a Countenance ſevere, not being able to conſent to what ſhe demanded: *You ſhall not go hence*, (ſaid he) *and if you are wiſe, you ſhall enjoy here with* Don Alvaro *both my Friendſhip and my Favour. I have taken another Reſolution* (anſwer'd *Agnes*) *and the World has no part*

in it. You will accept Don Pedro (reply'd the King) *his Fortune is ſufficient to ſatisfy an ambitious Maid: but you will not ſucceed* Conſtantia, *who lov'd you ſo tenderly; and* Spain *has Princeſſes enough to fill up part of the Throne which I ſhall leave him. Sir,* (reply'd *Agnes*, piqu'd at this Diſcourſe) *if I had a Diſpoſition to love, and a Deſign to marry, perhaps the Prince might be the only Perſon on whom I would fix it: And you know, if my Anceſtors did not poſſeſs Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em. But let it be how it will, I am reſolved to depart, and to remain no longer a Slave in a Place to which I came free.*

This bold Anſwer, which ſhew'd the Character of *Agnes*, anger'd and aſtoniſhed the King. *You ſhall go when we think fit* (reply'd he) *and without being a Slave at* Coimbra, *you ſhall attend our Order.*

Agnes ſaw ſhe muſt ſtay, and was ſo griev'd at it, that ſhe kept her Chamber ſeveral days, without daring to inform herſelf of the Prince; and this Retirement ſpared her the Affliction of being viſited by *Don Alvaro.*

During this, *Don Pedro* fell ſick, and was in ſo great danger, that there was a general apprehenſion of his Death. *Agnes* did not in the leaſt doubt, but it was an effect of his Diſcontent: ſhe thought at firſt ſhe had Strength and Reſolution enough

nough to ſee him die, rather than to favour him; but had ſhe reflected [illegible] ſhe had ſoon been convinc'd to the ry. She found not in her Heart t Conſtancy ſhe thought there ſo bliſhed: She felt Pains and Inquietudes, ſhed Tears, made Wiſhes; and, in fine, diſcover'd that ſhe lov'd.

'Twas impoſſible to ſee the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deſerved even at the point of Death, with neral Affliction. The People wi *him, paſs'd whole days at the Pala to hear News of him: The Court* over-whelm'd *with Grief.*

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sadneſs. *Elvira*, full of Tenderneſs, and perhaps of Remorſe, ſuffer'd alſo on her ſide. The King, altho he condemned the Love of his Son, yet ſtill had a Tenderneſs for him, and could not reſolve to loſe him. *Agnes de Caſtro*, who knew the Cauſe of his Diſtemper, expected the end of it with ſtrange Anxieties: In fine, after a Month had paſs'd away in Fears, they began to have a little hopes of his Recovery. The Prince and *Don Alvaro* were the only Perſons that were not glad of it: But *Agnes* rejoic'd enough for all the reſt.

Don

Don Pedro, ſeeing that he muſt live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing but paſſing his days in melancholy and diſcontent: As ſoon as he was in a condition to walk, he ſought out the moſt ſolitary Places, and gain'd ſo much upon his own Weakneſs, to go every where, where *Agnes* was not; but her Idea follow'd him always, and his Memory, faithful to repreſent her to him with all her Charms, rend'r'd her always dangerous.

One day, when they had carry'd him into the Garden, he ſought out a Labyrinth which was at the fartheſt part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during ſome hours; there he found the ſad *Agnes*, whom Grief, little different from his, had brought thither; the ſight of her whom he expected not, made him tremble: She ſaw by his pale and meagre Face the remains of his Diſtemper; his Eyes full of Languiſhment troubled her, and tho her Deſire was ſo great to have fled from him, an unknown Power ſtopt her, and 'twas impoſſible for her to go.

After ſome Moments of Silence, which many Sighs interrupted, *Don Pedro* rais'd himſelf from the Place where his Weakneſs had forced him to ſit; he made *Agnes* ſee, as he approach'd her, the ſad Marks of his Sufferings: and not content with the Pity he ſaw in her Eyes, *You have reſolved*

ſolved my Death then, cruel Agne
my deſire was the ſame with yours
ven has thought fit to reſerve me for
fortunes, and I ſee you again as un
more in love than ever.

There was no need of theſe Words to move *Agnes* to compaſſion, the Languiſhment of the Prince ſpoke enoug
Heart of this fair Maid was bu
diſpoſed to yield it ſelf: She th
that *Conſtantia* ought to be ſatisf
which combated for *Don Pedro*,
over Friendſhip, and found that
ment, for which the Prince of *Portugal* had ſo long ſighed.

Do not reproach me, for that which has coſt me more than you, Sir, (replyed ſhe) *and do not accuſe a Heart, which is neither ingrateful nor barbarous: and I muſt tell you, that I love you. But now I have made you that Confeſſion, what is it farther that you require of me?* *Don Pedro*, who expected not a Change ſo favourable, felt
Satisfaction; and falling at the
Agnes, he expreſs'd more by the
Paſſion created, than he could have
the moſt eloquent Words.

After having known all his good
tune, he then conſulted with the
Agnes, what was to be feared from the King; they concluded that the cruel Billet, which ſo troubled the laſt days of *Conſtantia*,

could come from none but *Elvira* and *Don Alvaro*. The Prince, who knew that his Father had searched already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favourite's marrying *Agnes*, conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage, that, after having a long time consider'd, she at last consented. *I will do what you will have me* (said she) *tho I presage nothing but fatal Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, when I think of this Marriage, and the Image of Constantia seems to hinder me from doing it.*

The amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from *Agnes*, with a Satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the Pleasure of a Mystery: And the Day of their Union being arrived, *Don Gil*, Bishop of *Guarda*, performed the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the presence of several Witnesses, faithful to *Don Pedro*, who saw him Possessor of all the Charms of *Agnes*.

She lived not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of *Portugal*; her Enemies, who continually persecuted her, left her not without Troubles: and the King, whom her Refusal inrag'd, laid his absolute Commands on her to marry *Don Alvaro*,

Alvaro, with Threats to force her to it, if ſhe continu'd rebellious.

The Prince took loudly her part; and this, join'd to the Refuſal he made of marrying the Princeſs of *Arragon*, caus'd Suſpicions of the Truth in the King his Father. He was ſeconded by thoſe that were too much intereſted, not to unriddle this Secret. *Don Alvaro* and his Siſter acted with ſo much care, gave ſo many Gifts, and made ſo many Promiſes, that they diſcover'd the ſecret Engagements of *Don Pedro* and *Agnes*.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the Rage and Fury ſo great a Diſappointment could inſpire him with, againſt the Princeſs. *Don Alvaro*, whoſe Love was changed into the moſt violent Hatred, appeaſed the firſt Tranſports of the King, by making him comprehend, that if they could break the Marriage of 'em, that would not be a ſufficient Revenge; and ſo poiſon'd the Soul of the King, to conſent to the Death of *Agnes*.

The barbarous *Don Alvaro* offer'd his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was Security for the Sacrifice.

The King, who thought the Glory of his Family diſgraced by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the Procedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murderer,

to

to make the innocent *Agnes* a Victim to his Rage.

It was not eaſy to execute this horrid Deſign: Tho the Prince ſaw *Agnes* but in ſecret, yet all his Cares were ſtill awake for her, and he was marry'd to her above a Year, before *Don Alvaro* could find out an opportunity ſo long ſought for.

The Prince diverted himſelf but little, and very rarely went far from *Coimbra*; but on a day, an unfortunate Day, and marked out by Heaven for an unheard-of and horrid Aſſaſſination, he made a Party to hunt at a fine Houſe, which the King of *Portugal* had near the City.

Agnes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince ſatisfaction; but a ſecret Trouble made her apprehend ſome Misfortune in this unhappy Journey. *Sir*, (ſaid ſhe to him, alarm'd, without knowing the Reaſon why) *I tremble, ſeeing you to-day as it were deſigned the laſt of my Life: Preſerve your ſelf, my dear Prince; and tho the Exerciſe you take be not very dangerous, beware of the leaſt Hazards, and bring me back all that I truſt with you.* *Don Pedro*, who had never found her ſo handſome and ſo charming before, embraced her ſeveral times, and went out of the Palace with his Followers, with a Deſign not to return till the next day.

He

He was no ſooner gone, but the cruel *Don Alvaro* prepared himſelf for the Exe cution he had reſolv'd on; he thought it of that importance, that it required more Hands than his own, and ſo choſe for his Companions *Diego Lopez Pacheo*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Monſters like himſelf, whoſe Cruelty he was aſſur'd of by the Preſents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of t[illegible] and the lovely *Agnes* was in her [illegible] which was the laſt of her Life, when [illegible] Aſſaſſins approach'd her Bed. [illegible] made reſiſtance to *Don Alvaro*, who could do every thing, and whom the blackeſt Furies introduced to *Agnes*; ſhe waken'd, and opening her Curtains, ſaw, by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Ponyard with which *Don Alvaro* was armed; he having his Face not cover'd, ſhe eaſily knew him, and forgetting herſelf, to think of nothing but the Prince: *Juſt Heaven* (ſaid ſhe, lifting up her fine Eyes) *if you will revenge* Conſtantia, *ſatisfy your ſelf with my Blood only, and ſpare that of* Don Pedro. The barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to ſay more; and finding he could never (by all he could do by Love) touch the Heart of the fair *Agnes*, he pierc'd it with his Ponyard: his Accomplices gave her ſeveral Wounds,

tho

tho there was no neceſſity of ſo many to put an end to an innocent Life.

What a ſad Spectacle was this for thoſe who approach'd her Bed the next day! And what diſmal News was this to the unfortunate Prince of *Portugal!* He returned to *Coimbra* at the firſt report of this Adventure, and ſaw what had certainly coſt him his Life, if Men could die of Grief. After having a thouſand times embraced the bloody Body of *Agnes*, and ſaid all that a juſt Deſpair could inſpire him with, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that could not hear him. In fine, he ſaw the King, and without obſerving any reſpect, he gave a looſe to his Reſentment: after having rail'd a long time, overwhelm'd with Grief, he fell into a Swoon, which continu'd all that day. They carry'd him into his Apartment: and the King, believing that this Misfortune would prove his Cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

Don Alvaro, and the two other Aſſaſſins, quitted *Coimbra*. This Abſence of theirs made 'em appear guilty of the Crime; for which the afflicted Prince vow'd a ſpeedy Vengeance to the Ghoſt of his lovely *Agnes*, reſolving to purſue them to the uttermoſt part of the Univerſe: He got a conſiderable number of Men together, ſufficient

cient to have made reſiſtance, eve
King of *Portugal* himſelf, if he ſh
take the part of the Murderers: w
he ravaged the whole Country,
the *Duero* Waters, and carry'd on
even till the Death of the King, continually mixing Tears with Blood, which he gave to the revenge of his
nes.

Such was the deplorable End
fortunate Love of *Don Pedro* of
and of the fair *Agnes de Caſtro*, whoſe Remembrance he faithfully preſerv'd in his Heart, even upon the Throne, to which he mounted, by the Right of his Birth, after the Death of the King.

THE

THE Lover's WATCH: OR THE ART of making LOVE.

The ARGUMENT.

'TIS in the most happy and august Court of the best and greatest Monarch of the World, that Damon, *a young Nobleman, whom we will render under that Name, languishes for a Maid of Quality, who will give us leave to call her* Iris.

Their Births are equally illustrious; they are both rich, and both young; their Beauty such as I do not too nicely particularize, lest I should discover (which I am not permitted to do) who these charming Lovers are. Let suffice, that Iris *is the most fair and*

accomplish'd Person that ever adorn'd a Court; and that Damon *is only worthy of the Glory of her Favour; for he has all that can render him lovely in the fair Eyes of the amiable* Iris. *Nor is he Master of those superficial Beauties alone, that please at first [illegible] can charm the Soul with a thousa[illegible] Wit and Gallantry. And, in a [illegible] say, without flattering either, tha[illegible] one Beauty, no one Grace, no [illegible] Mind and Body, that wants to [illegible] Victory on both sides.*

The agreement of Age, Fortunes, Quality and Humours in these two fair Lovers made the impatient Damon *hope, that nothing would oppose his Passion; and if he saw himself every hour languishing for the adorable Maid, he did not however despair: And if* Iris *sigh'd, it was not for fear of being one day more happy.*

In the midst of the Tranquillity of these two Lovers, Iris *was obliged to go into the Country for some Months, whither 'twas impossible for* Damon *to wait on her, he being oblig'd to attend the King his Master; and being the most amorous of his Sex, suffer'd with extreme Impatience the absence of his Mistress. Nevertheless, he fail'd not to send to her every day, and gave up all his melancholy Hours to Thinking, Sighing, and Writing to her the softest Letters that Love could inspire. So that* Iris *even blessed that*

Absence

Abſence that gave her ſo tender and convincing Proofs of his Paſſion; and found this dear way of converſing, even recompenſed all her Sighs for his Abſence.

After a little Intercourſe of this kind, Damon *bethought himſelf to ask* Iris *a* Diſcretion *which he had won of her before ſhe left the Town; and in a* Billetdoux *to that purpoſe, preſt her very earneſtly for it.* Iris *being infinitely pleas'd with his Importunity, ſuffer'd him to ask it often; and he never fail'd of doing ſo.*

But as I do not here deſign to relate the Adventures of theſe two amiable Perſons, nor give you all the Billetdouxes *that paſt between them; you ſhall here find nothing but the* Watch *this charming Maid ſent her impatient Lover.*

IRIS to DAMON.

IT muſt be confeſt, *Damon*, that you are the moſt importuning Man in the World. Your Billets have an hundred times demanded a *Diſcretion*, which you won of me; and tell me, you will not wait my return to be paid. You are either a very faithleſs Creditor, or believe me very unjuſt, that you dun with ſuch impatience. But to let you ſee that I am a Maid of Honour, and value my Word, I will acquit my ſelf of this Obligation I have to you, and ſend you a *Watch* of my faſhion; perhaps you never ſaw any ſo good. It is not one of thoſe that have always ſomething to be mended in it; but one that is without fault, very juſt and good, and will remain ſo as long as you continue to love me: But *Damon*, know, that the very Minute you ceaſe to do ſo, the String will break, and it will go no more. 'Tis only uſeful in my abſence, and when I return 'twill change its Motion: and tho I have ſet it but for the Spring-time, 'twill ſerve you the whole Year round:

round: and 'twill be neceſſary only that you alter the Buſineſs of the Hours (which my *Cupid*, in the middle of my *Watch*, points you out) according to the length of the Days and Nights. Nor is the Dart of that little God directed to thoſe Hours, ſo much to inform you how they paſs, as how you ought to paſs them; how you ought to employ thoſe of your abſence from *Iris*. 'Tis there you ſhall find the whole Buſineſs of a Lover, from his Miſtreſs; for I have deſign'd it a Rule to all your Actions. The Conſideration of the Work-man ought to make you ſet a Value upon the Work: And tho it be not an accompliſh'd and perfect piece; yet, *Damon*, you ought to be grateful and eſteem it, ſince I have made it for you alone. But however I may boaſt of the Deſign, I know, as well as I believe you love me, that you will not ſuffer me to have the Glory of it wholly, but will ſay in your Heart,

That Love, *the great Inſtructor of the Mind,*
That forms a-new, and faſhions every Soul,
Refines the groſs Defects of human Kind;
Humbles the proud and vain, inſpires the dull;
Gives Cowards noble Heat in Fight,
And teaches feeble Women how to write:
That doth the Univerſe command,
Does from my Iris' *Heart direct her Hand.*

I give you the Liberty to ſay this t
Heart, if you pleaſe: And that y
know with what Juſtice, you do
will confeſs in my turn.

The Confeſſion.

That Love's *my Conduct where I go,*
And Love *inſtructs me all I do.*
Prudence no longer is my Guide,
Nor take I Counſel of my Pride.
In vain does Honour now invade,
In vain does Reaſon take my part,
If againſt Love *it do perſuade,*
If it rebel againſt my Heart.
If the ſoft Evening do invite,
And I incline to take the Air,
The Birds, the Spring, the Flow'rs no more
delight;
'Tis Love *makes all the Pleaſure there:*
Love, *which about me ſtill I bear;*
I'm charm'd with what I thither bring,
And add a ſoftneſs to the Spring.
If for Devotion I deſign,
Love *meets me, even at the Shrine;*
In all my Worſhip claims a part,
And robs even Heaven of my Heart:
All Day does counſel and controul,
And all the Night employs my Soul.
No wonder then if all you think be true,
That Love's *concern'd in all I do for you.*

And,

And, *Damon*, you, know that *Love* is no ill Maſter; and I muſt ſay, with a Bluſh, that he has found me no unapt Scholar; and he inſtructs too agreeably not to ſucceed in all he undertakes.

Who can reſiſt his ſoft Commands?
When he reſolves, what God withſtands?

But I ought to explain to you my *Watch*: The naked *Love* which you will find in the middle of it, with his Wings clip'd, to ſhew you he is fixed and conſtant, and will not fly away, points you out with his Arrow the four and twenty Hours that compoſe the Day and the Night: Over every Hour you will find written what you ought to do, during its Courſe; and every Half-hour is marked with a Sigh, ſince the quality of a Lover is, to ſigh day and night: Sighs are the Children of Lovers that are born every hour. And that my *Watch* may always be juſt, *Love* himſelf ought to conduct it; and your Heart ſhould keep time with the Movement:

My Preſent's delicate and new,
If by your Heart the Motion's ſet;
According as that's falſe or true,
You'll find my Watch *will anſwer it.*

Every Hour is tedious to a Lover, ſeparated from his Miſtreſs; and to ſhew you how good I am, I will have my *Watch* inſtruct you, to paſs ſome of them without Inquietude; that the force of your Imagination may ſometimes charm the trouble you have for my Abſence:

Perhaps I am miſtaken here,
My Heart may too much Credit give:
But, Damon, *you can charm my Fear,*
And ſoon my Error undeceive.

But I will not diſturb my Repoſe at this time with a Jealouſy, which I hope is altogether frivolous and vain; but begin to inſtruct you in the Myſteries of my *Watch.* Caſt then your Eyes upon the eighth Hour in the Morning, which is the Hour I would have you begin to wake: you will find there written,

EIGHT a-clock.

Agreeable Reverie.

DO not riſe yet; you may find Thoughts agreeable enough, when you awake, to entertain you longer in Bed. And 'tis in that hour you ought to recollect all the Dreams

Dreams you had in the Night. If you had dream'd any thing to my advantage, confirm your self in that thought; but if to my disadvantage, renounce it, and disown the injurious Dream. 'Tis in this Hour also that I give you leave to reflect on all that I have ever said and done, that has been most obliging to you, and that gives you the most tender Sentiments.

The Reflections.

Remember, Damon, *while your Mind*
Reflects on things that charm and please,
You give me Proofs that you are kind,
And set my doubting Soul at ease:
For when your Heart receives with Joy
The thoughts of Favours which I give,
My Smiles in vain I not employ,
And on the Square we love and live.

Think then on all I ever did,
That e'er was charming, e'er was dear;
Let nothing from that Soul be hid,
Whose Griefs and Joys I feel and share.
All that your Love and Faith have sought,
All that your Vows and Sighs have bought,
Now render present to your Thought.

And for what's to come, I give you leave *Damon*, to flatter your self, and to expect I shall still pursue those Methods, whose re-

remembrance charms ſo well: [illegible] be poſſible, conceive theſe kind between ſleeping and waking, too forward Complaiſance, my and my Tenderneſs, which I have for you, may paſs for ha for 'tis moſt certain,

That tho the Favours of the Fai
Are ever to the Lover dear;
Yet, leſt he ſhould reproach that eaſy Flame,
That buys its Satisfaction with its Shame;
She ought but rarely to confeſs
How much ſhe finds of Tenderneſs;
Nicely to guard the yielding part,
And hide the hard kept Secret in her Heart.

For, let me tell you, *Damon*, tho' the Paſſion of a Woman of Honour be ever ſo innocent, and the Lover ever ſo diſcreet and honeſt; her Heart feels I know not what of reproach within, at the reflection of any Favours ſhe has allow'd him. For my part, I never call to mind the leaſt ſoft or kind Word I have ſpoken to *Damon*, without finding at the ſame inſtant my Face cover'd over with Bluſhes, and my Heart with ſenſible Pain. I ſigh at the remembrance of every Touch I have ſtolen from his Hand, and have upbraided my Soul, which confeſſes ſo much guilty Love, as that ſecret Deſire of touching him made ap-

appear. I am angry at the Diſcovery, tho I am pleas'd at the ſame time with the Satisfaction I take in doing ſo; and ever diſorder'd at the remembrance of ſuch Arguments of too much Love. And theſe unquiet Sentiments alone are ſufficient to perſuade me, that our Sex cannot be reſerv'd too much. And I have often, on theſe occaſions, ſaid to my ſelf,

The Reſerve.

Tho Damon *every Vertue have,*
With all that pleaſes in his Form,
That can adorn the Juſt and Brave,
That can the coldeſt Boſom warm;
Tho Wit and Honour there abound,
Yet the Perſuer's ne'er purſu'd,
And when my Weakneſs he has found,
His Love will ſink to Gratitude:
While on the asking part he lives,
'Tis ſhe th' Obliger is who gives.

And he that at one Throw the Stake has won,
Gives over play, ſince all the Stock is gone.
And what dull Gameſter ventures certain Store
With Loſers who can ſet no more?

NINE

NINE a-clock.

Deſign to pleaſe no body.

I Should continue to accuſe you of that Vice I have often done, that of Lazineſs, if you remain'd paſt this Hour in bed; 'tis time for you to riſe; my Watch tells you 'tis nine a-clock. Remember that I am abſent, therefore do not take too much pains in dreſſing your ſelf, and ſetting your Perſon off.

The Queſtion.

Tell me! What can he deſign,
Who in his Miſtreſs' abſence will be fine?
Why does he cock, and comb, and dreſs?
Why is his Cravat ſtring in Print?
What does th' embroider'd Coat confeſs?
Why to the Glaſs this long Addreſs,
If there be nothing in't?
If no new Conqueſt is deſign'd,
If no new Beauty fill his Mind?

Let Fools and Fops, whoſe Talents lie
In being neat, in being ſpruce,
Be dreſt in vain, and tawdery;
With Men of Senſe 'tis out of uſe:
The only Folly that Diſtinction ſets
Between the noiſy fluttering Fools and Wits

Re-

Remember, Iris *is away;*
And ſighing to your Valet cry,
Spare your Perfumes and Care to day,
I have no buſineſs to be gay,
Since Iris *is not by.*
I'll be all negligent in Dreſs,
And ſcarce ſet off for Complaiſance:
Put me on nothing that may pleaſe,
But only ſuch as may give no Offence.

Say to your ſelf, as you are dreſſing, 'Would it pleaſe Heaven, that I might 'ſee *Iris* to-day! But oh! 'tis impoſſible: 'Therefore all that I ſhall ſee will be but 'indifferent Objects, ſince 'tis *Iris* only 'that I wiſh to ſee.' And ſighing, whiſper to your ſelf:

The Sigh.

Ah! charming Object of my wiſhing Thought!
Ah! ſoft Idea of a diſtant Bliſs!
That only art in Dreams and Fancy brought,
That give ſhort Intervals of Happineſs.
But when I waking find thou abſent art,
And with thee, all that I adore,
What Pains, what Anguiſh fills my Heart!
What Sadneſs ſeizes me all o'er!
All Entertainments I neglect,
Since Iris *is no longer there:*
Beauty ſcarce claims my bare Reſpect,
Since in the Throng I find not her.
Ah then! how vain it were to dreſs, and ſhow!
Since all I wiſh to pleaſe, is abſent now!

'Tis

'Tis with these Thoughts, *Damon*, that your Mind ought to be employ'd, during your time of dressing. And you are too knowing in Love, to be ignorant,

That when a Lover ceases to be blest
With the Object he desires,
Ah! how indifferent are the rest!
How soon their Conversation tires!
Tho they a thousand Arts to pl[illegible]
Their Charms are dull, their W[illegible]
nent.

TEN a-clock.

Reading of Letters.

MY *Cupid* points you now the Hour in which you ought to retire into your Cabinet, having already past an hour in dressing: and for a Lover, who is sure not to appear before his Mistress, even that Hour is too much to be so employ'd. But I will think, you thought of nothing less than dressing while you were about it. Lose then no more Minutes, but open your Scrutore, and read over some of those Billets you have receiv'd from me. Oh! what Pleasures a Lover feels about his Heart, in reading those from a Mistress he entirely loves!

The

The Joy.

Who, but a Lover, can expreſs
The Joys, the Pants, the Tenderneſs,
That the ſoft amorous Soul invades,
While the dear Billetdoux *he reads?*
Raptures Divine the Heart o'er-flow,
Which he that loves not cannot know.

A thouſand Tremblings, thouſand Fears,
The ſhort breath'd Sighs, the joyful Tears;
The Tranſport, where the Love's confeſt;
The Change, where Coldneſs is expreſt;
The diff'ring Flames the Lover burns,
As thoſe are ſhy, or kind, by turns.

However you find 'em, *Damon*, conſtrue 'em all to my advantage: Poſſibly, ſome of them have an Air of Coldneſs, ſomething different from that Softneſs they are uſually too amply fill'd with; but where you find they have, believe there, that the Senſe of Honour, and my Sex's Modeſty, guided my Hand a little againſt the Inclinations of my Heart; and that it was as a kind of an Atonement, I believed I ought to make, for ſomething I feared I had ſaid too kind, and too obliging before. But wherever you find that Stop, that Check in my Career of Love, you will be ſure to find ſomething that follows it to favour you,

you, and deny that unwilling Impoſition upon my Heart; which, leſt you ſhould miſtake, Love ſhews himſelf in Smiles again, and flatters more agreeably, diſdaining the Tyranny of Honour and rigid Cuſtom, that Impoſition upon our Sex; and will, in ſpite of me, let you ſee he reigns abſolutely in my Soul.

The reading my *Billetdoux* may detain you an Hour: I have had ſo much Goodneſs to write you enow to entertain you ſo long at leaſt, and ſometimes reward my ſelf for it; but, contrary to all my Scruples, I find my ſelf diſpos'd to give you thoſe *frequent* Marks of my Tenderneſs. If yours be ſo great as you expreſs it, you ought to kiſs my Letters a thouſand times; you ought to read them with Attention, and weigh every Word, and value every Line. A Lover may receive a thouſand endearing Words from a Miſtreſs, more eaſily than a Billet. One ſays a great many kind things of courſe to a Lover, which one is not willing to write, or to give teſtify'd under one's hand, ſigned and ſealed. But when once a Lover has brought his Miſtreſs to that degree of Love, he ought to aſſure himſelf, ſhe loves not at the common rate.

Love's Witneſs.

Slight unpremeditated Words are borne
By every common Wind into the Air;
Careleſly utter'd, die as ſoon as born,
And in one inſtant, give both Hope and Fear:
Breathing all Contraries with the ſame Wind,
According to the Caprice of the Mind.

But Billetdoux *are conſtant Witneſſes,*
Subſtantial Records to Eternity;
Juſt Evidence, who the Truth confeſs,
On which the Lover ſafely may rely:
They're ſerious Thoughts, digeſted and reſolv'd;
And laſt, when Words are into Clouds devolv'd.

I will not doubt, but you give credit to all that is kind in my Letters; and I will believe, you find a Satisfaction in the Entertainment they give you, and that the hour of reading 'em is not diſagreeable to you. I could wiſh, your Pleaſure might be extreme, even to the degree of ſuffering the Thought of my Abſence not to diminiſh any part of it. And I could wiſh too, at the end of your reading, you would ſigh with Pleaſure, and ſay to your ſelf—

The

The Tranſport.

O Iris! *While you thus can charm,*
While at this Diſtance you can wound and warm;
My abſent Torments I will bleſs and bear,
That give me ſuch dear Proofs how kind you are.
Preſent, the valu'd Store was only ſeen:
Now I am rifling the bright Maſs within.

Every dear, paſt, and happy Day,
When languiſhing at Iris' *Feet I lay;*
When all my Prayers and all my Tears could move
No more than her Permiſſion, I ſhould love:
Vain with my Glorious Deſtiny,
I thought, beyond, ſcarce any Heaven cou'd be.

But, Charming Maid, now I am taught,
That Abſence has a thouſand Joys to give,
On which, the Lovers preſent never thought,
That recompenſe the Hours we grieve.
Rather by Abſence let me be undone,
Than forfeit all the Pleaſures that has won.

With this little Rapture, I wiſh you wou'd finiſh the reading my Letters, ſhut your Scrutore, and quit your Cabinet; for my Love leads to eleven a-clock.

ELE-

ELEVEN a clock.

The Hour to write in.

IF my *Watch* did not inform you 'tis now time to write, I believe, *Damon*, your Heart wou'd, and tell you alſo that I ſhould take it kindly, if you would employ a whole hour that way; and that you ſhould never loſe an Occaſion of writing to me, ſince you are aſſured of the welcome I give your Letters. Perhaps you will ſay, an hour is too much, and that 'tis not the mode to write long Letters. I grant you, *Damon*, when we write thoſe indifferent ones of Gallantry in courſe, or neceſſary Compliment; the handſome comprizing of which in the feweſt words, renders 'em the moſt agreeable: But in Love we have a thouſand fooliſh things to ſay, that of themſelves bear no great Sound, but have a mighty Senſe in Love; for there is a peculiar Eloquence natural alone to a Lover, and to be underſtood by no other Creature: To thoſe, Words have a thouſand Graces and Sweetneſſes; which, to the unconcerned, appear Meanneſs, and eaſy Senſe, at the beſt. But, *Damon*, you and I are none of thoſe ill

Judges

Judges of the Beauties of Love; we can penetrate beyond the Vulgar, and perceive the fine Soul in every Line, thro all the humble Dreſs of Phraſe; when poſſibly they who think they diſcern it beſt in florid Language, do not ſee it at all. *Love* was not born or bred in Courts, but Cottages; and nurs'd in Groves and Shades, ſmiles on the Plains, and wantons in the Stream unador'd and harmleſs. Therefore, *Damon*, do not conſult your Wit in this Affair, but Love alone; ſpeak all that he and Nature taught you, and let the fine Things you learn in *Schools* alone: Make uſe of *thoſe Flowers* you have gather'd there, when you converſe with Stateſmen and the Gown. Let *Iris* poſſeſs your Heart in all its ſimple Innocence, that's the beſt Eloquence to her that loves: and this is my Inſtruction to a Lover that would ſucceed in his Amours; for I have a Heart very difficult to pleaſe, and this is the neareſt way to it.

Advice to Lovers.

Lovers, *if you wou'd gain the Heart*
Of Damon, *learn to win the Prize;*
He'll ſhew you all its tend'reſt part,
And where its greateſt Danger lies;
The Magazine of its Diſdain,
Where Honour, feebly guarded, does remain.

If

If preſent, do but little ſay;
Enough the ſilent Lover ſpeaks:
But wait, and ſigh, and gaze all day;
Such Rhet'rick, more than Language,
For Words the dulleſt way do move; (takes.
And utter'd more to ſhew your Wit than
Love.

Let your Eyes tell her of your Heart;
Its Story is, for Words, too delicate.
Souls thus exchange, and thus impart,
And all their Secrets can relate.
A Tear, a broken Sigh, ſhe'll underſtand;
Or the ſoft trembling Preſſings of the Hand.

Or if your Pain muſt be in Words expreſt,
Let 'em fall gently, unaſſur'd, and ſlow;
And where they fail, your Looks may tell
the reſt: (ſo.
Thus Damon *ſpoke, and I was conquer'd*
The witty Talker has miſtook his Art;
The modeſt Lover only charms the Heart.

Thus, while all day you gazing ſit,
And fear to ſpeak, and fear your Fate,
You more Advantages by Silence get,
Than the gay forward Youth with all his Prate.
Let him be ſilent here; but when away,
Whatever Love can dictate, let him ſay.

There

There let the bashful Soul unveil,
And give a loose to Love and Truth;
Let him improve the amorous Tale,
With all the Force of Words, and Fire
of Youth:
There all, and any thing let him express;
Too long he cannot write, too much confess.

O *Damon!* How well have you made me understand this soft Pleasure! You know my Tenderness too well, not to be sensible how I am charmed with your agreeable long Letters.

The Invention.

Ah! he who first found out the way
Souls to each other to convey,
Without dull Speaking, sure must be
Something above Humanity.
Let the fond World in vain dispute,
And the first Sacred Mystery impute
Of Letters to the learned Brood,
And of the Glory cheat a God:
'Twas Love *alone that first the Art essay'd,*
And Psyche *was the first fair yielding*
Maid,
That was by the dear Billet-doux *betray'd.*

It is an Art too ingenious to have been found out by Man, and too necessary to Lovers, not to have been invented by the God

God of Love himſelf. But, *Damon*, I do not pretend to exact from you thoſe Letters of Gallantry, which, I have told you, are filled with nothing but fine Thoughts, and writ with all the Arts of Wit and Subtilty: I would have yours ſtill all tender unaffected Love, Words unchoſen, Thoughts unſtudied, and Love unfeign'd. I had rather find more Softneſs than Wit in your Paſſion; more of Nature than of Art; more of the Lover than the Poet.

Nor would I have you write any of thoſe little ſhort Letters that are read over in a Minute; in Love, long Letters bring a long Pleaſure: Do not trouble your ſelf to make 'em fine, or write a great deal of Wit and Senſe in a few Lines; that is the Notion of a witty Billet, in any Affair but that of Love. And have a care rather to avoid theſe Graces to a Miſtreſs; and aſſure your ſelf, dear *Damon*, that what pleaſes the Soul pleaſes the Eye, and the largeneſs or bulk of your Letter ſhall never offend me; and that I only am diſpleaſed when I find them ſmall. A Letter is ever the beſt and moſt powerful Agent to a Miſtreſs, it almoſt always perſuades, 'tis always renewing little Impreſſions, that poſſibly otherways Abſence would deface. Make uſe then, *Damon*, of your Time while it is given you, and thank me that I permit

mit you to write to me: Perh
not always continue in the humo
fering you to do ſo; and it ma
pen, by ſome turn of Chance
tune, that you may be deprived, at the
ſame time, both of my Preſence, and of
the Means of ſending to me. I will be-
lieve that ſuch an Accident would be a
great Misfortune to you, for I have of-
ten heard you ſay, that, "To make the
"moſt happy Lover ſuffer Martyrdom,
"one need only forbid him Seeing, Speak-
"ing and Writing to the Object he loves."
Take all the Advantages then you can,
you cannot give me too often Marks too
powerful of your Paſſion: Write there-
fore during this Hour, every Day. I
give you leave to believe, that while you
do ſo, you are ſerving me the moſt oblig-
ingly and agreeably you can, while abſent;
and that you are giving me a Remedy
againſt all Grief, Uneaſineſs, Melancholy,
and Deſpair; nay, if you exceed your
Hour, you need not be aſham'd. The
Time you employ in this kind Devoir, is
the Time that I ſhall be grateful for, and
no doubt will recompenſe it. You ought
not however to neglect Heaven for me;
I will give you time for your Devotion,
for my *Watch* tells you 'tis time to go to
the Temple.

TWELVE

TWELVE a-clock.

Indiſpenſible Duty.

THERE are certain Duties which one ought never to neglect: That of adoring the Gods is of this nature; and which we ought to pay, from the bottom of our Hearts: And that, *Damon*, is the only time I will diſpenſe with your not thinking on me. But I would not have you go to one of thoſe Temples, where the celebrated Beauties, and thoſe that make a profeſſion of Gallantry, go; and who come thither only to ſee, and be ſeen; and whither they repair, more to ſhew their Beauty and Dreſs, than to honour the Gods. If you will take my advice, and oblige my wiſh, you ſhall go to thoſe that are leaſt frequented, and you ſhall appear there like a Man that has a perfect Veneration for all things ſacred.

The Inſtruction.

Damon, *if your Heart and Flame,*
You wiſh, ſhould always be the ſame,

Do not give it leave to rove,
Nor expose it to new Harms:
E'er you think on't, you may love,
If you gaze on Beauty's Charms:
If with me you wou'd not part,
Turn your Eyes into your Heart.

If you find a new Desire
In your easy Soul take fire,
From the tempting Ruin fly;
Think it faithless, think it base,
Fancy soon will fade and die,
If you wisely cease to gaze.
Lovers should have Honour too,
Or they pay but half Love's due.

Do not to the Temple go,
With design to gaze or shew:
Whate'er Thoughts you have abroad,
Tho you can deceive elsewhere,
There's no feigning with your God;
Souls should be all perfect there.
The Heart that's to the Altar brought,
Only Heaven should fill its Thought.

Do not your sober Thoughts perplex,
By gazing on the Ogling Sex:
Or if Beauty call your Eyes,
Do not on the Object dwell;
Guard your Heart from the Surprize,
By thinking Iris *doth excel.*

Above

Above all Earthly Things I'd be,
Damon, *moſt belov'd by thee;*
And only Heaven muſt rival me.

ONE a-clock.

Forc'd Entertainment.

I Perceive it will be very difficult for you to quit the Temple, without being ſurrounded with Compliments from People of Ceremony, Friends, and Newſmongers, and ſeveral of thoſe ſorts of Perſons, who afflict and buſy themſelves, and rejoice at a hundred things they have no Intereſt in; Coquets and Politicians, who make it the Buſineſs of their whole Lives, to gather all the News of the Town; adding or diminiſhing, according to the Stock of their Wit and Invention, and ſpreading it all abroad to the believing Fools and Goſſips; and perplexing every body with a hundred ridiculous Novels, which they paſs off for Wit and Entertainment: Or elſe ſome of thoſe Recounters of Adventures that are always telling of Intrigues, and that make a Secret to a hundred People of a thouſand fooliſh things they have heard. Like a certain pert and impertinent Lady of

the Town, whose Youth and Beauty being past, set up for Wit, to uphold a feeble Empire over Hearts; and whose Character is this:

The Coquet.

Milanda, who had never been
Esteem'd a Beauty at fifteen,
Always amorous was, and kind
To every Swain she lent her Ear;
Free as Air, but false as Wind;
Yet none complain'd, she was severe.
She eas'd more than she made complain;
Was always singing, pert, and vain.

Where-e'er the Throng was, she was seen,
And swept the Youths along the Green;
With equal Grace she flatter'd all,
And fondly proud of all Address,
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes do call,
And her vain Heart her Looks confess.
She rallies this, to that she bow'd,
Was talking ever, laughing loud.

On every side she makes advance,
And every where a Confidence;
She tells for Secrets all she knows,
And all to know she does pretend:
Beauty in Maids she treats as Foes;
But every handsome Youth as Friend.

Scandal

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Scandal still passes off for Truth;
And Noise and Nonsense, Wit and Youth.
Coquet *all o'er, and every part,*
Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art;
Herds with the ugly, and the old;
And plays the Critick on the rest:
Of Men, the bashful, and the bold,
Either, and all, by turns, likes best:
Even now, tho Youth be languish'd, she
Sets up for Love and Gallantry.

This sort of Creature, *Damon*, is very dangerous; not that I fear you will squander away a Heart upon her, but your Hours; for, in spight of you, she'll detain you with a thousand Impertinencies, and eternal Tattle. She passes for a judging Wit; and there is nothing so troublesome as such a Pretender. She, perhaps, may get some knowledge of our Correspondence; and then, no doubt, will improve it to my disadvantage. Possibly she may rail at me; that is her fashion by the way of friendly Speaking; and an aukward Commendation, the most effectual way of Defaming and Traducing. Perhaps she tells you, in a cold Tone, that you are a happy Man to be belov'd by me: That *Iris* indeed is handsome, and she wonders she has no more Lovers; but the Men are not of her mind; if they were, you should have more Rivals. She

commends my Face, but that I [illegible] Eyes, and 'tis pity my Complexi[illegible] better: My Shape but too much [illegible] to fat. Cries—She would charm [illegible] ly with her Wit, but that she k[illegible] well she is Miſtreſs of it. A[illegible] cludes,—But all together ſhe is well e-nough.——Thus ſhe runs on without giving you leave to edge in a word in my defence; and ever and anon crying up her own Conduct and Management [illegible] you how ſhe is oppreſt with Lovers, and fatigu'd with Addreſſes; and recommending her ſelf, at every turn, with a perceivable Cunning: And all the while is jilting you of your good Opinion; which ſhe would buy at the price of any body's Repoſe, or her own Fame, tho but for the Vanity of adding to the number of her Lovers. When ſhe ſees a new Spark, the firſt thing ſhe does ſhe enquires into his Eſtate; if ſhe find it ſuch as may (if the Coxcomb be well manag'd) ſupply her Vanity, ſhe makes advances to him, and applies her ſelf to all thoſe little Arts ſhe uſually makes uſe of to gain her Fools; and according to his humour dreſſes and affects her own. But, *Damon*, ſince I point to no particular Perſon in this Character, I will not name who you ſhould avoid; but all of this ſort I conjure you, whereſoever you find 'em. But if unluck

lucky Chance throw you in their way, hear all they ſay, without credit or regard, as far as Decency will ſuffer you; hear 'em without approving their Foppery; and hear 'em without giving 'em cauſe to cenſure you. But 'tis ſo much loſt time to liſten to all the Novels this ſort of People will perplex you with; whoſe buſineſs is to be idle, and who even tire themſelves with their own Impertinencies. And be aſſur'd after all there is nothing they can tell you that is worth your knowing. And, *Damon*, a perfect Lover never asks any News but of the Maid he loves.

The Enquiry.

Damon, *if your Love be true*
To the Heart that you poſſeſs,
Tell me what have you to do
Where you have no Tenderneſs?
Her Affairs who cares to learn,
For whom he has not ſome Concern?

If a Lover fain would know
If the Object lov'd be true,
Let her but induſtrious be
To watch his Curioſity;
Tho ne'er ſo cold his Queſtions ſeem,
They come from warmer Thoughts within.

When I hear a Swain enquire
What gay Melinda *does to l*
I conclude there is ſome Fire
In a Heart inquiſitive;
Or 'tis, at leaſt, the Bill that's
To ſhew, The Heart is to be l

TWO a-clock.

Dinner-time.

LEave all thoſe fond Entertainments, or you will diſoblige me, and make Dinner wait for you; for my *Cupid* tells you 'tis that Hour. *Love* does not pretend to make you loſe that; nor is it my Province to order you your Diet. Here I give you a perfect Liberty to do what you pleaſe; and poſſibly, 'tis the only Hour in the whole four and twenty that I will abſolutely reſign you, or diſpenſe with your even ſo much as thinking on me. 'Tis true, in ſeating your ſelf at Table, I would not have you placed over-against a very beautiful Object; for in ſuch a one there are a thouſand little Graces in Speaking, Looking, and Laughing, that fail not to charm if one gives way to the Eyes, to gaze and wander that way; in which, perhaps, in ſpight of you, you will

will find a Pleaſure: And while you do ſo, tho without deſign or concern, you give the fair Charmer a ſort of Vanity in believing you have placed your ſelf there, only for the advantage of looking on her; and ſhe aſſumes a hundred little Graces and Affectations which are not natural to her, to compleat a Conqueſt, which ſhe believes ſo well begun already. She ſoftens her Eyes, and ſweetens her Mouth; and in fine, puts on another Air than when ſhe had no deſign, and when you did not, by your continual looking on her, rouze her Vanity, and encreaſe her eaſy Opinion of her own Charms. Perhaps ſhe knows I have ſome Intereſt in your Heart, and prides her ſelf, at leaſt, with believing ſhe has attracted the Eyes of my Lover, if not his Heart; and thinks it eaſy to vanquiſh the whole, if ſhe pleaſes; and triumphs over me in her ſecret Imaginations. Remember, *Damon*, that while you act thus in the Company and Converſation of other Beauties, every Look or Word you give in favour of 'em, is an Indignity to my Reputation; and which you cannot ſuffer if you love me truly, and with Honour: and aſſure your ſelf, ſo much Vanity as you inſpire in her, ſo much Fame you rob me of; for whatever Praiſes you give another Beauty, ſo much you take away from mine. There-

fore, if you dine in Company, t
thers do: Be generally civil, not a
your ſelf by Words or Looks to
ticular Perſon: Be as gay as you
Talk and laugh with all, for thi
the Hour for Chagrin.

The Permiſſion.

My Damon, *tho I ſtint your Love,*
I will not ſtint your Appetite;
That I would have you ſtill improve
By every new and freſh Delight.
Feaſt till Apollo *hides his Head,*
Or drink the amorous God to Thetis *Bed.*

Be like your ſelf: All witty, gay!
And o'er the Bottle bleſs the Board;
The liſt'ning Round will, all the Day,
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with every Word.
Tho Venus' *Son inſpire your Wit,*
'Tis the Silenian *God beſt utters it.*

Here talk of every thing but me,
Since ev'ry thing you ſay with Grace.
If not diſpos'd your Humour be,
And you'd this Hour in ſilence paſs,
Since ſomething muſt the Subject prove
Of Damon's *Thoughts, let it be me and Love.*

But, Damon, *this enfranchis'd Hour,*
No Bounds, or Laws, will I impoſe;

But

But leave it wholly in your pow'r,
What Humour to refuse or chuse:
I Rules prescribe *but to your Flame;*
For I, your Mistress, not Physician, am.

THREE a-clock.

Visits to Friends.

Damon, my Watch is juster than you imagine; it would not have you live retired and solitary, but permits you to go and make Visits. I am not one of those that believe Love and Friendship cannot find a place in one and the same Heart: And that Man would be very unhappy, who, as soon as he had a Mistress, should be obliged to renounce the Society of his Friends. I must confess, I would not that you should have so much Concern for them, as you have for me; for I have heard a sort of a Proverb that says, *He cannot be very fervent in Love, who is not a little cold in Friendship.* You are not ignorant, that when *Love* establishes himself in a Heart, he reigns a Tyrant there, and will not suffer even Friendship, if it pretend to share his Empire there.

Cupid.

Cupid.

Love is a God, whose charming Si
Both Heaven, and Earth, and Se.
A Power that will not mingled be
With any dull Equality.
Since first from Heaven, which
Birth,
He rul'd the Empire of the Earth,
Jealous of Sov'reign Pow'r, he r
And will be absolute in Souls.

I should be very angry if you had any o
those Friendships which one ought to desire
in a Mistress only; for many times it hap-
pens that you have Sentiments a little too
tender for those amiable Persons; and ma-
ny times Love and Friendship are so con-
founded together, that one cannot easily
discern one from the other. I have seen a
Man flatter himself with an Opinion, that
he had but an Esteem for a Woman, whi
by some turn of Fortune in her Life, a
marrying, or receiving the Addresses of
Men, he has found by Spite and Je
within, that that was Love, which he be
fore took for Complaisance or Friendship.
Therefore have a care, for such Amities
are dangerous: Not but that a Lover may
have fair and generous Female Friends,
whom he ought to visit; and perhaps
should

ſhould eſteem you leſs, if I did not believe you were valued by ſuch, if I were perfectly aſſured they were Friends and not Lovers. But have a care you hide not a Miſtreſs under this Veil, or that you gain not a Lover by this Pretence: For you may begin with Friendſhip, and end with Love; and I ſhould be equally afflicted ſhould you give it or receive it. And tho you charge our Sex with all the Vanity, yet I often find Nature to have given you as large a Portion of that common Crime, which you would ſhuffle off, as aſham'd to own; and are as fond and vain of the Imagination of a Conqueſt, as any Coquet of us all: tho at the ſame time you deſpiſe the Victim, you think it adds a Trophy to your Fame. And I have ſeen a Man dreſs, and trick, and adjuſt his Looks and Mein, to make a Viſit to a Woman he lov'd not, nor ever could love, as for thoſe he made to his Miſtreſs; and only for the Vanity of making a Conqueſt upon a Heart, even unworthy of the little Pains he has taken about it. And what is this but buying Vanity at the expence of Eaſe; and with Fatigue to purchaſe the Name of a conceited Fop, beſides that of a diſhoneſt Man? For he who takes pains to make himſelf beloved, only to pleaſe his curious Humour, tho he ſhould ſay nothing that tends to it, more than by his Looks, his Sighs,

Sighs, and now and then breaking
Praiſes and Commendations of the
by the care he takes, to appear wel
before her and in good order; he
his Looks, he deceives with his Me
Faſhion, and cheats with every M
and every Grace he puts on: He
when he ſings or dances; he diſſ
when he ſighs; and every thing he does,
that wilfully gains upon her, is Malice pre-
penſe, Baſeneſs, and Art below a Man of
Senſe or Vertue: and yet theſe Arts, theſe
Cozenages, are the *common Practices* of
the Town. What's this but that damnable
Vice, of which they ſo reproach our Sex;
that of jilting for Hearts? And 'tis in
vain that my Lover, after ſuch foul play,
ſhall think to appeaſe me, with ſaying,
*He did it to try how eaſy he could conquer, and
of how great force his Charms were: And
why ſhould I be angry if all the Town loved
him, ſince he loved none but* Iris? Oh fooliſh
Pleaſure! How little Senſe goes to the ma-
king of ſuch a Happineſs! And how lit-
tle Love muſt he have for one partic
Perſon, who would wiſh to inſpire it into
all the World, and yet himſelf pretend to
be inſenſible! But this, *Damon*, is rather
what is but too much practiſed by your
Sex, than any Guilt I charge on you: tho
Vanity be an Ingredient that Nature very
ſeldom omits in the Compoſition of either

Sex;

Sex; and you may be allowed a Tincture of it at leaſt. And, perhaps, I am not wholly exempt from this Leven in my Nature, but accuſe my ſelf ſometimes of finding a ſecret Joy of being ador'd, tho I even hate my Worſhipper. But if any ſuch Pleaſure touch my Heart, I find it at the ſame time bluſhing in my Cheeks with a guilty Shame, which ſoon checks the petty Triumph; and I have a Vertue at ſoberer Thoughts that I find ſurmounts my Weakneſs and Indiſcretion; and I hope *Damon* finds the ſame: For, ſhould he have any of thoſe Attachments, I ſhould have no pity for him.

The Example.

Damon, *if you'd have me true,*
Be you my Precedent and Guide:
Example ſooner we purſue,
Than the dull Dictates of our Pride.
Precepts of Vertue are too weak an Aim;
'Tis Demonſtration that can beſt reclaim.

Shew me the Path you'd have me go;
With ſuch a Guide I cannot ſtray:
What you approve, whate'er you do,
It is but juſt I bend the way.
If true, my Honour favours your Deſign;
If falſe, Revenge is the reſult of mine.

A Lover true, a Maid sincere,
Are to be priz'd as things divi
'Tis Justice makes the Bleſſing de
Juſtice of Love without Deſign
And ſhe that reigns not in a Hear
Is never ſafe, or eaſy, on her Thr

FOUR a-clock.

General Converſation.

IN this Viſiting-Hour, many People will happen to meet at one and the ſame time together, in a place: And as you make not Viſits to Friends, to be ſilent, you ought to enter into Converſation with 'em; but thoſe Converſations ought to be general, and of general things: for there is no neceſſity of making your Friend the Confident of your Amours: 'Twould infinitely diſpleaſe me, to hear you have reveal'd to them all that I have repos'd in you; tho Secrets ever ſo trivial, yet ſince utter'd between Lovers, they deſerve to be priz'd at a higher rate: For what can ſhew a Heart more indiſcreet and indiſcreet, than to declare in any faſhion, or with mirth, or joy, the tender things a Miſtreſs ſays to a Lover; and which poſſibly

poſſibly, related at ſecond hand, bear not the ſame Senſe, becauſe they have not the ſame Sound and Air they had originally, when they came from the ſoft Heart of her, who ſigh'd 'em firſt to her laviſh Lover? Perhaps they are told again with mirth, or joy, unbecoming their Character and Buſineſs; and then they loſe their Graces: (for Love is the moſt ſolemn thing in nature, and the moſt unſuiting with Gaity.) Perhaps the ſoft Expreſſions ſuit not ſo well the harſher Voice of the maſculine Lover, whoſe Accents were not form'd for ſo much Tenderneſs; at leaſt, not of that ſort: for Words that have the ſame Meaning, are alter'd from their Senſe by the leaſt tone or accent of the Voice; and thoſe proper and fitted to my Soul, are not poſſibly ſo to yours, tho both have the ſame Efficacy upon us; yours upon my Heart, as mine upon yours: and both will be miſunderſtood by the unjudging World. Beſides this, there is a Holineſs in Love that's true, that ought not to be profan'd: And as the Poet truly ſays, at the latter end of an Ode, of which I will recite the whole;

The Invitation.

Aminta, *fear not to confeſs*
The charming Secret of thy Tenderneſs:

That

That which a Lover can't conceal,
That which, to me, thou ſhouldſt re[veal]
And is but what thy lovely Eyes expreſ[s]
Come, whiſper to my panting Heart
That heaves, and meets thy Voice half [way]
That gueſſes what thou wouldſt impar[t]
And languiſhes for what thou haſt to ſa[y]
Confirm my trembling Doubt, and make me know,
Whence all theſe Bleſſings, and theſe Sighings flow.

Why doſt thou ſcruple to unfold
A Myſtery that does my Life concern?
If thou ne'er ſpeak'ſt, it will be told;
For Lovers all things can diſcern.
From every Look, from every baſhful Grace,
That ſtill ſucceed each other in thy Face,
I ſhall the dear tranſporting Secret learn:
But 'tis a Pleaſure not to be expreſt,
To hear it by the Voice confeſt,
When ſoft Sighs breathe it on my panting Breaſt.

All calm and ſilent is the Grove,
Whoſe ſhading Boughs reſiſt the Day;
Here thou mayſt bluſh, and talk of Love,
While only Winds, unheeding, ſtay,
That will not bear the Sound away:
While I with ſolemn awful Joy,
All my attentive Faculties employ;

Liſtning to every valu'd Word;
And in my Soul the ſacred Treaſure hoard:
There like ſome Myſtery Divine,
The wondrous Knowledge I'll enſhrine.
Love can his Joys no longer call his own,
Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.

There is nothing more true than thoſe two laſt Lines: and that Love ceaſes to be a Pleaſure, when it ceaſes to be a Secret, and one you ought to keep ſacred: For the *World*, which never makes a right Judgment of things, will miſinterpret Love, as they do Religion; every one judging it, according to the Notion he hath of it, or the Talent of his Senſe. *Love* (as a great Duke ſaid) *is like Apparitions; every one talks of them, but few have ſeen 'em:* Every body thinks himſelf capable of underſtanding Love, and that he is a Maſter in the Art of it; when there is nothing ſo nice, or difficult, to be rightly comprehended; and indeed cannot be, but to a Soul very delicate. Nor will he make himſelf known to the Vulgar: There muſt be an uncommon Fineneſs in the Mind that contains him; the reſt he only viſits in as many Diſguiſes as there are Diſpoſitions and Natures, where he makes but a ſhort ſtay, and is gone. He can fit himſelf to all Hearts, being the greateſt Flatterer in the World: And he poſſeſſes

every

every one with a Confidence, that they are in the number of his Elect; and they think they know him perfectly, when nothing but the Spirits refined poſſeſs him in his Excellency. From this difference of Love, in different Souls, proceed thoſe odd fantaſtick Maxims, which ſo many hold of ſo different kinds: And this makes the moſt innocent Pleaſures paſs oftentimes for Crimes, with the unjudging Croud, who call themſelves *Lovers*: *And you* will have your Paſſion cenſur'd by as many as you ſhall diſcover it to, and as many ſeveral ways. I adviſe you therefore, *Damon*, to make no Confidents of your Amours; and believe, that Silence has with me, the moſt powerful Charm.

'Tis alſo in theſe Converſations, that thoſe indiſcreetly civil Perſons often are, who think to oblige a good Man, by letting him know he is belov'd by ſome one or other; and making him underſtand how many good Qualities he is Maſter of, to render him agreeable to the Fair Sex, if he would but advance where Love and good Fortune call; and that a too conſtant Lover loſes a great part of his time, which might be manag'd to more advantage, ſince Youth hath ſo ſhort a Race to run. This, and a thouſand the like indecent Complaiſances, give him a Vanity that ſuits not with that Diſcretion, which has hitherto

hitherto acquir'd him ſo good a Reputation. I would not have you, *Damon*, act on theſe occaſions, as many of the eaſy Sparks have done before you, who receive ſuch Weakneſs and Flattery for Truth; and paſſing it off with a Smile, ſuffer 'em to advance in Folly, till they have gain'd a Credit with 'em, and they believe all they hear; telling 'em they do ſo, by conſenting Geſtures, Silence, or open Approbation. For my part, I ſhould not condemn a Lover that ſhould anſwer a ſort of civil Brokers for Love, ſomewhat briskly; and by giving 'em to underſtand they are already engag'd, or directing 'em to Fools, that will poſſibly hearken to 'em, and credit ſuch Stuff, ſhame 'em out of a Folly ſo infamous and diſingenuous. In ſuch a Caſe only I am willing you ſhould own your Paſſion; not that you need tell the Object which has charm'd you: And you may ſay, you are already a Lover, without ſaying you are belov'd. For ſo long as you appear to have a Heart unengag'd, you are expos'd to all the little Arts and Addreſſes of this ſort of obliging Procurers of Love, and give way to the hope they have of making you their Proſelyte. For your own Reputation then, and my Eaſe and Honour, ſhun ſuch Converſations; for they are neither creditable to you, nor pleaſing to me: And believe me, *Damon*, a true

Lover

Lover has no Curioſity, but what concerns his Miſtreſs.

FIVE a-clock.

Dangerous Viſits.

I Foreſee, or fear, that theſe buſy impertinent Friends will oblige you to viſit ſome Ladies of their Acquaintance, or yours; my *Watch* does not forbid you. Yet I muſt tell you, I apprehend Danger in ſuch Viſits; and I fear, you will have need of all your Care and Precaution, in theſe Encounters, that you may give me no cauſe to ſuſpect you. Perhaps you will argue, that Civility obliges you to it. If I were aſſur'd there would no other Deſign be carried on, I ſhould believe it were to advance an amorous Prudence too far, to forbid you. Only keep your ſelf upon your guard; for the Buſineſs of moſt part of the Fair Sex, is, to ſeek only the Conqueſt of Hearts: All their Civilities are but ſo many *Intereſts*; and they do nothing without deſign. And in ſuch Converſations there is always a *Je ne ſçay quoy*, that is fear'd, eſpecially when Beauty is accompanied with Youth and Gaity; and which they aſſume upon all occaſions that may

may ſerve their turn. And I confeſs, 'tis not an eaſy matter to be juſt in theſe Hours and Converſations: The moſt certain way of being ſo, is to imagine I read all your Thoughts, obſerve all your Looks, and hear all your Words.

The Caution.

My Damon, *if your Heart be kind,*
Do not too long with Beauty ſtay;
For there are certain Moments when the Mind
Is hurry'd by the Force of Charms away.
In Fate a Minute critical there lies,
That waits on Love, and takes you by Surprize.

A Lover pleas'd vith Conſtancy,
Lives ſtill as if the Maid he lov'd were by:
As if his Actions were in view,
As if his Steps ſhe did purſue;
Or that his very Soul ſhe knew.
Take heed; for tho I am not preſent there,
My Love, my Genius waits you every where.

I [illegible] very much pleas'd with the Re[illegible] you ſay, you make uſe of to de[illegible] your ſelf from the Attacks that [illegible] gives your Heart; which in one of your Billets, you ſaid was this, or to this purpoſe:

The

The Charm for Conſtancy.

Iris, *to keep my Soul entire and true,*
It thinks, each Moment of the Day, on you.
And when a charming Face I ſee,
That does all other Eyes incline,
It has no Influence on me:
I think it ev'n deform'd to thine.
My Eyes, my Soul, and Senſe, regardleſs move
To all, but the dear Object of my Love.

But, *Damon*, I know all Lovers are naturally Flatterers, tho they do not think ſo themſelves; becauſe every one makes a Senſe of Beauty according to his own Fancy. But perhaps you will ſay in your own defence, That 'tis not Flattery to ſay an unbeautiful Woman is beautiful, if he that ſays ſo believes ſhe is ſo. I ſhould be content to acquit you of the firſt, provided you allow me the laſt: And if I appear charming in *Damon*'s eyes, I am not fond of the Approbation of any other. 'Tis enough the World thinks me not altogether diſagreeable, to juſtify his Choice; but let your good Opinion give what Increaſe it pleaſes to my Beauty, tho your Approbation give me a Pleaſure, it ſhall not a Vanity; and I am contented that *Damon* ſhould think me a Beauty, without my believing I am one. 'Tis not to draw new Aſſurances, and new Vows from you, that

that I ſpeak this; tho Tales of Love are the only ones we deſire to hear often told, and which never tire the Hearers if addreſt to themſelves. But 'tis not to this end I now ſeem to doubt what you ſay to my advantage: No, my Heart knows no diſguiſe, nor can diſſemble one Thought of it to *Damon*; 'tis all ſincere, and honeſt as his Wiſh: 'Tis therefore it tells you, it does not credit every thing you ſay: tho I believe you ſay abundance of Truths in a great part of my Character. But when you advance to that, which my own Senſe, my Judgment, or my Glaſs cannot perſuade me to believe, you muſt give me leave either to believe you think me vain enough to credit you, or pleas'd that your Sentiments and mine are differing in this point. But I doubt I may rather reply in ſome Verſes, a Friend of yours and mine ſent to a Perſon ſhe thought had but indifferent Sentiments for her; yet, who nevertheleſs flatter'd her, becauſe he imagin'd ſhe had a very great Eſteem for him. She is a Woman that, you know, naturally hates Flattery: On the other ſide ſhe was extremely diſſatisfy'd, and uneaſy at his Opinion of his being more in her favour than ſhe deſir'd he ſhould believe. So that one Night having left her full of Pride and Anger, the next Morning ſent him theſe Verſes, inſtead of a *Billet doux*.

The Defiance.

By Heaven 'tis falſe, I am not vain;
And rather would the Subject be
Of your Indifference, or Diſdain,
Than Wit or Raillery.

Take back the trifling Praiſe you give,
And paſs it on ſome eaſier Fool,
Who may the injuring Wit believe,
That turns her into ridicule.

Tell her, ſhe's witty, fair and gay,
With all the Charms that can ſubdue:
Perhaps ſhe'll credit what you ſay;
But curſe me if I do.

If your Diverſion you deſign,
On my good-nature you have preſt:
Or if you do intend it mine,
You have miſtook the Jeſt.

Philander, *fly that guilty Art:*
Your charming facile Wit will ſpoil,
It cannot play on any Heart,
That is ſincere and kind.

For Wit with Softneſs to reſide,
Good-nature is with Pity ſtor'd;
But Flattery's the reſult of Pride,
And fawns to be ador'd.

Nay,

Nay, even when you ſmile and bow,
'Tis to be render'd more compleat:
Your Wit, with ev'ry Grace you ſhew,
Is but a popular Cheat.

Laugh on, and call me Coxcomb—do;
And, your Opinion to improve,
Think, all you think of me is true;
And to confirm it, ſwear I love.

Then, while you wreck my Soul with Pain,
And of a cruel Conqueſt boaſt,
'Tis you, Philander, *that are vain,*
And witty at my coſt.

Poſſibly, the angry *Aminta*, when ſhe writ theſe Verſes, was more offended, that he believed himſelf belov'd, than that he flatter'd; tho ſhe wou'd ſeem to make that a great part of the Quarrel, and Cauſe of her Reſentment: For we are often in a humour to ſeem more modeſt in that point, than naturally we are; being too apt to have a favourable Opinion of our ſelves: And 'tis rather the Effects of a Fear that we are flatter'd, than our own ill Opinion of the Beauty flatter'd; and that the Praiſer thinks not ſo well of it, as we do our ſelves, or at leaſt we wiſh he ſhould. Not but there are Grains of Allowance for the Temper of him that ſpeaks: One Man's Humour is to talk much;

much; and he may be permitted to enlarge upon the Praiſe he gives the Perſon he pretends to, without being accus'd of much Guilt. Another hates to be wordy; from ſuch an one, I have known one ſoft Expreſſion, one tender thing, go as far as whole days everlaſting Proteſtations urged with Vows, and mighty Eloquence. And both the one and the other, indeed, muſt be allow'd in good manners, to ſtretch the Compliment beyond the bounds of nice Truth: and we muſt not wonder to hear a Man call a Woman a Beauty, when ſhe is not ugly; or another a great Wit, if ſhe have but common Senſe above the Vulgar; well bred, when well dreſt; and good-natur'd, when civil. And as I ſhould be very ridiculous, if I took all you ſaid for abſolute Truth; ſo I ſhould be very unjuſt, not to allow you very ſincere in almoſt all you ſaid beſides; and thoſe things, the moſt material to Love, Honour and Friendſhip. And for the reſt (*Damon*) be it true or falſe, this belief you ſpeak with ſuch a Grac[illegible] cannot chuſe but credit you; and find an infinite Pleaſure in that Faith, becauſe I love you: And if I cannot find the Cheat, I am contented you ſhould deceive me on, becauſe you do it ſo agreeably.

SIX a-clock.

Walk without Deſign.

YOU yet have time to walk; and my Watch foreſaw you cou'd not refuſe your Friends. You muſt to the Park, or to the Mall; for the Seaſon is fair and inviting, and all the young Beauties love thoſe Places too well, not to be there. 'Tis there that a thouſand Intrigues are carry'd on, and as many more deſign'd: 'Tis there that every one is ſet out for Conqueſt; and who aim at nothing leſs than Hearts. Guard yours well, my *Damon*; and be not always admiring what you ſee. Do not, in paſſing by, ſigh them ſilent Praiſes. Suffer not ſo much as a guilty Wiſh to approach your Thoughts, nor a heedful Glance to ſteal from your fine Eyes: Thoſe are Regards you ought only to have for her you love. But oh! above all, have a care of what you ſay: You are not reproachable, if you ſhould remain ſilent all the time of your Walk; nor would thoſe that know you believe it the Effects of Dulneſs, but Melancholy. And if any of your Friends ask you,

Why you are ſo? I will give you leave to ſigh, and ſay ——

The Mal-Content.

Ah! wonder not if I appear
Regardleſs of the Pleaſures here;
Or that my Thoughts are thus confin'd
To the juſt Limits of my Mind.
My Eyes take no delight to rove
O'er all the ſmiling Charmers of the Grove,
Since ſhe is abſent whom they love.

Ask me not, Why the flow'ry Spring,
Or the gay little Birds that ſing,
Or the young Streams no more delight,
Or Shades and Arbours can't invite?
Why the ſoft Murmurs of the Wind,
Within the thick-grown Grove's confin'd,
No more my Soul tranſport, or chear;
Since all that's charming — Iris, *is not here;*
Nothing ſeems glorious, nothing fair.

Then ſuffer me to wander thus,
With down-caſt Eyes, and Arms acroſs,
Let Beauty unregarded go;
The Trees and Flowers unheeded grow,
Let purling Streams neglected glide;
With all the Spring's adorning Pride.
'Tis Iris *only Soul can give*
To the dull Shades, and Plains, and make 'em thrive;
Nature and my laſt Joys retrieve.

I do not, for all this, wholly confine your Eyes: you may look indifferently on all, but with a particular regard on none. You may praiſe all the Beauties in general, but no ſingle one too much. I will not exact from you neither an intire Silence: There are a thouſand Civilities you ought to pay to all your Friends and Acquaintance; and while I caution you of Actions, that may get you the Reputation of a Lover of ſome of the Fair that haunt thoſe Places, I would not have you, by an unneceſſary and uncomplaiſant Sullenneſs, gain that of a Perſon too negligent or moroſe. I would have you remiſs in no one Punctilio of good Manners. I would have you very juſt, and pay all you owe; but in theſe Affairs be not over-generous, and give away too much. In fine, you may look, ſpeak and walk; but (*Damon*) do it all without deſign: And while you do ſo, remember that *Iris* ſent you this Advice.

The Warning.

Take heed, my Damon, *in the Grove,*
Where Beauties with deſign do walk;
Take heed, my Damon, *how you look and talk,*
For there are Ambuſcades of Love.

The very Winds that ſoftly blow,
Will help betray your eaſy Heart;
And all the Flowers that bluſhing grow,
The Shades about, and Rivulets below,
Will take the Victor's part.

Remember, Damon, *all thy Safety lies*
In the juſt Conduct of your Eyes.
The Heart, by Nature good and brave,
Is to thoſe treacherous Guards a Slave.
If they let in the fair deſtructive Foe,
Scarce Honour can defend her noble Seat:
Ev'n ſhe will be corrupted too,
Or driv'n to a Retreat.
The Soul is but the Cully to the Sight,
And muſt be pleas'd in what that takes delight.

Therefore examine your ſelf well; and conduct your Eyes, during this Walk, like a Lover that ſeeks nothing: And do not ſtay too long in theſe Places.

SEVEN a-clock.

Voluntary Retreat.

'TIS time to be weary, 'tis Night: Take leave of your Friends and retire home. 'Tis in this Retreat that you ought to recollect in your Thoughts all the

the Actions of the Day, and all thoſe things that you ought to give me an account of, in your Letter: You cannot hide the leaſt Secret from me, without Treaſon againſt ſacred Love. For all the World agrees that Confidence is one of the greateſt Proofs of the Paſſion of Love; and that Lover who refuſes this Confidence to the Perſon he loves, is to be ſuſpected to love but very indifferently, and to think very poorly of the Senſe and Generoſity of his Miſtreſs. But that you may acquit your ſelf like a Man, and a Lover of Honour, and leave me no doubt upon my Soul; think of all you have done this day, that I may have all the Story of it in your next Letter to me: but deal faithfully, and neither add nor diminiſh in your Relation; the Truth and Sincerity of your Confeſſion will atone even for little Faults that you ſhall commit againſt me, in ſome of thoſe things you ſhall tell me. For if you have fail'd in any Point or Circumſtance of Love, I had much rather hear it from you than another: for 'tis a ſort of Repentance to accuſe your ſelf; and would be a Crime unpardonable, if you ſuffer me to hear it from any other: And be aſſur'd, while you confeſs it, I ſhall be indulgent enough to forgive you. The nobleſt Quality of Man is Sincerity; and (*Damon*) one ought to have as

much of it in Love, as in any other Buſineſs of one's Life, notwithſtanding the moſt part of Men make no account of it there; but will believe there ought to be Double-dealing, and an Art practiſed in Love as well as in War. But, Oh! beware of that Notion.

Sincerity.

Sincerity! thou greateſt Good!
Thou Vertue which ſo many boaſt!
And art ſo nicely underſtood!
And often in the ſearching loſt!
For when we do approach thee near,
The fine Idea fram'd of thee,
Appears not now ſo charming fair
As the moſt uſeful Flattery.
Thou haſt no Glitt'ring to invite;
Nor tak'ſt the Lover at firſt ſight.

The modeſt Virtue ſhuns the Croud,
And lives, like Veſtals, in a Cell;
In Cities 'twill not be allow'd,
Nor takes delight in Courts to dwell:
'Tis Nonſenſe with the Man of Wit;
And ev'n a Scandal to the Great:
For all the Young, and Fair, unfit;
And ſcorn'd by wiſer Fops of State.
A Vertue yet was never known
To the falſe Trader or the falſer Town.

And (Damon) *tho thy noble Blood*
Be moſt illuſtrious, and refin'd;
Tho ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Good
Adorn thy Perſon and thy Mind:
Yet, if this Vertue ſhine not there,
This God-like Vertue, which alone,
Wert thou leſs witty, brave, or fair,
Wou'd for all theſe, leſs priz'd, atone;
My tender Folly I'd controul,
And ſcorn the Conqueſt of thy Soul.

EIGHT a-clock.

Impatient Demands.

AFter you have ſufficiently collected your ſelf of all the paſt Actions of the Day, call your Page into your Cabinet, or him whom you truſted with your laſt Letter to me; where you ought to enquire of him a thouſand things, and all of me. Ask impatiently, and be angry if he anſwers not your Curioſity ſoon enough: Think that he has a dreaming in his Voice, in theſe moments more than at other times; and reproach him with Dulneſs: For 'tis moſt certain that when one loves tenderly, we would know in a minute, what cannot be related in an hour. Ask him, How I did? How I re-

receiv'd his Letter? And if he examined the Air of my Face, when I took it? If I bluſh'd or looked pale? If my Hand trembled, or I ſpoke to him with ſhort interrupting Sighs? If I asked him any Queſtions about you, while I was opening the Seal? Or if I could not well ſpeak, and was ſilent? If I read it attentively, and with Joy? And all this, before you open the Anſwer I have ſent you by him; which, becauſe you are impatient to read, you, with the more haſte and earneſtneſs, demand all you expect from him; and that you may the better know what Humour I was in, when I writ that to you: For, Oh! a Lover has a thouſand little Fears, and Dreads he knows not why. In fine, make him recount to you all that paſt, while he was with me; and then you ought to read that which I have ſent, that you may inform your ſelf of all that paſſes in my Heart: for you may aſſure your ſelf, all that I ſay to you that way proceeds from thence.

The Aſſurance

How ſhall a Lover come to know
Whether he's belov'd or no?
What dear things muſt ſhe impart,
To aſſure him of her Heart?

Is it when her Bluſhes riſe;
And ſhe languiſh in her Eyes;
Tremble when he does approach;
Look pale, and faint at ev'ry Touch?

Is it, when a thouſand ways
She does his Wit and Beauty praiſe;
Or ſhe venture to explain,
In leſs moving Words, a Pain;
Tho ſo indiſcreet ſhe grows,
To confirm it with her Vows?

Theſe ſome ſhort-liv'd Paſſion moves,
While the Object's by ſhe loves;
While the gay and ſudden Fire
Kindles by ſome fond Deſire:
And a Coldneſs will enſue,
When the Lover's out of view.
Then ſhe reflects with Scandal o'er
The eaſy Scene that paſt before:
Then, with Bluſhes, would recal
The unconſid'ring Criminal;
In which a thouſand Faults ſhe'll find,
And chide the Errors of her Mind.
Such fickle weight is found in Words,
As no ſubſtantial Faith affords:
Deceiv'd and baffl'd all may be,
Who truſt that frail Security.

But a well-digeſted Flame,
That will always be the ſame;

And

And that does, from Merit grow,
Eſtabliſh'd by our Reaſon too;
By a better way will prove,
'Tis th' unerring Fire of Love.
Laſting Records it will give:
And, that all ſhe ſays may live;
Sacred and authentick ſtand,
Her Heart confirms it by her Hand.
If this, a Maid, well born, allow;
Damon, *believe her juſt and true.*

NINE a-clock.

Melancholy Reflections.

YOU will not have much trouble to explain what my Watch deſigns here. There can be no Thought more afflicting, than that of the Abſence of a Miſtreſs; and which the Sighings of the Heart will ſoon make you find. Ten thouſand Fears oppreſs him; he is jealous of every body, and envies thoſe Eyes and Ears that are charmed by being near the Object ador'd. He grows impatient, and makes a thouſand Reſolutions, and as ſoon abandons them all. He gives himſelf wholly up to the Torment of Uncertainty; and by degrees, from one cruel Thought to another, winds himſelf up

to

to inſupportable Chagrin. Take this Hour then, to think on your Misfortunes, which cannot be ſmall to a Soul that is wholly ſenſible of Love. And every one knows, that a Lover, deprived of the Object of his Heart, is deprived of all the World, and inconſolable: For tho one wiſhes without ceaſing for the dear Charmer one loves, and tho you ſpeak of her every minute; tho you are writing to her every day, and tho you are infinitely pleas'd with the dear and tender Anſwer; yet, to ſpeak ſincerely, it muſt be confeſſed, that the Felicity of a true Lover is to be always near his Miſtreſs. And you may tell me, O *Damon!* what you pleaſe; and ſay that Abſence inſpires the Flame, which perpetual Preſence would ſatiate: I love too well to be of that mind, and when I am, I ſhall believe my Paſſion is declining. I know not whether it advances your Love; but ſurely it muſt ruin your Repoſe: And it is poſſible to be, at once, an abſent Lover, and happy too. For my part, I can meet with nothing that can pleaſe in the abſence of *Damon*; but on the contrary I ſee all things with diſguſt. I will flatter my ſelf, that 'tis ſo with you; and that the leaſt Evils appear great Misfortunes; and that all thoſe who ſpeak to you of any thing but of what you love, increaſe your Pain, by a new remembrance of her

her Abſence. I will believe that theſe are your Sentiments, when you are aſſur'd not to ſee me in ſome weeks; and if your Heart do not betray your Words, all thoſe days will be tedious to you. I would not, however, have your Melancholy too extreme; and to leſſen it, you may perſuade your ſelf, that I partake it with you: for, I remember, in your laſt you told me, you would wiſh we ſhould be both griev'd at the ſame time, and both at the ſame time pleas'd; and I believe I love *too* well not to obey you.

Love ſecur'd.

Love, of all Joys, the ſweeteſt is,
The moſt ſubſtantial Happineſs;
The ſofteſt Bleſſing Life can crave,
The nobleſt Paſſion Souls can have.
Yet, if no Interruption were,
No Difficulties came between,
'Twou'd not be render'd half ſo dear:
The Sky is gayeſt when ſmall Clouds are ſe[illegible]
The ſweeteſt Fl[illegible] the bluſhing [illegible]
Amidſt the T[illegible] ſecureſt [illegible]
If Love were one [illegible]'d Joy,
How ſoon the Happineſs would cloy:
The wiſer God did this foreſee;
And to preſerve the Bliſs entire,
Mix'd it with Doubt and Jealouſy,
Thoſe neceſſary Fuels to the Fire;

Sustain'd the fleeting Pleasures with new Fears;
With little Quarrels, Sighs, and Tears;
With Absence, that tormenting Smart,
That makes a Minute seem a Day,
A Day a Year to the impatient Heart,
That languishes in the delay,
But cannot sigh the tender Pain away;
That still returns, and with a greater Force,
Thro ev'ry Vein it takes its grateful Course:
But whatsoe'er the Lover does sustain,
Tho he still sigh, complain, and fear;
It cannot be a mortal Pain,
When Two do the Affliction bear.

TEN a-clock.

Reflections.

AFter the afflicting Thoughts of my Absence, make some Reflections on your Happiness. Think it a Blessing to be permitted to love me; think it so, because I permit it to you alone, and never could be drawn to allow it any other. The first thing you ought to consider, is, that at length I have suffer'd my self to be overcome, to quit that Nicety that is natural to me, and receive your Addresses; nay, thought 'em agreeable: and that I have

have at laſt confeſs'd, the Preſent of your Heart is very dear to me. 'Tis true, I did not accept of it the firſt time it was offer'd me, nor before you had told me a thouſand times, that you could not eſcape expiring, if I did not give you leave to ſigh for me, and gaze upon me; and that there was an abſolute neceſſity for me, either to give you leave to love, or die. And all thoſe Rigours my Severity has made you ſuffer, ought now to be recounted to your Memory, as Subjects of Pleaſure; and you ought to eſteem and judge of the Price of my Affections by the Difficulties you found in being able to touch my Heart: Not but you have Charms that can conquer at firſt ſight; and you ought not to have valu'd me leſs, if I had been more eaſily gain'd: But 'tis enough to pleaſe you, to think and know I am gain'd; no matter when or how. When, after a thouſand Cares and Inquietudes, that which we wiſh for ſucceeds to our Deſires, the remembrance of thoſe Pains and Pleaſures we encounter'd in arriving at it, gives us a new Joy.

Remember alſo, *Damon*, that I have preferred you before all thoſe that have been thought worthy of my Eſteem; and that I have ſhut my Eyes to all their pleading Merits, and could ſurvey none but yours.

Con-

Conſider then, that you had not only the Happineſs to pleaſe me, but that you only found out the way of doing it, and I had the Goodneſs at laſt to tell you ſo, contrary to all the Delicacy and Niceneſs of my Soul, contrary to my Prudence, and all thoſe Scruples, you know, are natural to my Humour.

My Tenderneſs proceeded further, and I gave you innocent Marks of my new-born Paſſion, on all occaſions that preſented themſelves: For, after that from my Eyes and Tongue you knew the Sentiments of my Heart, I confirm'd that Truth to you by my Letters. Confeſs, *Damon*, that if you make theſe Reflections, you will not paſs this Hour very diſagreeably.

Beginning Love.

As free as wanton Winds I liv'd,
That unconcern'd do play:
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;
No Fortune gave me Joy.
A dull Content crown'd all my Hours,
My Heart no Sighs oppreſt;
I call'd in vain on no deaf Pow'rs,
To eaſe a tortur'd Breaſt.

The ſighing Swains regardleſs pin'd,
And ſtrove in vain to pleaſe:
With pain I civilly was kind,
But could afford no Eaſe.
Tho Wit and Beauty did abound,
The Charm was wanting ſtill,
That could inſpire the tender Wound,
Or bend my careleſs Will.

Till in my Heart a kindling Flame
Your ſofter Sighs had blown;
Which I, with ſtriving, Love and Shame,
Too ſenſibly did own.
Whate'er the God before cou'd plead;
Whate'er the Youth's Deſert;
The feeble Siege in vain was laid
Againſt my ſtubborn Heart.

At firſt my Sighs and Bluſhes ſpoke,
Juſt when your Sighs would riſe;
And when you gaz'd, I wiſh'd to look,
But durſt not meet your Eyes.
I trembled when my Hand you preſs'd,
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul;
But Love prevail'd, and I confeſs'd
The Secrets of my Soul.

And when upon the giving Fan,
My Preſent to avow,
By all the ways confirm'd my Heart,
That Honour wou'd allow;

Too mean was all that I could ſay,
Too poorly underſtood:
I gave my Soul the nobleſt way,
My Letters made it good.

You may believe I did not eaſily, nor ſuddenly, bring my Heart to this Condeſcenſion; but I lov'd, and all things in *Damon* were capable of making me reſolve ſo to do. I could not think it a Crime, where every Grace, and every Vertue juſtified my Choice: And when once one is aſſured of this, we find not much difficulty in owning that Paſſion which will ſo well commend one's Judgment; and there is no Obſtacle that Love does not ſurmount. I confeſs'd my Weakneſs a thouſand ways, before I told it you; and I remember all thoſe things with pleaſure, but yet I remember 'em alſo with ſhame.

ELEVEN a-clock.

Supper.

I Will believe, *Damon*, that you have been ſo well entertain'd during this Hour, and have found ſo much Sweetneſs in theſe Thoughts, that if one did not tell you that Supper waits, you would loſe your

your ſelf in Reflections ſo pleaſing, many more Minutes. But you muſt go where you are expected; perhaps, among the fair, the young, the gay: but do not abandon your Heart to too much joy, tho you have ſo much reaſon to be content: but the greateſt Pleaſures are always imperfect, if the Object belov'd do not partake of it. For this reaſon be chearful and merry with reſerve: Do not talk too much, I know you do not love it; and if you do it, 'twill be the effect of *too much* Complaiſance, or *with ſome deſign* of pleaſing too well: for you know your own charming Power, and how agreeable your Wit and Converſation is to all the World. Remember, I am covetous of every Word you ſpeak, that is not addreſs'd to me, and envy the happy Liſtner, if I am not by. And I may reply to you as *Aminta* did to *Philander*, when he charged her of loving a Talker: and becauſe, perhaps, you have not heard it, I will, to divert you, ſend it to you; and at the ſame time aſſure you, *Damon*, that your more noble Quality, of ſpeaking little, has reduc'd me to a perfect Abhorrence of thoſe wordy Sparks, that value themſelves upon their ready and much talking upon every trivial Subject, and who have ſo good an Opinion of their Talent that way, they will let no body edge in a word, or a reply;

ply; but will make all the Converſation themſelves, that they may paſs for very entertaining Perſons, and pure Company. But the Verſes ——

The Reformation.

Philander, *ſince you'll have it ſo,*
I grant I was impertinent;
And, till this moment, did not know,
Thro all my Life what 'twas I meant.
Your kind Opinion was the flattering Glaſs,
In which my Mind found how deform'd it was.

In your clear Senſe, which knows no Art,
I ſaw the Errors of my Soul;
And all the Foibleſs of my Heart
With one Reflection you controul.
Kind as a God, and gently you chaſtiſe:
By what you hate, you teach me to be wiſe.

Impertinence, my Sex's ſhame,
That has ſo long my Life purſu'd,
You with ſuch Modeſty reclaim,
As all the Women has ſubdu'd.
To ſo Divine a Power what muſt I owe,
That renders me ſo like the perfect You?

That converſable Thing I hate,
Already, with a juſt Diſdain,
That prides himſelf upon his Prate,
And is, of Words, that Nonſenſe, vain:
When

When in your few appears such Excellence,
As have reproach'd, and charm'd me into
Sense.

For ever may I listning sit
Tho but each Hour a Word be born;
I would attend thy coming Wit,
And bless what can so well inform.
Let the dull World henceforth to Words be
damn'd;
I'm into nobler Sense than Talking sham'd.

I believe you are so good a Lover, as to be of my Opinion; and that you will neither force your self against Nature, nor find much occasion to lavish out those excellent things that must proceed from you, whenever you speak. If all Women were like me, I should have more reason to fear your Silence than your Talk; for you have a thousand ways to charm without speaking, and those which to me shew a great deal more Concern. But, *Damon*, you know, the greatest part of my Sex judge the fine Gentleman by the Volubility of his Tongue, by his Dexterity in Repartee, and cry — *Oh! he never wants fine things to say: He's eternally talking the most surprizing things.* But, *Damon*, you are not asham'd, I hope, that *Iris* is none of those *Coquets*; at least, if she had any spark of it once in her Nature, she is by the excel-
lency

lency of your contrary Temper taught to know, and ſcorn the Folly: And take heed your Conduct never give me cauſe to ſuſpect you have deceiv'd me in your Tem-

TWELVE a-clock.

Complaiſance.

NEvertheleſs, *Damon*, Civility requires a little Complaiſance after Supper; and I am aſſur'd, you can never want that, tho I confeſs, you are not accus'd of too general a Complaiſance, and do not often make uſe of it to thoſe Perſons you have an Indifference for: tho one is not the leſs eſteemable for having more of this than one ought; and tho an excels of it be a Fault, 'tis a very excuſable one. Have therefore ſome for thoſe with whom you are: You may laugh with 'em, drink with 'em, dance or ſing with 'em; yet think of me. You may diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things with 'em, and at the ſame time ſtill think of me. If the Subject be any beautiful Lady, whom they praiſe, either for her Perſon, Wit, or Virtue, you may apply it to me: And if you dare not

ſay it aloud, at leaſt, let your Heart anſwer in this Language:

Yes, the fair Object, whom you praiſe,
Can give us Love a thouſand ways:
Her Wit and Beauty charming are;
But ſtill my Iris *is more fair.*

No body ever ſpoke before me of a faithful Lover, but ſtill I ſigh'd, and thought of *Damon:* And ever when they tell me Tales of Love, any ſoft pleaſing Interlocutors of an Amour; Oh! with what Pleaſures do I liſten! and with Pleaſure anſwer 'em, either with my Eyes, or Tongue ——

That Lover may his Silvia *warm,*
But cannot, like my Damon, *charm.*

If I have not all theſe excellent Qualities you meet with in thoſe beautiful People, I am however very glad that Love prepoſſeſſes your Heart to my advantage: And I need not tell you, *Damon*, that a true Lover ought to perſuade himſelf, that all other Objects ought to give place to her, for whom his Heart ſighs —— But ſee, my *Cupid* tells you 'tis One a-clock, and that you ought not to be longer from your Apartment; where, while you are undreſſing, I will give you leave to ſay to your ſelf ——

The

The Regret.

Alas! and must the Sun decline
Before it have inform'd my Eyes
Of all that's glorious, all that's fine,
Of all I sigh for, all I prize?
How joyful were those happy Days,
When Iris *spread her charming Rays,*
Did my unwearied Heart inspire
With never-ceasing awful Fire,
And every Minute gave me new Desire!
But now, alas! all dead and pale,
Like Flow'rs that wither in the Shade;
Where no kind Sun-beams can prevail,
To raise its cold and fading Head,
I sink into my useless Bed.
I grasp the senseless Pillow as I lie;
A thousand times, in vain, I sighing cry,
Ah! wou'd to Heaven my Iris *were as nigh.*

ONE a-clock.

Impossibility to sleep.

YOU have been up long enough; and *Cupid*, who takes care of your Health, tells you, 'tis time for you to go to bed. Perhaps you may not sleep as soon as you are laid, and possibly you may pass an

Hour in Bed, before you ſhut your Eyes. In this impoſſibility of ſleeping, I think it very proper for you to imagine what I am doing where I am. Let your Fancy take a little Journey then, inviſible to behold my Actions and my Conduct. You will find me ſitting alone in my Cabinet (for I am one that do not love to go to bed early) and will find me very uneaſy and penſive, pleas'd with none of thoſe things, that ſo well entertain others. I ſhun all Converſation, as far as Civility will allow, and find no Satisfaction like being alone, where my Soul may, without interruption, converſe with *Damon*. I ſigh, and ſometimes you will ſee my Cheeks wet with Tears, that inſenſibly glide down at a thouſand Thoughts that preſent themſelves ſoft and afflicting. I partake of all your Inquietude. On other things I think with indifference, if ever my Thoughts do ſtray from the more agreeable Object. I find, however, a little Sweetneſs in this Thought, that, during my Abſence, your Heart thinks of me, when mine ſighs for you. Perhaps I am miſtaken, and that at the ſame time that you are the Entertainment of all my Thoughts, I am no more in yours; and perhaps you are thinking of thoſe things that immortalize the Young and Brave; either by thoſe Glories the Muſes flatter you with, or that of Bellona, and the

the God of War; and serving now a Monarch, whose glorious Acts in Arms has out-gone all the feign'd and real Heroes of any Age, who has, himself, out-done whatever History can produce of great and brave, and set so illustrious an Example to the Under-World, that it is not impossible, as much a Lover as you are, but you are thinking now how to render your self worthy the Glory of such a God-like Master, by projecting a thousand things of Gallantry and Danger. And tho, I confess, such Thoughts are proper for your Youth, your Quality, and the Place you have the honour to hold under our Sovereign, yet let me tell you, *Damon*, you will not be without Inquietude, if you think of either being a delicate Poet, or a brave Warrior; for *Love* will still interrupt your Glory, however you may think to divert him either by writing or fighting. And you ought to remember these *Verses*:

Love and Glory.

Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's shade,
For sighing Lovers, and for Warriors made,
The soft Adonis, *and rough* Mars *were laid.*

Both were design'd to take their Rest;
But Love *the gentle Boy approaches*
And false Alarms shook the stern Hero's
Breast.

This thinks to soften all his Toils of War,
In the dear Arms of the fair
And that, by Hunting, to divert his Love.

All Day, o'er Hills and Plains,
he chas'd,
Swift as the flying Winds, his eager Dogs;
In vain the God of Love pursu'd.

But oh! no Sports, no Toils, divertive prove,
The Evening still returns him to the Grove,
To sigh and languish for the Queen of Love:

Where Elegies and Sonnets he does frame,
And to the listning Eccho's sighs her Name,
And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.

The Warrior in the dusty Camp all day,
With rattling Drums and Trumpets, does
essay
To fright the tender flatt'ring God away.

But still, alas, in vain: whate'er Delight,
What Cares he takes the wanton Boy to fright,
Love *still revenges it at night.*

'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent,
The ſleeping Hours in ſighs are ſpent,
And all his Reſolutions does prevent.

In all his pain, Love mix'd his ſmart;
In every Wound he feels a Dart;
And the ſoft God is trembling in his Heart.

Then he retires to ſhady Groves,
And there, in vain, he ſeeks Repoſe,
And ſtrives to fly from what he cannot loſe.

While thus he lay, Bellona came,
And with a gen'rous fierce Diſdain,
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.

Ariſe, the World's great Terror, and their Care;
Behold the glitt'ring Hoſt from far,
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.

Beneath theſe glorious Laurels, which were made
To crown the noble Victor's Head,
Why thus ſupinely art thou laid?

Why on that Face, where manful Terror grew,
Thy Sun-parch'd Cheeks, why do I view
The ſhining Tracks of falling Tears bedew?

What God has wrought theſe univerſal Harms?
What fatal Nymph, what fatal Charms,
Has made the Hero deaf to War's Alarms?

Now let the conqu'ring Enſigns up be furl'd:
Learn to be gay, be ſoft, and curl'd;
And idle, loſe the Empire of the World.

In fond effeminate Delights go on;
Loſe all the Glories you have won
Bravely reſolve to love, and be undone.

'Tis thus the martial Virgin pleads;
Thus ſhe the am'rous God perſuades
To fly from Venus, *and the flow'ry Meads.*

You ſee here that Poets and Warriors are oftentimes in affliction, even under the Shades of their protecting Laurels; and let the Nymphs and Virgins ſing what they pleaſe to their memory, under the Myrtles, and on flowery Beds, they are much better Days than in the Campaign. Nor do the Crowns of Glory ſurpaſs thoſe of Love: The firſt is but an empty Name, which is now kept and loſt with hazard; but Love more nobly employs a brave Soul, and all his Pleaſures are ſolid and laſting: and when one has a worthy Object of one's Flame, Glory accompanies Love too. But go to ſleep, the Hour is come; tho 'tis now that your Soul ought to be entertain'd in Dreams.

TWO

TWO a-clock.

Converſation in Dreams.

I Doubt not but you will think it very bold and arbitrary, that my *Watch* ſhould pretend to rule even your ſleeping Hours, and that my *Cupid* ſhould govern your very Dreams; which are but Thoughts diſordered, in which Reaſon has no part; Chimera's of the Imagination, and no more. But tho my *Watch* does not pretend to Counſel unreaſonable, yet you muſt allow it here, if not to paſs the Bounds, at leaſt to advance to the utmoſt Limits of it. I am aſſur'd, that after having thought ſo much of me in the Day, you will think of me alſo in the Night. And the firſt Dream my *Watch* permits you to make, is to think you are in Converſation with me.

Imagine, *Damon*, that you are talking to me of your Paſſion, with all the Tranſport of a Lover, and that I hear you with Satisfaction; that all my Looks and Bluſhes, while you are ſpeaking, give you new Hopes and Aſſurances; that you are not indifferent to me; and that I give you

a thouſand Teſtimonies of my Tenderneſs, all innocent and obliging.

While you are ſaying all that Love can dictate, all that Wit and good Manners can invent, and all that I wiſh to hear from *Damon*, believe in this Dream, all flattering and dear, that after having ſhewed me the Ardour of your Flame, I confeſs to you the bottom of my Heart, and all the loving Secrets there; that I give you Sigh for Sigh, Tenderneſs for Tenderneſs, Heart for Heart, and Pleaſure for Pleaſure. And I would have your Senſe of this Dream ſo perfect, and your Joy ſo entire, that if it happen you ſhould awake with the Satisfaction of this Dream, you ſhould find your Heart ſtill panting with the ſoft Pleaſure of the dear deceiving Tranſport, and you ſhould be ready to cry out,

Ah! how ſweet it is to dream,
When charming Iris *is the Theme!*

For ſuch, I wiſh, my *Damon*, your ſleeping and your waking Thoughts ſhould render me to your Heart.

THREE

THREE a clock.

Capricious Suffering in Dreams.

IT is but juſt to mix a little Chagrine with theſe Pleaſures, a little Bitter with your Sweet; you may be cloy'd with too long an Imagination of my Favours: And I will have your Fancy in Dreams repreſent me to it, as the moſt capricious Maid in the World. I know, here you will accuſe my Watch, and blame me with unneceſſary Cruelty, as you will call it; but Lovers have their little Ends, their little Advantages, to purſue by Methods wholly unaccountable to all, but that Heart which contrives 'em: And as good a Lover as I believe you, you will not enter into my Deſign at firſt ſight; and tho, on reaſonable Thoughts, you will be ſatisfied with this Conduct of mine, at its firſt approach you will be ready to cry out ——

The Requeſt.

Oh Iris! *let my ſleeping Hours be fraught*
With Joys, which you deny my waking Thought.

It's

Is't not enough you absent are?
Is't not enough I sigh all day,
And languish out my Life in care,
To e'ery Passion made a Prey?
I burn with Love, and lost Desire;
I rave with Jealousy and Fear;
All day, for Ease, my Soul I tire;
In vain I search it e'ery where:
It dwells not with the Witty or the Fair.

It is not in the Camp or Court,
In Business, Musick, or in Sport;
The Plays, the Park, and Mall afford
No more than the dull Basset-board.
The Beauties in the Drawing-room,
With all their Sweetness, all their Bloom,
No more my faithful Eyes invite,
Nor rob my Iris *of a Sigh or Glance,*
Unless soft Thoughts of her incite
A Smile, or trivial Complaisance.
Then since my Days so anxious prove,
Ah, cruel Tyrant! give
A little Loose to Joys in Love,
And let your Damon *live.*

Let him in Dreams be happy made,
And let his Sleep some Bliss provide:
The nicest Maid may yield in Night's dark shade,
What she so long by Day-light had deny'd.
There let me think you present are,
And court my Pillow for my Fair.

There

There let me find you kind, and that you give
All that a Man of Honour dares receive.
And may my Eyes eternal Watches keep,
Rather than want that Pleaſure when I ſleep.

Some ſuch Complaint as this I know you will make; but, *Damon*, if the little Quarrels of Lovers render the reconciling Moments ſo infinitely charming, you muſt needs allow, that theſe little Chagrines in capricious Dreams muſt awaken you to more Joy to find 'em but Dreams, than if you had met with no diſorder there. 'Tis for this reaſon that I would have you ſuffer a little Pain for a coming Pleaſure; nor, indeed, is it poſſible for you to eſcape the Dreams my *Cupid* points you out. You ſhall dream that I have a thouſand *Foibleſſes*, ſomething of the Lightneſs of my Sex; that my Soul is employ'd in a thouſand Vanities; that (proud and fond of Lovers) I make advances for the Glory of a Slave, without any other Intereſt or Deſign than that of being ador'd. I will give you leave to think my Heart fickle, and that, far from reſigning it to any one, I lend it only for a Day, or an Hour, and take it back at pleaſure; that I am a very *Coquet*, even to Impertinence.

All this I give you leave to think, and to offend me: but 'tis in ſleep only

that

that I permit it; for I would never pardon you the leaſt Offence of this nature, if in any other kind than in a Dream. Nor is it enough Affliction to you to imagine me thus idly vain; but you are to paſs on to a hundred more capricious Humours: as that I exact of you a hundred unjuſt Things; that I pretend you ſhould break off with all your Friends, and for the future have none at all; that I will my ſelf do thoſe Things, which I violently condemn in you; and that I will have for others, as well as you, that tender Friendſhip that reſembles Love, or rather Love which People call Friendſhip; and that I will not, after all, have you dare complain of me.

In fine, be as ingenious as you pleaſe to torment your ſelf; and believe, that I am become unjuſt, ungrateful, and inſenſible: But were I ſo indeed, O *Damon!* conſider your awaking Heart, and tell me, would your Love ſtand the proof of all theſe Faults in me? But know, that I would have you believe I have none of theſe Weakneſſes, tho I am not wholly without Faults, but thoſe will be excuſable to a Lover; and this Notion I have of a perfect one:

Whate'er fantaſtick Humours rule the Fair,
She's ſtill the Lover's Dotage, and his Care.

FOUR a-clock.

Jealousy in Dreams.

DO not think, *Damon*, to wake yet; for I design you shall yet suffer a little more: Jealousy must now possess you, that Tyrant over the Heart, that compels your very Reason, and seduces all your Good-Nature. And in this Dream you must believe that in sleeping, which you could not do me the injustice to do when awake. And here you must explain all my Actions to the utmost disadvantage: Nay, I will wish, that the force of this Jealousy may be so extreme, that it may make you languish in Grief, and be overcome with Anger.

You shall now imagine, that one of your Rivals is with me, interrupting all you say, or hindering all you would say; that I have no attention to what you say aloud to me, but that I incline mine Ear to hearken to all that he whispers to me. You shall repine, that he pursues me every where, and is eternally at your heels if you approach me; that I caress him with Sweetness in my Eyes, and that Vanity in my Heart, that possesses the Humours of almost all the Fair; that is, to believe

believe it greatly for my Glory to have abundance of Rivals for my Lovers. I know you love me too well not to be extremely uneasy in the Compa[illegible] val, and to have one perpetually [illegible] for let him be belov'd or [illegible] Miſtreſs, it muſt be confeſs'd, [illegible] a very troubleſom Perſon. Bu[illegible] you to the utmoſt, I will have you ima[illegible] gine that my Eyes approve [illegible] Thoughts; that they flatter [illegible] Hopes; and that I have taken [illegible] Heart from you, to make a Pre[illegible] to this more lucky Man. *You ſhall ſuffer,* while poſſeſs'd with this Dream, all that a cruel Jealouſy can make a tender Soul ſuffer.

The Torment.

O Jealouſy! thou Paſſion moſt ingrate!
Tormenting as Deſpair, envious as Hate!
Spightful as Witchcraft, which th' Invoker harms;
Worſe than the Wretch that ſuffers by its Charms.
Thou ſubtil Poiſon in the Fancy bred,
Diffus'd thro every Vein, the Heart and Head,
And over all, like wild Contagion, ſpread.
Thou, whoſe ſole Property is to deſtroy,
Thou Oppoſite to Good, Antipathy to Joy,

Whose Attributes are cruel Rage and Fire,
Reason debauch'd, false Sense, and mad
Desire.

In fine, it is a Passion that ruffles all the Senses, and disorders the whole Frame of Nature. It makes one hear and see what was never spoke, and what never was in view. 'Tis the Bane of Health and Beauty, an unmannerly Intruder; and an Evil of Life worse than Death. She is a very cruel Tyrant in the Heart; she possesses and pierces it with infinite Unquiets; and we may lay it down as a certain Maxim——

She that wou'd rack a Lover's Heart
To the extent of Cruelty,
Must his Tranquillity pervert
To the most torturing Jealousy.

I speak too sensibly of this Passion, not to have lov'd well enough to have been touch'd with it: And you shall be this unhappy Lover, *Damon*, during this Dream, in which nothing shall present it self to your tumultuous Thoughts, that shall not bring its Pain. You shall here pass and repass a hundred Designs that shall confound one another. In fine, *Damon*, Anger, Hatred, and Revenge, shall surround your Heart.

There

There they ſhall all together reign
With mighty Force, with mighty Pain;
In ſpight of Reaſon, in contempt of Love:
Sometimes by turns, ſometimes united move.

FIVE a-clock.

Quarrels in Dreams.

I Perceive you are not able to ſuffer all this Injuſtice, nor can I permit it any longer: and tho you commit no Crime your ſelf, yet you believe in this Dream, that I complain of the Injuries you do my Fame; and that I am extremely angry with a Jealouſy ſo prejudicial to my Honour. Upon this belief you accuſe me of Weakneſs; you reſolve to ſee me no more, and are making a thouſand feeble Vows againſt Love. You eſteem me as a falſe one, and reſolve to ceaſe loving the vain *Coquet*, and will ſay to me as a certain Friend of yours ſaid to his falſe Miſtreſs:

The Inconſtant.

Tho, Sylvia, you are very fair,
Yet diſagreeable to me;
And ſince you ſo inconſtant are,
Your Beauty's damn'd with Levity.

Your Wit, your moſt offenſive Arms,
For want of Judgment, wants its Charms.

To every Lover that is new,
All new and charming you ſurprize;
But when your fickle Mind they view,
They ſhun the danger of your Eyes.
Should you a Miracle of Beauty ſhow,
Yet you're inconſtant, and will ſtill be ſo.

'Tis thus you will think of me: And, in fine, *Damon*, during this Dream, we are in a perpetual State of War.

Thus both reſolve to break their Chain,
And think to do't without much Pain,
But Oh! alas! we ſtrive in vain.

For Lovers, of themſelves, can nothing do;
There muſt be the Conſent of two:
You give it me, and I muſt give it you.

And if we ſhall never be free, till we acquit one another, this Tye between you and I, *Damon*, is likely to laſt as long as we live; therefore in vain you endeavour, but can never attain your End; and in concluſion you will ſay, in thinking of me:

Oh! how at eaſe my Heart would live,
Could I renounce this Fugitive;

This dear, but falſe, attracting Maid,
That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!
Reaſon would have it ſo, but Love
Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.

Do not be angry then, for this afflicting Hour is drawing to an end, and you ought not to deſpair of coming into my abſolute Favour again.

Then do not let your murm'ring Heart,
Againſt my Int'reſt, take your part.
The Feud was rais'd by Dreams, all falſe and vain,
And the next Sleep ſhall reconcile again.

SIX a-clock.

Accommodation in Dreams.

THO the angry Lovers force themſelves, all they can, to chaſe away the troubleſom Tenderneſs of the Heart, in the height of their Quarrels, Love ſees all their ſufferings, pities and redreſſes 'em: And when we begin to cool, and a ſoft Repentance follows the Chagrine of the Love-Quarrel, 'tis then that Love takes the advantage of both Hearts, and renews the charming Friendſhip more

cibly than ever, puts a ſtop to all our Feuds, and renders the peace-making Minutes the moſt dear and tender part of our Life. How pleaſing 'tis to ſee your Rage diſſolve! How ſweet, how ſoft is every Word that pleads for pardon at my Feet! 'Tis there that you tell me, your very Sufferings are over-paid, when I but aſſure you from my Eyes, that I will forget your Crime: And your Imagination ſhall here preſent me the moſt ſenſible of your paſt Pain, that you can wiſh; and that all my Anger being vaniſh'd, I give you a thouſand Marks of my Faith and Gratitude; and laſtly, to crown all, that we again make new Vows to one another of inviolable Peace:

After theſe Debates of Love,
Lovers thouſand Pleaſures prove,
Which they ever think to taſte,
Tho oftentimes they do not laſt.

Enjoy then all the Pleaſures that a Heart that is very amorous, and very tender, can enjoy. Think no more on thoſe Inquietudes that you have ſuffer'd; bleſs *Love* for his Favours, and thank me for my Graces; and reſolve to endure any thing, rather than enter upon any new Quarrels. And however dear the reconciling Moments are, there proceeds

a great deal of Evil from these little frequent Quarrels; and I think the best Counsel we can follow, is to avoid 'em as near as we can: And if we cannot, but that, in spite of Love and good Understanding, they should break out, we ought to make as speedy Peace as possible; for 'tis not good to grate the Heart too long, lest it grow harden'd insensibly, and lose its native Temper. A few Quarrels there must be in Love: Love cannot support it self without 'em: and, besides the Joy of an Accommodation, Love becomes by it more strongly united, and more charming. Therefore let the Lover receive this as a certain Receipt against declining Love:

Love reconcil'd.

He that would have the Passion be
Entire between the am'rous Pair,
Let not the little Feuds of Jealousy
Be carry'd on to a Despair:
That palls the Pleasure he would raise;
The Fire that he would blow, allays.

When Understandings false arise,
When misinterpreted your Thoughts,
If false Conjectures of your Smiles and Eyes
Be up to baneful Quarrels wrought;

Let Love the kind Occaſion take,
And ſtraight Accommodations make.

The ſullen Lover, long unkind,
Ill-natur'd, hard to reconcile,
Loſes the Heart he had inclin'd;
Love cannot undergo long Toil;
He's ſoft and ſweet, not born to bear
The rough Fatigues of painful War.

SEVEN a-clock.

Divers Dreams.

BEhold, *Damon*, the laſt Hour of your Sleep, and of my Watch. She leaves you at Liberty now, and you may chuſe your Dreams: Truſt 'em to your Imagination, give a Looſe to Fancy, and let it rove at will, provided, *Damon*, it be always guided by a reſpectful *Love*. For thus far I pretend to give bounds to your Imagination, and will not have it paſs beyond 'em: Take heed, in ſleeping, you give no ear to a flatt'ring *Cupid*, that will favour your ſlumbring Minutes with Lyes too pleaſing and vain: You are diſcreet enough when you are awake; will you not be ſo in Dreams?

Damon,

Damon, awake; my *Watch's* Courſe is done: after this, you cannot be ignorant of what you ought to do during my abſence. I did not believe it neceſſary to caution you about Balls and Comedies; you know, a Lover depriv'd of his Miſtreſs, goes ſeldom there. But if you cannot handſomly avoid theſe Diverſions, I am not ſo unjuſt a Miſtreſs, to be angry with you for it; go, if Civility, or other Duties oblige you: I will only forbid you, in conſideration of *me*, not to be too much ſatisfy'd with thoſe *Pleaſures*; but ſee 'em ſo, as the World *may have* reaſon to ſay, you do not ſeek them, you do not make a Buſineſs or Pleaſure of them; and that 'tis Complaiſance, and not Inclination, that carries you thither. Seem rather negligent than concern'd at any thing there; and let every part of you ſay, Iris *is not here*——

I ſay nothing to you neither of your Duty elſewhere: I am ſatisfy'd you know it too well; and have too great a Veneration for your glorious Maſter, to neglect any part of that for even Love it ſelf. And I very well know how much you love to be eternally near his illuſtrious Perſon; and that you ſcarce prefer your Miſtreſs before him, in point of Love: In all things elſe, I give him leave to take place, of *Iris* in the noble Heart of *Damon*.

A

I am ſatisfy'd you paſs your time well now at *Windſor*, for you adore that Place; and 'tis not, indeed, without great reaſon: for 'tis moſt certainly now render'd the moſt glorious Palace in the Chriſtian World. And had our late Gracious Sovereign, of bleſſed Memory, had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign to have immortaliz'd his Fame (of which there ſhall remain a thouſand to Poſterity) this noble Structure alone, this Building (almoſt Divine) would have eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles II.* till the World moulder again to its old Confuſion, its firſt *Chaos*. And the Painting of the famous *Varrio*, and noble Carvings of the inimitable *Gibon*, ſhall never die, but remain to tell ſucceeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to antient *Rome* and *Greece*, but that *England* too could boaſt its mightieſt Share. Nor is the Inſide of this magnificent Structure, immortaliz'd with ſo many eternal Images of the illuſtrious *Charles* and *Catherine*, more to be admired than the wondrous Proſpects without. The ſtupendous Height, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields and flowry Meadows below, the Woods, the Thickets, and the winding Streams, the moſt delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all theſe, and far

below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable College, an old, but noble Building, raiſes it ſelf, in the midſt of all the Beauties of nature, high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and ſpacious Gardens, adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets that can delight the Senſes.

At farther diſtance yet, on an Aſcent almoſt as high as that to the Royal Structure, you may behold the famous and noble *Clifdon* riſe, a Palace erected by the illuſtrious Duke of *Buckingham*, who will leave this wondrous Piece of Architecture, to inform the future World of the Greatneſs and Delicacy of his Mind; it being for its Situation, its Proſpects, and its marvellous Contrivances, one of the fineſt *Villa*'s of the World; at leaſt, were it finiſh'd as begun; and would ſufficiently declare the magnifick Soul of the Hero that caus'd it to be built, and contriv'd all its Fineneſs. And this makes up not the leaſt part of the beautiful Proſpect from the Palace Royal, while on the other ſide lies ſpread a fruitful and delightful Park and Foreſt well ſtor'd with Deer, and all that makes the proſpect charming; fine Walks, Groves, diſtant Valleys, Downs and Hills, and all that Nature could invent, to furniſh out a quiet ſoft Retreat for the moſt fair and moſt charming of Queens, and the moſt heroick, good, and

and juſt of Kings: And theſe Groves alone are fit and worthy to divert ſuch earthly Gods.

Nor can Heaven, Nature, or human Art contrive an Addition to this earthly Paradiſe, unleſs thoſe great Inventers of the Age, Sir *Samuel Moreland*, or Sir *Robert Gorden*, cou'd, by the power of Engines, convey the Water ſo into the Park and Caſtle, as to furniſh it with delightful Fountains, both uſeful and beautiful. Theſe are only wanting, to render the Place all Perfection, and without exception.

This, *Damon*, is a long Digreſſion from the Buſineſs of my Heart; but, you know, I am ſo in love with that charming Court, that when you gave me an occaſion, by your being there now, only to name the Place, I could not forbear tranſgreſſing a little, in favour of its wondrous Beauty; and the rather, becauſe I would, in recounting it, give you to underſtand how many fine Objects there are, beſides the Ladies that adorn it, to employ your vacant Moments in; and I hope you will, without my Inſtructions, paſs a great part of your idle time in ſurveying theſe Proſpects, and give that Admiration you ſhould pay to living Beauty, to thoſe more venerable Monuments of everlaſting Fame.

Neither need I, *Damon*, assign you your waiting Times: your Honour, Duty, Love, and Obedience, will instruct you when to be near the Person of the King; and, I believe, you will omit no part of that Devoir. You ought to establish your Fortune and your Glory: for I am not of the mind of those critical Lovers, who believe it a very hard matter to reconcile Love and Interest, to adore a Mistress and serve a Master at the same time. I have heard those, who on this Subject say, *Let a Man be never so careful in double Duties, 'tis ten to one but he loses his Fortune or his Mistress.* These are Errors that I condemn: And I know that Love and Ambition are not incompatible, but that a brave Man may preserve all his Duties to his Sovereign, and his Passion and his Respect for his Mistress. And this is my Notion of it.

Love and Ambition.

The nobler Lover, who would pre-
Uncommon in Address,
Let him Ambition join with Love;
With Glory, Tenderness:
But let the Vertues so be mixt,
That when to Love he goes,
Ambition may not come betwixt,
Nor Love his Power oppose.

T

The vacant Hours from ſofter Sport,
Let him give up to Int'reſt and the Court.

'Tis Honour ſhall his Buſ'neſs be,
And Love his nobleſt Play:
Thoſe two ſhould never diſagree,
For both make either gay.
Love without Honour were too mean
For any gallant Heart;
And Honour ſingly, but a Dream,
Where Love muſt have no part.
A Flame like this you cannot fear,
Where Glory claims an equal ſhare.

Such a Paſſion, *Damon*, can never make you quit any part of your Duty to your Prince. And the Monarch you ſerve is ſo gallant a Maſter, that the Inclination you have to his Perſon obliges you to ſerve him, as much as your Duty; for *Damon*'s loyal Soul loves the Man, and adores the Monarch: for he is certainly all that compels both, by a charming Force and Goodneſs, from all Mankind.

The King.

Darling of Mars! Bellona's *Care!*
The ſecond Deity of War!
Delight of Heaven, and Joy of Earth!
Born for great and wondrous things,
Deſtin'd at his auſpicious Birth
T' out-do the num'rous Race of long-paſt Kings.

Best Representative of Heaven,
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given?
Great, pious, stedfast, just, and brave?
To Vengeance slow, but swift to save?
Dispensing Mercy all abroad!
Soft and forgiving as a God!

Thou saving Angel who preserv'st the Land
From the just Rage of the avenging Hand,
Stopt the dire Plague, that o'er the Earth was
hurl'd,
And sheathing thy Almighty Sword,
Calm'd the wild Fears of a distracted World,
(As Heaven first made it) with a sacred Word!

But I will stop the low Flight of my humble Muse, who when she is upon the wing, on this glorious Subject, knows no bounds. And all the World has agreed to say so much of the Vertues and Wonders of this great Monarch, that they have left me nothing new to say; tho indeed he every day gives us new Proofs of his growing Greatness, and we know nothing that equals him in our Age. O how happy are we to obey his Laws; for he is the greatest of Kings, and the best of Men!

You will be very unjust, *Damon*, if you do not confess I have acquitted my self like a Maid of Honour, of all the Obligations I owe you, upon the account of the

the *Diſcretion* I loſt to you. If it be not valuable enough, I am generous enough to make it good: And ſince I am ſo willing to be juſt, you ought to eſteem me, and to make it your chiefeſt Care to preſerve me yours; for I believe I ſhall deſerve it, and wiſh you ſhould believe ſo too. Remember me, write to me, and obſerve punctually all the Motions of my Watch: The more you regard it, the better you will like it; and whatever you think of it at firſt ſight, 'tis no ill Preſent. The *Invention* is ſoft and gallant; and *Germany*, ſo celebrated for rare Watches, can produce nothing to equal this.

Damon, *my Watch is juſt and new;*
And all a Lover ought to do,
My Cupid *faithfully will ſhew.*
And ev'ry Hour he renders there,
Except l' heure du Bergare.

THE CASE FOR THE WATCH.

DAMON *to* IRIS.

EXPECT not, Oh charming *Iris!* that I ſhould chuſe Words to thank you in; (Words that leaſt Part of Love, and leaſt the Buſineſs of the Lover) but will ſay all, and every thing that a tender Heart can dictate, to make an Acknowledgment for ſo dear and precious a Preſent, as this of your charming Watch: while all I can ſay will but too dully expreſs

preſs my Senſe of Gratitude, my Joy, and the Pleaſure I receive in the mighty Favour. I confeſs the Preſent too rich, too gay, and too magnificent for my Expectation: and tho my Love and Faith deſerve it, yet my humbler Hope never durſt carry me to a Wiſh of ſo great a Bliſs, ſo great an Acknowledgment from the Maid I adore. The Materials are glorious, the Work delica[illegible], and the Movement juſt, and even gives Rules to my Heart, who ſhall obſerve very exactly all that the *Cupid* remarks to me; even to the Minutes, which I will point with Sighs, tho I am obliged to 'em there but every half-hour.

You tell me, fair *Iris*, that I ought to preſerve it tenderly, and yet you have ſent it me without a Caſe. But that I may obey you juſtly, and keep it dear to me, as long as I live, I will give it a Caſe of my Faſhion: It ſhall be delicate, and ſuitable to the fine Preſent, of ſuch Materials too. But becauſe I would have it perfect, I will conſult your admirable Wit and Invention in an *Affair of ſo curious a Conſequence.*

The FIGURE *of the* CASE.

I Design to give it the Figure of the Heart. Does not your Watch, *Iris*, rule the Heart? It was your Heart that contrived it, and 'twas your Heart consulted in all the Management of it; and 'twas your Heart that brought it to so fine a Conclusion. The Heart never acts without Reason, and all the Heart projects, it performs with pleasure.

Your *Watch*, my lovely Maid, has explain'd to me a world of rich Secrets of Love: And where should Thoughts so sacred be stored, but in the Heart, where all the Secrets of the Soul are treasur'd up, and of which only Love alone can take a view? 'Tis thence he takes his Sighs and Tears, and all his little Flatteries and Arts to please; all his fine Thoughts, and all his mighty Raptures; nothing is so proper as the Heart to preserve it, nothing so worthy as the Heart to contain it: and it concerns my Interest too much not to be infinitely careful of so dear a Treasure. And believe me, charming *Iris*, I will never part with it.

The

The Votary.

Fair Goddeſs of my juſt Deſire,
Inſpirer of my ſofteſt Fire!
Since you, from out the num'rous Throng
That to your Altars do belong,
To me the Sacred Myſt'ry have reveal'd,
From all my Rival-Worſhippers conceal'd;
And taught my Soul with heav'nly Fire,
Refin'd it from its groſſer Senſe,
And wrought it to a higher Excellence;
It can no more return to Earth,
Like things that thence receive their Birth:
But ſtill aſpiring, upward move,
And teach the World new Flights of Love;
New Arts of Secrecy ſhall learn,
And render Youth diſcreet in Love's Concern.

In his ſoft Heart, to hide the charming things
A Miſtreſs whiſpers to his Ear;
And e'ery tender Sigh ſhe brings,
Mix with his Soul, and hide it there.
To bear himſelf ſo well in Company,
That if his Miſtreſs preſent be,
It may be thought by all the Fair,
Each in his Heart does claim a ſhare;
And all are more belov'd than ſhe.
But when with the dear Maid apart,
Then at her feet the Lover lies;
Opens his Soul, ſhews all his Heart,
While Joy is dancing in his Eyes.

Then all that Honour may, or take, or give,
They both distribute, both receive.
A Looker-on wou'd spoil a Lover's Joy;
For Love's a Game where only t
And 'tis the hardest of Love
To feign Love where it is not,
it is.

After having told you, my
that I design to put your W
Heart, I ought to shew you th
of the Case. I do intend t
crown'd Cyphers: I do not mean those
Crowns of Vanity, which are put indiffe-
rently on all sorts of Cyphers; no, I must
have such as may distinguish mine from the
rest; and may be true Emblems of what
I would represent. My four Cyphers
therefore shall be crown'd with
Wreaths of Olive, Laurel,
Roses: and the Letters that
Names of *Iris* and *Damon* shall
Cyphers; tho I must intermix
Letters that bear another Sen
another Signification.

The First CYPHER.

THE first Cypher is compos'd of an *I* and a *D*, which are join'd by an *L* and a *E*; which signifies, *Love Extreme.* And 'tis but just, Oh adorable *Iris!* that L... should be mixt with our Cyphers, and that Love alone should be the Union of 'em.

Love ought alone the Mystick Knot to tie;
Love, that great Master of all Arts:
And this dear Cypher *is to let you see,*
Love unites Names as well as Hearts.

Without this charming Union, our Souls could not communicate those invisible Sweetnesses, which compleat the Felicity of Lovers; and which the most tender and passionate Expressions are too feeble to make us comprehend. But, my adorable *Iris*, I am contented with the vast pleasure I feel in loving well, without the care of expressing it well; if you will imagine my Pleasure, without expressing it: For I confess, 'twould be no Joy to me to adore you, if you did not perfectly believe I did adore you. Nay, tho you lov'd me, if you had no Faith in me, I should languish,

and

and love in as much pain, as if you scorn'd; and at the same time believe I dy'd for you: For surely, *Iris*, 'tis a greater Pleasure to please than to be pleas'd: and the glorious Power of giving is infinitely a greater Satisfaction, than that of receiving: there is so Great and God-like a Quality in it. I would have your Belief therefore equal to my Passion, extreme; as indeed all Love should be, or it cannot bear the Divine Name: it can pass but for an indifferent Affection. And these Cyphers ought to make the World find all the noble Force of delicate Passion: for, Oh my *Iris!* what would Love signify, if we did not love fervently? Sisters and Brothers love; Friends and Relations have Affections: but where the Souls are join'd, which are fill'd with eternal soft Wishes, Oh! there is some Excess of Pleasure, which cannot be expreſt!

Your Looks, your dear obliging Words, and your charming Letters, have sufficiently perſuaded me of your Tenderness; and you might surely see the Excess of my Passion by my Cares, my Sighs, and entire Resignation to your Will. I never think of *Iris*, but my Heart feels double Flames, and pants and heaves with double Sighs; and whose Force makes its Ardours known, by a thousand Transports: And they are very much to blame, to give the Name of

Love

Love to feeble easy Passions. Such transitory tranquil Inclinations are at best but Well-wishers to Love; and a Heart that has such Heats as those, ought not to put it self into the Rank of those nobler Victims that are offer'd at the Shrine of Love. But our Souls, *Iris*, burn with a more glorious Flame, that lights and conducts us beyond a Possibility of losing one another. 'Tis this that flatters all my Hopes; 'tis this alone makes me believe my self worthy of *Iris*: And let her judg of its Violence, by the Greatness of its Splendour.

Does not a Passion of this nature, so true, so ardent, deserve to be crown'd? And will you wonder to see, over this Cypher, a Wreath of Myrtles, those Boughs so sacred to the Queen of Love, and so worshipp'd by Lovers? 'Tis with these soft Wreaths, that those are crown'd, who understand how to love well and faithfully.

The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports,
That in the Secret Groves maintain their Courts,
Are with these Myrtles crown'd:
Thither the Nymphs their Garlands bring;
Their Beauties, and their Praises sing,
While Ecchoes do the Songs resound.

Love, *tho a God, with Myrtle Wreaths*
Does his soft Temples bind;

More valu'd are thoſe conſecrated Tears
Than the bright Wealth in Eaſtern Rocks
ſin'd:
And Crowns of Glory leſs Ambition move,
Than thoſe more ſacred Diadems of Love.

The Second CYPHER.

IS crown'd with Olives; and I add to the two Letters of our Names an *R* and *L*, for *Reciprocal Love*. Every time that I have given you, O lovely *Iris*, Teſtimonies of my Paſſion, I have been ſo bleſt, as to receive ſome from your Bounty; and you have been pleaſed to flatter me with a Belief, that I was not indifferent to you. I dare therefore ſay, that being honour'd with the Glory of your Tenderneſs and Care, I ought, as a Trophy of my illuſtrious Conqueſt, to adorn the Watch with a Cypher that is ſo advantageous to me. Ought I not to eſteem my ſelf the moſt fortunate and happy of Mankind, to have exchanged my Heart with ſo charming and admirable a Perſon as *Iris*? Ah! how ſweet, how precious is the Change; and how valuable a Glory arrives to me from it! Oh! you muſt not wonder if my Soul abandon it ſelf to a thouſand Extaſies! In the Merchandize of Hearts, Oh, how dear it is to receive

receive as much as one gives; and barter Heart for Heart! Oh! I would not receive mine again, for all the Crowns the Univerſe contains! Nor ought you, my Adorable, make any Vows or Wiſhes, ever to retrieve yours; or ſhew the leaſt Repentance for the Bleſſing you have given me. The Exchange we made, was confirm'd by a noble Faith; and you ought to believe, you have beſtow'd it well, ſince you are paid for it a Heart that is ſo conformable to yours, ſo true, ſo juſt, and ſo full of Adoration: And nothing can be the juſt Recompence of Love, but Love; and to enjoy the true Felicity of it, our Hearts ought to keep an equal Motion; and, like the Scales of Juſtice, always hang even.

'Tis the Property of Reciprocal Love, to make the Heart feel the Delicacy of Love, and to give the Lover all the Eaſe and Softneſs he can reaſonably hope. Such a Love renders all things advantageous and proſperous: Such a Love triumphs over all other Pleaſures. And I put a Crown of Olives over the Cypher of Reciprocal Love, to make known, that two Hearts, where Love is juſtly equal, enjoy a Peace that nothing can diſturb.

Olives are never fading ſeen;
But always flouriſhing, and green.

The

The Emblem 'tis of Love and Peace;
For Love that's true, will never ceaſe
And Peace does Pleaſure ſtill increaſe.
Joy to the World, the Peace of Kings imparts
And Peace in Love diſtributes it to Hearts.

The Third CYPHER.

THE *C* and the *L*, which are join'd to the Letters of our Names in this Cypher, crown'd with Laorel, explains a *Conſtant Love.* it will not, my fair *Iris*, ſuffice, that my Love is extreme, my Paſſion violent, and my Wiſhes fervent, or that our Loves are reciprocal; but they ought alſo to be conſtant: for in Love, the Imagination is oftner carried to thoſe things that may arrive, and which we wiſh for, than to things that Time has robbed us of. And in thoſe agreeable Thoughts of Joys to come, the Heart takes more delight to wander, than in all thoſe that are paſt, tho the Remembrance of 'em be very dear and very charming. We ſhould be both unjuſt, if we were not perſuaded we are poſſeſt with a Vertue, the Uſe of which is ſo admirable as that of Conſtancy. Our Loves are not of that ſort that can finiſh, or have an end; but ſuch a Paſſion, ſo perfect, and ſo conſtant, that it will be a Precedent for future

future Ages, to love perfectly; and when they would expreſs an extreme Paſſion, they will ſay, *They lov'd, as* Damon *did the charming* Iris. And he that knows the Glory of conſtant Love, will deſpiſe thoſe fading Paſſions, thoſe little Amuſements, that ſerve for a Day. What pleaſure or Dependance can one have in a Love of that ſort? What concern? What Raptures can ſuch an Amour produce in a Soul? And what Satisfaction can one promiſe one's ſelf in playing with a falſe Gameſter; who tho you are aware of him, in ſpite of of all your Precaution, puts the falſe Dice upon you, and wins all?

Thoſe Eyes that can no better Conqueſt make,
Let 'em ne'er look abroad:
Such, but the empty Name of Lovers take,
And ſo profane the God.
Better they never ſhould pretend,
Than, e'er begun, to make an end.

Of that fond Flame what ſhall we ſay,
That's born and languiſh'd in a Day?
Such ſhort-liv'd Bleſſings cannot bring
The Pleaſure of an Envying.
Who is't will celebrate that Flame,
That's damn'd to ſuch a ſcanty Fame?
While conſtant Love the Nymphs and Swains
Still ſacred make, in laſting Strains
And chearful Lays throughout the Plains.

A constant Love knows no dec
But still advancing e'ery day,
Will last as long as Life can
With e'ery Look and Smile imp
With the same Ardour always
With such as Damon *charmin*

Constant Love finds it self be shaken; it resists the attac and a thousand Accidents tha to change it: Nothing can di a known Falseness, or Contem thing can remove it; tho for a short moment it may lie sullen and resenting, it recovers, and returns with greater Force and Joy. I therefore, with very good reason, crown this Cypher of *Constant Love* with a Wreath of *Laurel*; since such always triumphs over Time and Fortune, tho it be not her Property to she cannot overcome, but in self; but the Victories she ga the less glorious.

For far less Conquest, we have
The Victor wear the Laurel C
The Triumph with more Pri
ceive;
While those of Love, at least, more Plea-
sures give.

The

The Fourth CYPHER.

PErhaps, my lovely Maid, you will not find out what I mean by the *S* and the *L* in this last Cypher, that is crown'd with Roses. I will therefore tell you, I mean *Secret Love*. There are very few People who know the Nature of that Pleasure, which so divine a Love creates: And let me say *what I will of it*, they must feel it *themselves*, who would rightly understand it, and all its ravishing Sweets. But this there is a great deal of Reason to believe, that the Secrecy in Love doubles the Pleasures of it. And I am so absolutely persuaded of this, that I believe all those Favours that are not kept secret, are dull and pall'd, very insipid and tasteless Pleasures: And let the Favours be ever so innocent that a Lover receives from a Mistress, she ought to value 'em, set a Price upon 'em, and make the Lover pay dear; while he receives 'em with difficulty, and sometimes with hazard. A Lover that is not secret, but suffers every one to count his Sighs, has at most but a feeble Passion, such as produces sudden and transitory Desires, which die as soon as born: A true Love has not this Character; for whensoever 'tis made publick, it

ceases

ceases to be a Pleasure, and is only the result of Vanity. Not that I expect our Loves should always remain a Secret: No, I should never, at that rate, arrive to the Blessing, which, above all the Glories of the Earth, I aspire to; but even then there are a thousand Joys, a thousand Pleasures that I shall be as careful to conceal from the foolish World, as if the whole Preservation of that Pleasure depended on my Silence; as indeed it does in a great measure.

To this Cypher I put a Crown of Roses, which are not Flowers of a very lasting Date. And 'tis to let you see, that 'tis impossible Love can be long hid. We see every day, with what fine Dissimulation and Pains, People conceal a thousand Hates and Malices, Disgusts, Disobligations, and Resentments, without being able to conceal the least part of their Love: but Reputation has an ardour as well as Rose, and a Lover ought to esteem that as the dearest and tendereſt thing: not only that of his own, which is, indeed, the least part, but that of his Mistress, more valuable to him than Life. He ought to endeavour to give People no occasion to make false Judgments of his Actions, or to give their Censures; which most certainly are never in the favour of the fair Person: for likely, those false Censures are of the busy Female Sex, the Coquets of that number; whose little Spights and Railleries, join'd to that fancy'd

fancy'd Wit they boaſt of, ſets 'em at odds with all the beautiful and innocent. And how very little of that kind ſerves to give the World a Faith, when a thouſand Vertues, told of the ſame Perſons, by more credible Witneſſes and Judges, ſhall paſs unregarded! ſo willing and inclin'd is all the World to credit the ill, and condemn the good! And yet, Oh! what pity 'tis we are compell'd to live in pain, to oblige this fooliſh ſcandalous World! And tho we know each other's Vertue and Honour, we are oblig'd to obſerve that Caution (to humour the talking Town) which takes away ſo great a part of Pleaſure of Life! 'Tis therefore that among thoſe Roſes, you will find ſome Thorns; by which you may imagine, that in Love, Precaution is neceſſary to its Secrecy: And we muſt reſtrain our ſelves, upon a thouſand occaſions, with ſo much care, that, Oh *Iris!* 'tis impoſſible to be diſcreet, without Pain; but 'tis a Pain that creates a thouſand Pleaſures.

Where ſhould a Lover hide his Joys,
Free from Malice, free from Noiſe;
Where no Envy can intrude;
Where no buſy Rival's Spy,
Made, by Diſappointment, rude,
May inform his Jealouſy?
The Heart will the beſt Refuge prove;
Which Nature meant the Cabinet of Love.

What

What would a Lover not endure,
His Miſtreſs' Fame and Honour to ſecure?
Iris, *the care we take to be diſcreet,*
Is the dear Toil that makes the Pleaſure ſweet:
The Thorn that does the Wealth incloſe,
That with leſs ſaucy Freedom we may touch the
Roſe.

The CLASP *of the* WATCH.

AH, charming *Iris!* Ah, my lovely Maid! 'tis now, in a more peculiar manner, that I require your Aid in the finiſhing of my Deſign, and compleating the whole Piece to the utmoſt perfection; and without your Aid it cannot be perform'd. It is about the Claſp of the Watch, a Material, in all appearance, the moſt trivial of any part of it. But that it may be ſafe for ever, I deſign it the Image or Figure of two Hands; that fair one of the adorable *Iris*, join'd to mine; with this Motto, *Inviolable Faith:* For in this Caſe, this Heart ought to be ſhut up by the eternal Claſp. Oh! there is nothing ſo neceſſary as this! Nothing can ſecure Love, but Faith.

That Vertue ought to be a guard to all the Heart thinks, and all the Mouth utters: Nor can Love ſay he triumphs without it.

it. And when that remains not in the Heart, all the reſt deſerves no regard. Oh! I have not lov'd ſo ill to leave one doubt upon your Soul. Why then, will you want that Faith, Oh unkind Charmer, that my Paſſion and my Services ſo juſtly merit?

When two Hearts entirely love,
And in one Sphere of Honour move,
Each maintains the other's Fire,
With a Faith that is entire.
For, what heedleſs Youth beſtows,
On a faithleſs Maid, his Vows?
Faith without Love, bears Virtue's Price;
But Love without her Mixture, is a Vice.
Love, like Religion, ſtill ſhould be,
In the Foundation firm and true;
In Points of Faith ſhould ſtill agree,
Tho Innovations vain and new,
Love's little Quarrels, may ariſe;
In Foundations ſtill they're juſt and wiſe.

Then, charming Maid, be ſure of this;
Allow me Faith, as well as Love:
Since that alone affords no Bliſs,
Unleſs your Faith your Love improve.
Either reſolve to let me die
By fairer Play, your Cruelty;
Than not your Love with Faith impart,
And with your Vows to give your Heart.
In mad Deſpair I'd rather fall,
Than loſe my glorious Hopes of conquering all.

So certain it is, that Love without Faith, is of no value.

In fine, my adorable *Iris*, this Case shall be, as near as I can, like those delicate ones of *Filligrin* Work, which do not hinder the Sight from taking a View of all within: You may therefore see thro this Heart, all your Watch. Nor is my Desire of preserving this inestimable Piece more, than to make it the whole Rule of my Life and Actions. And my chiefest Design in these Cyphers, is to comprehend in them the principal Virtues that are most necessary to Love. For we know that Reciprocal Love is Justice? Constant Love, Fortitude? Secret Love, Prudence? Tho 'tis true that excessive Love, that is, Excess of Love, in one sense, appears not to be Temperance; but you must know, my *Iris*, that in Matters of Love, Excess is a Virtue, and that all other Degrees of Love are worthy Scorn alone. 'Tis this alone that can bear the glorious Title: 'Tis this alone that can bear the name of Love; and this alone that renders the Lovers truly happy, in spight of all the Storms of Fate, and shocks of Fortune. This is an Antidote against all other Griefs. This bears up the Soul in all Calamity; and is the very Heaven of Life, the last Refuge of

all

all worldly Pain and Care, and may well bear the Title of Divine.

The Art of Loving well.

That Love may all Perfection be;
Sweet, charming to the last degree,
The Heart, where the bright Flames do dwell,
In Faith and Softness should excel:
Excess of Love should fill each Vein,
And all its sacred Rites maintain.

The tend'rest Thoughts Heav'n can inspire,
Should be the Fuel to its Fire:
And that, like Incense, burn as pure;
Or that in Urns should still endure.
No fond Desire should fill the Soul,
But such as Honour may controul.

Jealousy I will allow:
Not the amorous Winds that blow,
Should wanton in my Iris' *Hair,*
Or ravish Kisses from my Fair.
Not the Flowers that grow beneath,
Should borrow Sweetness of her Breath.

If her Bird she do caress,
How I grudge its Happiness,
When upon her snowy Hand
The Wanton does triumphing stand!

Or upon her Breaſt ſhe skips,
And lays her Beak to Iris' *Lips!*
Fainting at my raviſh'd Joy,
I could the Innocent deſtroy.

If I can no Bliſs afford
To a little harmleſs Bird,
Tell me, Oh thou dear-lov'd Maid!
What Reaſon could my Rage perſuade,
If a Rival ſhould invade?

If thy charming Eyes ſhould dart
Looks that ſally from the Heart;
If you ſent a Smile, or Glance,
To another tho by Chance;
Still thou giv'ſt what's not thy own,
They belong to me alone.

All Submiſſion I would pay:
Man was born the Fair t'obey.
Your very Look I'd underſtand,
And thence receive your leaſt Command:
Never your Juſtice will diſpute;
But like a Lover execute.

I would no Uſurper be,
But in claiming ſacred Thee.
I would have all, and every part;
No Thought would hide within.
Mine a Cabinet was made,
Where Iris' *Secrets ſhould be la[illegible]*

In the reſt, without controul,
She ſhould triumph o'er the Soul!
Proſtrate at her Feet I'd lie,
Deſpiſing Power and Liberty;
Glorying more by Love to fall,
Than rule the univerſal Ball.

Hear me, O you ſaucy Youth!
And from my Maxims learn this Truth:
Would you great and powerful prove?
Be an humble Slave to Love.
'Tis nobler far a Joy to give,
Than any Bleſſing to receive.

THE *Lady's Looking-Glass,* TO DRESS her self by; OR, THE ART of Charming.

HOW long, Oh charming *Iris!* shall I speak in vain of your adorable Beauty? You have been just, and believe I love you with a Passion perfectly tender and extreme, and yet you will not allow your Charms to be infinite. You must either accuse my Flames to be unreasonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are false Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow that you are the most perfect of your Sex.

But

But inſtead of that, you always accuſe me of Flattery, when I ſpeak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glaſs, you tell me, that flatters as well as *Damon:* tho one would imagine, that ſhould be a good Witneſs for the Truth of what I ſay, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injuſtice. Look —— and confirm your ſelf, that nothing can equal your Perfections. All the World ſays it, and you muſt doubt it no longer. Oh *Iris!* will you diſpute againſt the whole World?

But ſince you have ſo long diſtruſted your own Glaſs, I have here preſented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can ſerve only you. All other Glaſſes preſent all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris:* Whenever you conſult it, it will convince you; and tell you, how much right I have done you, when I told you, you were the faireſt Perſon that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will ſpeak to all the Fair Ones; but let 'em do what they will, 'twill ſay nothing to their advantage.

Iris, *to ſpare what you call Flattery,*
Conſult your Glaſs each Hour of the Day:
'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties lie,
And where your little wanton Graces play:

Where Love does revel in your Face and Eyes;
What Look invites your Slaves, and what denies.

Where all the Loves adorn you with such Care,
Where dress your Smiles, where arm your lovely Eyes;
Where deck the flowing Tresses of your Hair:
How cause your snowy Breasts to fall and rise.
How this severe Glance makes a Lover die;
How that, more soft, gives Immortality.

Where you shall see what 'tis enslaves the Soul;
Where e'ery Feature, e'ery Look combines:
When the adorning Air, o'er all the whole,
To so much Wit, and so nice Virtue joins.
Where the Belle Taille, *and Motion still afford*
Graces to be eternally ador'd.

But I will be silent now, and let your Glass speak.

VIP202

J. Pine inv. & sculp. 1722

THE

Lady's Looking-Glaſs.

DAmon (Oh charming *Iris!*) has given me to you, that you may ſometimes give your ſelf the Trouble, and me the Honour of conſulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Miſtreſs! a faithful Glaſs; and you ought to believe all I ſay to you.

The Shape of Iris.

I Muſt begin with your Shape, and tell you without Flattery, 'tis the fineſt in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that ſee you. Pray obſerve how free and eaſy it is, without Conſtraint, Stiffneſs, or Affectation; thoſe miſtaken Graces of the Fantaſtick, and the Formal; who give themſelves pain to ſhew their Will to pleaſe, and whoſe Dreſſing makes the greateſt part of their Fineneſs, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor than to Nature; who add or diminiſh, as occaſion ſerves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on

this Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneaſy, without pleaſing any body. *Iris*, I have ſeen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Perſon than any body elſe, has skrew'd her Body into ſo fine a Form (as ſhe calls it) that ſhe dares no more ſtir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn her Head aſide, than if, for the Sin of ſuch a Diſorder, ſhe were to be turn'd into a Pillar of Salt; the leſs ſtiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, ſhe dares not ſpeak or ſmile, leſt ſhe ſhould put her Face out of that order ſhe had ſet it in her Glaſs, when ſhe laſt look'd on her ſelf: And is all over ſuch a *Lady Nice* (excepting in her Converſation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauſeous Formality, that old-faſhion'd Vice: But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form that is not free, natural, and eaſy; and whoſe every Motion cannot but pleaſe extremely; and which has not given *Damon* a thouſand Rivals.

Damon, *the young, the am'rous, and the true,*
Who ſighs inceſſantly for you;
Whoſe whole Delight, now you are gone,
Is to retire to Shades alone,
And to the Ecchoes make his moan.

By purling Streams the wishing Youth is laid,
Still sighing Iris! *lovely charming Maid!*
See, in thy absence, how thy Lover dies!
While to his Sighs the Eccho still replies.

Then with a Stream he holds Discourse:
O thou that bend'st thy liquid Force
To lovely Thames! *upon whose shore*
The Maid resides whom I adore!
My Tears of Love upon thy Surface bear:
And if upon thy Banks thou seest my Fair,
In all thy softest Murmurs sing,
From *Damon* I this Present bring;
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!
Then at her Feet thy Tribute pay:
But haste, O happy Stream! away;
Lest charm'd too much, thou shouldst for ever stay.
And thou, Oh gentle, murm'ring Breeze!
That plays in Air, and wantons with the Trees;
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sun-beams play,
To Iris *my soft Sighs convey,*
Still as they rise, each Minute of the Day:
But whisper gently in her Ear;
Let not the ruder Winds thy Message hear,
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.
Oh! touch her Cheeks with sacred Reverence,
And stay not gazing on her lovely Eyes!
But if thou bearst her rosy Breath from thence,
'Tis Incense of that Excellence,
That as thou mount'st, 'twill perfume all the Skies.

Iris's

Iris's *Complexion.*

SAY what you will, I am confident, if you will confeſs your Heart, you are, every time you view your ſelf in me, ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will ſecretly own, you never ſaw any thing ſo fair. I am not the firſt Glaſs, by a thouſand, that has aſſur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*; he tells it you every Day, but that Truth from him offends you: and becauſe he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and ſince this is ſo perfect, that muſt be defective. But 'tis moſt certain your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin ſoft and ſmooth as poliſh'd Wax, or Ivory, extremely white and clear; tho if any body ſpeaks but of your Beauty, an agreeable Bluſh caſts it ſelf all over your Face, and gives you a thouſand new Graces.

And then two Flowers newly born,
Shine in your Heav'nly Face;
The Roſe that bluſhes in the Morn,
Uſurps the Lilly's place:
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail,
And makes the gen'rous Crimſon pale.

Iris

Iris's *Hair.*

OH, the beautiful Hair of *Iris!* it ſeems as if Nature had crown'd you with a great quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to make us know that you were born to rule, and to repair the Faults of Fortune that has not given you a Diadem: And do not bewail the want of that (ſo much your Merit's due) ſince Heaven has ſo glorioufly recompens'd you with what gains more admiring Slaves.

Heav'n for Sovereignty has made your Form:
And you were more than for dull Empire born;
O'er Hearts your Kingdom ſhall extend,
Your vaſt Dominion know no end.
Thither the Loves *and* Graces *ſhall reſort;*
To Iris *make their Homage, and their Court.*
No envious Star, no common Fate,
Did on my Iris' *Birth-day wait;*
But all was happy, all was delicate.
Here Fortune would inconſtant be in vain:
Iris, *and* Love, *eternally ſhall reign.*

Love does not make leſs uſe of your Hair for new Conqueſts, than of all the reſt of your Beauties that adorn you. If he takes our Hearts with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em faſt with your Hair; and if it weaves a Chain, 'tis not eaſily broken. It is not of thoſe ſorts of Hair, whoſe Harſhneſs diſcovers Ill-Nature; nor of thoſe, whoſe

whoſe Softneſs ſhews us the Weakneſs of the Mind; not that either of theſe Arguments are without exception: but 'tis ſuch as bears the Character of a perfect Mind, and a delicate Wit; and for its Colour, the moſt faithful, diſcreet, and beautiful in the World; ſuch as ſhews a Complexion and Conſtitution, neither ſo cold to be inſenſible, nor ſo hot to have too much Fire: that is, neither too white, nor too black; but ſuch a mixture of the two Colours, as makes it the moſt agreeable in the World.

'Tis that which leads thoſe captivated Hearts,
That bleeding at your Feet do lie;
'Tis that the Obſtinate converts,
That dare the Power of Love deny:
'Tis that which Damon *ſo admires;*
Damon, *who often tells you ſo.*
If from your Eyes Love takes his Fires,
'Tis with your Hair he ſtrings his Bow:
Which touching but the feather'd Dart,
It never miſt the deſtin'd Heart.

Iris's Eyes.

I Believe, my fair Miſtreſs, I ſhall dazzle you with the Luſtre of your own Eyes. They are the fineſt Blue in the World: They have all the Sweetneſs that ever charm'd the Heart, with a certain Languiſhment that's irreſiſtible; and never any look'd

look'd on 'em, that did not ſigh after 'em. Believe me, *Iris*, they carry unavoidable Darts and Fires; and whoever expoſe themſelves to their Dangers, pay for their Imprudence.

Cold as my ſolid Chryſtal is,
Hard and impenetrable too;
Yet I am ſenſible of Bliſs,
When your charming Eyes I view:
Even by me their Flames are felt;
And at each Glance I fear to melt.

Ah, how pleaſant are my Days!
How my glorious Fate I bleſs!
Mortals never knew my Joys,
Nor Monarch gueſt my Happineſs.
Every Look that's ſoft and gay,
Iris *gives me every day.*

Spight of her Virtue and her Pride,
Every Morning I am bleſt
With what to Damon *is deny'd;*
To view her when ſhe is undreſt.
All her Heaven of Beauty's ſhown
To triumphing Me —— alone.

Scarce the prying Beams of Light,
Or th' impatient God of Day,
Are allow'd ſo near a ſight,
Or dare profane her with a Ray;
When ſhe has appear'd to me,
Like Venus *riſing from the Sea.*

But Oh! I muſt thoſe Charms conceal,
All too divine for vulgar Eyes:
Should I my ſecret Joys reveal,
Of ſacred Truſt I break the Ties;
And Damon *would with Envy die,*
Who hopes one day to be as bleſt as I.

Extravagant with my Joys, I have ſtray'd beyond my Limits; for I was telling you of the wondrous Fineneſs of your Eyes, which no Mortal can reſiſt, nor any Heart ſtand the force of their Charms, and the moſt difficult Conqueſt they gain, ſcarce coſt 'em the expence of a Look. They are modeſt and tender, chaſte and languiſhing. There you may take a view of the whole Soul, and ſee Wit and Good-Nature (thoſe two inſeparable Virtues of the Mind) in an extraordinary meaſure. In fine, you ſee all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themſelves ador'd. And when they are angry, they ſtrike an unreſiſtible Awe upon the Soul: And thoſe Severities *Damon* wiſhes may perpetually accompany them, during their abſence from him; for 'tis with ſuch Eyes, he would have you receive all his Rivals.

Keep, lovely Maid, the Softneſs in your Eyes,
To flatter Damon *with another Day:*
When at your Feet the raviſh'd Lover lies,
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay.

And

And for the Griefs your Abſence makes him prove,
Give him the ſofteſt, deareſt Looks of Love.

His trembling Heart with ſweeteſt Smiles careſs,
And in your Eyes ſoft Wiſhes let him find;
That your Regret of Abſence may confeſs,
In which no Senſe of Pleaſure you could find:
And to reſtore him, let your faithful Eyes
Declare, that all his Rivals you deſpiſe.

The Mouth of Iris.

I Perceive your Modeſty would impoſe Silence on me: But, Oh fair *Iris!* do not think to preſent your ſelf before a Glaſs, if you would not have it tell you all your Beauties. Content your ſelf that I only ſpeak of 'em, *en paſſant*; for ſhould I ſpeak what I would, I ſhould dwell all Day upon each particular, and ſtill ſay ſomething new. Give me liberty then to ſpeak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will ſee the moſt delicate Teeth that ever you beheld; the whiteſt, and the beſt ſet. Your Lips are the fineſt in the World; ſo round, ſo ſoft, ſo plump, ſo dimpled, and of the lovelieſt Colour. And when you ſmile, Oh! what Imagination can conceive how ſweet it is, that has not ſeen you ſmiling? I cannot deſcribe what I ſo admire; and 'tis in vain to thoſe who have not ſeen *Iris*.

Oh

Oh Iris! *boaſt that one peculiar Charm,*
That has ſo many Conqueſts made;
So innocent, yet capable of harm;
So juſt it ſelf, yet has ſo oft betray'd:
Where a thouſand Graces dwell,
And wanton round in e'ery Smile.

A thouſand Loves do liſten when you ſpeak,
And catch each Accent as it flies:
Rich flowing Wit, whene'er you Silence break,
Flows from your Tongue, and ſparkles in your Eyes.
Whether you talk, or ſilent are,
Your Lips immortal Beauties wear.

The Neck of Iris.

ALL your Modeſty, all your nice Care, cannot hide the raviſhing Beauties of your Neck; we muſt ſee it, coy as you are; and ſee it the whiteſt, and fineſt ſhaped, that ever was form'd. Oh! why will you cover it? You know all handſome things would be ſeen. And Oh! how often have you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or any thing that hides ſo fine an Object from their ſight. *Damon* himſelf complains of your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide it ſo carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it is! with ſmall blue Veins, wandring and ranging here and there, like little Rivulets, that wanton o'er the flowry Meads! See how the round white riſing Breaſts heave with every Breath, as if they diſ-

dain'd

dain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and repel the malicious Cloud that would obſcure their Brightneſs!

Fain I would have leave to tell
The Charms that on your Boſom dwell;
Deſcribe it like ſome flow'ry Field,
That does ten thouſand Pleaſures yield;
A thouſand gliding Springs and Groves;
All Receptacles for Loves:
But Oh! what Iris *hides, muſt be*
Ever ſacred kept by me.

The Arms and Hands of Iris.

I Shall not be put to much trouble to ſhew you your Hands and Arms, becauſe you may view them without my help; and you are very unjuſt, if you have not admir'd 'em a thouſand times. The beautiful Colour and Proportion of your Arm is inimitable, and your Hand is dazzling, fine, ſmall, and plump; long-pointed Fingers delicately turn'd; dimpled on the ſnowy out-ſide, but adorned within with Roſe, all over the ſoft Palm. Oh *Iris!* nothing equals your fair Hand; that Hand, of which Love ſo often makes ſuch uſe to draw his Bow, when he would ſend the Arrow home with more Succeſs; and which irreſiſtibly wounds thoſe, who poſſibly have not yet ſeen your Eyes: And when you have been veil'd, that lovely

Hand

Hand has gain'd you a thouſand Adorers. And I have heard *Damon* ſay, *Without the Aid of more Beauties, that alone had been ſufficient to have made an abſolute Conqueſt o'er his Soul.* And he has often vow'd, *It never touched him but it made his Blood run with little irregular Motions in his Veins, his Breath beat ſhort and double, his Bluſhes riſe, and his very Soul dance.*

Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize
'Bove any one peculiar Grace,
While he is dying for the Eyes,
And doating on the lovely Face!
The Unconſid'ring little knows,
How much he to this Beauty owes.

That, when the Lover abſent is,
Informs him of his Miſtreſs' Heart;
'Tis that which gives him all his Bliſs,
When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart.
That plights the Faith the Maid beſtows;
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.

'Tis that betrays the Tenderneſs,
Which the too baſhful Tongue denies;
'Tis that which does the Heart confeſs,
And ſpares the Language of the Eyes.
'Tis that which Treaſure gives ſo laſt;
Ev'n Iris *'twill to* Damon *give at laſt;*

The

The Grace and Air of Iris.

'TIS I alone, O charming Maid! that can ſhew you that noble part of your Beauty: That generous Air that adorns all your lovely Perſon, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk! —— How free, how eaſy, and how unaffected! See how you move! — for only here you can ſee it. *Damon* has told you a thouſand times, that never any Mortal had ſo glorious an Air: but he cou'd not half deſcribe it, nor would you ceedit even what he ſaid; but with a careleſs Smile paſs it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd, and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris!* confeſs, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muſes; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themſelves have not more than *Iris*. And one may truly ſay, that you alone know how to join the Ornaments and Dreſs with Beauty; and you are ſtill adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a peculiar Art to make all things appear gay and fine. Oh! how well dreſt you are! How every thing becomes you! Never ſingular, never gaudy; but always ſuiting with your Quality.

Oh!

Oh! how that Negligence becomes your Air!
That careless flowing of your Hair,
That plays about with wanton Grace,
With every Motion of your Face:
Disdaining all that dull Formality,
That dares not move the Lip, or Eye,
But at some fancy'd Grace's cost;
And think, with it, at least, a Lover lost.
But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,
And ease the Coquet of her Pain,
The Pocket-Glass adjusts the Face again:
Re-sets the Mouth, and languishes the Eyes;
And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way--dies.

Of Iris *learn, Oh ye mistaken Fair!*
To dress your Face, your Smiles, your Air:
Let easy Nature all the Bus'ness do,
She can the softer Graces shew;
Which Art but turns to ridicule,
And where there's none serves but to shew the (Fool.

In Iris *you all Graces find;*
Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;
Without Constraint, she smiles, she looks, she talks;
And without Affectation, moves and walks.
Beauties so perfect ne'er were seen:
O ye mistaken Fair! Dress ye by Iris' *Mein.*

The Discretion of Iris.

BUT, O *Iris!* the Beauties of the Body are imperfect, if the Beauties of the Soul do not advance themselves to an equal heighth.

height. But, O *Iris!* what Mortal is there so damn'd to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you, O charming Maid, have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Vertues of the Mind? And, who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not at the same time acknowledge and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admire both in you; and all with impatience ask, Which of the two is most surprizing, your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of those idle Discretions that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtlety, and florid Talking, to make the out-side of the Argument appear fine, and leave the in-side wholly mis-understood; who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sense. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk or too severe, too silent or too talkative, you inspire in all your Hearers a Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or, by a Word or Jest, making your self and Hearers pleasant at the expence of the Fame of others.

Your

Your Heart is an Enemy to all Paſſions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims, *That every one ought to love, in ſome part of his Life; and that in a Heart truly brave, Love is without Folly: That Wiſdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to perfect Wiſdom.* Since theſe Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* reſiſt that noble Paſſion: And ſince *Damon* is the moſt tender of all your Lovers, anſwer his Paſſion with a noble Ardour. Your Prudence never fails in the choice of your Friends; and in chuſing ſo well your Lover, you will ſtand an eternal Precedent to all unreaſonable Fair Ones.

O thou that doſt excel in Wit and Youth!
Be ſtill a Precedent for Love and Youth.
Let the dull World ſay what it will,
A noble Flame's unblameable.
Where a fine Sent'ment and ſoft Paſſion rules,
They ſcorn the Cenſure of the Fools.

Yield Iris *then; Oh, yield to Love!*
Redeem your dying Slave from Pain;
The World your Conduct muſt approve:
Your Prudence never acts in vain.

The Goodneſs and Complaiſance of Iris.

WHO but your Lovers, fair *Iris!* doubts but you are the moſt complaiſant Perſon in the World; and with ſo much Sweetneſs you oblige all,

you command in yielding: And as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; ſo all are proud and vain of obliging you. And, *Iris*, you may live aſſur'd, that your Empire is eternally eſtabliſhed by your Beauty and your Goodneſs: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every minute: Your Goodneſs gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodneſs is not one of thoſe, whoſe Folly renders it eaſy to every Deſirer; but a pure *Effect* of the Generoſity of your Soul; ſuch as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Perſon to whom it is extended: and thoſe whom you eſteem, receive the ſweet Marks of it, and only your Lovers complain; yet even then you charm. And tho ſometimes you can be a little diſturb'd, yet thro your Anger your Goodneſs ſhines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a falſe Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that paſs for an *Effect* of Love, which is purely that of Complaiſance.

Never had any body more Tenderneſs for their Friends, than *Iris*: Their Preſence gives her Joy, their Abſence Trouble; and when ſhe cannot ſee them, ſhe finds no Pleaſure like ſpeaking of them obligingly. Friendſhip reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendſhip is ſo ſtrong, ſo conſtant, and ſo

tender, that it charms, pleases, and satisfies all, that are not your Adorers. *Damon* therefore is excusable, if he be not contented with your noble Friendship alone; for he is the most tender of that number.

No! give me all, th' impatient Lover cries;
Without your Soul I cannot live:
Dull Friendship cannot mine suffice,
That dies for all you have to give.
The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart must all be mine;
I cannot spare one Thought, or Wish of thine.

I sigh, I languish all the day;
Each Minute ushers in my Groans:
To ev'ry God in vain I pray;
In ev'ry Grove repeat my Moans.
Still Iris' *Charms are all my Sorrows Themes;*
They pain me waking, and they rack in Dreams.

Return, fair Iris! *Oh, return!*
Lest sighing long your Slave dese[illegible]
I wish, I rave, I faint, I burn;
Restore me quickly all my Joys:
Your Mercy else will come too late;
Distance in Love more cruel is than Hate.

The

The Wit of Iris.

YOU are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if you take me for one of thoſe ordinary Glaſſes, that repreſent the Beauty only of the Body; I remark to you alſo the Beauties of the Soul: And all about you declares yours the fineſt that ever was formed; that you have a Wit that ſurprizes, and is always new: 'Tis none of thoſe that loſes its Luſtre when one conſiders it; the more we examine yours, the more adorable we find it. You ſay nothing that is not at once agreeable and ſolid; 'tis always quick and ready, without Impertinence, that little Vanity of the Fair: who, when they know they have Wit, rarely manage it ſo, as not to abound in talking; and think, that all they ſay muſt pleaſe, becauſe luckily they ſometimes chance to do ſo. But *Iris* never ſpeaks, but 'tis of uſe; and gives a Pleaſure to all that hear her: She has the perfect Art of penetrating, even the moſt ſecret Thoughts. How often have you known, without being told, all that has paſt in *Damon*'s Heart? For all great Wits are Prophets too.

'Tell me; Oh, tell me! Charming Propheteſs;
For you alone can tell my Love's Succeſs.
The Lines in my dejected Face,
I fear, will lead you to no kind Reſult:

It is your own that you muſt trace;
Thoſe of your Heart you muſt conſult.
'Tis there my Fortune I muſt learn,
And all that Damon *does concern.*

I tell you that I love a Maid,
As bright as Heav'n, of Angel-hue;
The ſofteſt Nature ever made,
Whom I with Sighs and Vows purſue.
Oh, tell me charming Propheteſs!
Shall I this lovely Maid poſſeſs?

A thouſand Rivals do obſtruct my way;
A thouſand Fears they do create:
They throng about her all the day,
Whilſt I at awful Diſtance wait.
Say, will the lovely Maid ſo fickle prove,
To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?

She has a thouſand Charms of Wit,
With all the Beauty Heav'n e'er gave:
Oh! let her not make uſe of it,
To flatter me into the Slave.
Oh! tell me truth, to eaſe my Pain;
Say rather, I ſhall die by her Diſdain.

The Modeſty of Iris.

I Perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a mind to tell me, I have entertained you too long with a Diſcourſe on your ſelf. I know your Modeſty makes this Declaration an Offence; and you ſuffer me, with pain, to unveil thoſe Treaſures you would hide. Your Modeſty, that ſo commendable

ble a Vertue in the Fair, and ſo peculiar to you, is here a little too ſevere. Did I flatter you, you ſhould bluſh: Did I ſeek, by praiſing you, to ſhew an Art of ſpeaking finely, you might chide. But O *Iris*, I ſay nothing but ſuch plain Truths, as all the World can witneſs are ſo: And ſo far I am from Flattery, that I ſeek no Ornament of Words. Why do you take ſuch care to conceal your Vertues? They have too much Luſtre, not to be ſeen, in ſpight of all your Modeſty: Your Wit, your Youth, and Reaſon, oppoſe themſelves againſt this dull Obſtructer of our Happineſs. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Vertue, ſince you have ſo many others to defend your ſelf againſt the Attacks of your Adorers. You your ſelf have the leaſt opinion of your own Charms: and being the only Perſon in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to paſs whole Hours before your *Looking-Glaſs*; and to paſs your time, like moſt of the idle Fair, in dreſſing, and ſetting off thoſe Beauties, which need ſo little Art. You more wiſe, diſdain to give thoſe Hours to the Fatigue of Dreſſing, which you know ſo well how to employ a thouſand ways. The Muſes have bleſt you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conqueſt with your Pen more abſolutely than all the induſtrious Fair, who truſt to Dreſs and Equipage.

I have a thouſand things to tell you more, but willingly reſign my Place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will ſpeak more ardently than I: For let a Glaſs uſe all its Force, yet, when it ſpeaks its beſt, it ſpeaks but coldly.

If my Glaſs, O charming *Iris*, have the good fortune (which I could never entirely boaſt) to be believ'd, 'twill ſerve at leaſt to convince you I have not been ſo guilty of Flattery, as I have a thouſand times been charg'd. Since then my Paſſion is equal to your Beauty (without compariſon, or end) believe, O lovely Maid! how I ſigh in your abſence; and be perſuaded to leſſen my Pain, and reſtore me to my Joys: for there is no Torment ſo great, as the Abſence of a Lover from his Miſtreſs; of which this is the Idea.

The Effects of Abſence from what we love.

Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!
Eternal Wiſh! but Wiſh, alas, in vain!
Thou languiſhing, impatient Hope and fear!
A buſy Toiler, and yet ſtill undone!
A breaking Glimpſe of diſtant Day,
Inticing on, and leading more aſtray!
Thou Joy in Proſpect, future Bliſs extreme;
Never to be poſſeſs'd, but in a Dream!
Thou fab'lous Goddeſs, which the raviſh'd Boy
In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy;
But waking, found an airy Cloud he preſt;
His Arms came empty to his panting Breaſt.

Thou

Thou Shade, that only haunt'st the Soul by night;
And when thou shouldst inform thou fly'st the Sight:
Thou false Idea of the thinking Brain,
That labours for the charming Form in vain;
Which if by chance it catch, thou'rt lost again.

THE LUCKY MISTAKE: A NEW NOVEL.

THE River *Loyre* has on its delightful Banks abundance of handſome, beautiful and rich Towns and Villages, to which the noble Stream adds no ſmall Graces and Advantages, bleſſing their Fields with Plenty, and their Eyes with a thouſand Diverſions. In one of theſe happily ſituated Towns, called *Orleans*, where abundance of People of the beſt Quality and Condition reſide, there was a rich Nobleman, now retir'd from the buſy Court, where in his Youth he had been bred, wearied with the Toils of Ceremony and Noiſe, to enjoy that perfect Tranquillity of Life, which is no where to be found but in Retreat,

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a faithful Friend, and a good Library; and, as the admirable *Horace* ſays, in a little Houſe and a large Garden. Count *Bellyaurd*, for ſo was this Nobleman call'd, was of this opinion; and the rather, becauſe he had one only Son, called *Rinaldo*, now grown to the Age of fifteen, who having all the excellent Qualities and Graces of Youth by Nature, he would bring him up in all Vertues and noble Sciences, which he believ'd the Gayety and Luſtre of the Court might divert: he therefore in his retirement ſpar'd no Coſt to thoſe that could inſtruct and accompliſh him; and he had the beſt Tutors and Maſters that could be purchaſed at Court: *Bellyaurd* making far leſs Account of Riches than of fine Parts. He found his Son capable of all Impreſſions, having a Wit ſuitable to his delicate Perſon, ſo that he was the ſole Joy of his Life, and the Darling of his Eyes.

In the very next Houſe, which join'd cloſe to that of *Bellyaurd*'s, there lived another Count, who had in his Youth been baniſhed the Court of *France* for ſome Miſunderſtandings in ſome high Affairs wherein he was concern'd: his Name was *de Pais*, a Man of great Birth, but of no Fortune; or at leaſt one not ſuitable to the Grandeur of his Original. And as it is moſt natural for great Souls to be moſt proud (if I may call a handſom Diſdain

by that vulgar Name) when they are moſt depreſs'd; ſo *de Pais* was more retir'd, more eſtrang'd from his Neighbours, and kept a greater diſtance, than if he had enjoy'd all he had loſt at Court; and took more Solemnity and State upon him, becauſe he would not be ſubject to the Reproaches of the World, by making himſelf familiar with it: So that he rarely viſited; and, contrary to the cuſtom of thoſe in *France*, who are eaſy of Acceſs, and free of Converſation, he kept his Family retir'd ſo cloſe, that 'twas rare to ſee any of them; and when they went abroad, which was but ſeldom, they wanted nothing as to outward appearance, that was fit for his Quality, and what was much above his condition.

This old Count had two only Daughters, of exceeding Beauty, who gave the generous Father ten thouſand Torments, as often as he beheld them, when he conſider'd their extreme Beauty, their ſine Wit, their Innocence, Modeſty, and above all, their Birth; and that he had not a Fortune to marry them according to their Quality; and below it, he had rather ſee them laid in their ſilent Graves, than conſent to it: for he ſcorn'd the World ſhould ſee him forced by his Poverty to commit an Action below his Dignity.

There lived in a neighbouring Town, a certain Nobleman, Friend to *de Pais*, call'd

Co unt

Count *Vernole*, a Man of about forty years of Age, of low Stature, Complexion very black and ſwarthy, lean, lame, extreme proud and haughty; extracted of a Deſcent from the Blood-Royal; not extremely brave, but very glorious: he had no very great Eſtate, but was in election of a greater, and of an Addition of Honour from the King, his Father having done moſt worthy Services againſt the *Hugonots*, and by the high Favour of Cardinal *Mazarine*, was repreſented to his Majeſty, as a Man related to the Crown, of great Name, but ſmall Eſtate: ſo that there were now nothing but great Expectations and Preparations in the Family of Count *Vernole* to go to the Court, to which he daily hoped an Invitation or Command.

Vernole's Fortune being hitherto ſomething a-kin to that of *de Pais*, there was a greater Correſpondency between theſe two Gentlemen, than they had with any other Perſons; they accounting themſelves above the reſt of the World, believed none ſo proper and fit for their Converſation, as that of each other: ſo that there was a very particular Intimacy between them. Whenever they went abroad, they clubb'd their Train, to make one great Show; and were always together, bemoaning each other's Fortune, that from ſo high a Deſcent, as one from Monarchs by the Mother's ſide, and the other from Dukes of

the

the Father's ſide, they were reduc'd by Fate to the degree of private Gentlemen. They would often conſult how to manage Affairs moſt to advantage, and often *De Pais* would ask Counſel of *Vernole*, how beſt he ſhould diſpoſe of his Daughters, which now were about their ninth Year the eldeſt, and eighth the youngeſt. *Vernole* had often ſeen thoſe two Buds of Beauty, and already ſaw opening in *Atlante*'s Face and Mind (for that was the Name of the eldeſt, and *Charlot* the youngeſt) a Glory of Wit and Beauty, which could not but one day diſplay it ſelf, with dazling Luſtre, to the wondring World.

Vernole was a great Virtuoſo, of a Humour nice, delicate, critical and opinionative: he had nothing of the *French* Mien in him, but all the Gravity of the Don. His ill-favour'd Perſon, and his low Eſtate, put him out of humour with the World; and becauſe that ſhould not upbraid or reproach his Follies and Defects, he was ſure to be before-hand with that, and to be always ſatirick upon it; and love to live and act contrary to the Cuſtom and Uſage of all Mankind beſides.

He was infinitely delighted to find a Man of his own Humour in *De Pais*, or at leaſt a Man that would be perſuaded to like his ſo well, to live up to it; and it was no little Joy and Satisfaction to him to find, that he kept his Daughters in

that

that Severity, which was wholly agreeable to him, and ſo contrary to the Manner and Faſhion of the *French* Quality; who allow all Freedoms, which to *Vernole*'s rigid Nature, ſeem'd as ſo many Steps to Vice, and in his Opinion, the Ruiner of all Vertue and Honour in Womankind. *De Pais* was extremely glad his Conduct was ſo well interpreted, which was no other in him than a proud Frugality; who, becauſe they could not appear in ſo much Gallantry as their Quality required, kept 'em retir'd, and unſeen to all, but his particular Friends, of which *Vernole* was the chief.

Vernole never appear'd before *Atlante* (which was ſeldom) but he aſſum'd a Gravity and Reſpect fit to have entertain'd a Maid of Twenty, or rather a Matron of much greater Years and Judgment. His Diſcourſes were always of Matters of State or Philoſophy; and ſometimes when *De Pais* would (laughing) ſay, *He might as well entertain* Atlante *with* Greek *and* Hebrew, he would reply gravely, *You are miſtaken, Sir, I find the Seeds of great and profound Matter in the Soul of this young Maid, which ought to be nouriſh'd now while ſhe is young, and they will grow up to very great perfection: I find* Atlante *capable of the noble Vertues of the Mind, and am infinitely miſtaken in my Obſervations, and Art of Phyſiognomy, if* Atlante *be not born for greater*

Things

Things than her Fortune does now promiſe: She will be very conſiderable in the World, (believe me) and this will arrive to her perfectly from the Force of her Charms. *De Pais* was extremely overjoy'd to hear ſuch Good propheſied of *Atlante*, and from that time ſet a ſort of an Eſteem upon her, which he did not on *Charlot* his younger; who, by the Perſuaſions of *Vernole*, he reſolv'd to put in a Monaſtery, that what he had might deſcend to *Atlante*: not but he confeſs'd *Charlot* had Beauty extremely attractive, and a Wit that promiſed much, when it ſhould be cultivated by Years and Experience; and would ſhew it ſelf with great Advantage and Luſtre in a Monaſtery. All this pleaſed *De Pais* very well, who was eaſily perſuaded, ſince he had not a Fortune to marry her well in the World.

As yet *Vernole* had never ſpoke to *Atlante* of Love, nor did his Gravity think it Prudence to diſcover his Heart to ſo young a Maid; he waited her more ſenſible Years, when he could hope to have ſome return. And all he expected from this her tender Age, was by his daily Converſe with her, and the Preſents he made her ſuitable to her Years, to ingratiate himſelf inſenſibly into her Friendſhip and Eſteem, ſince ſhe was not yet capable of Love; but even in that he miſtook his Aim, for every day he grew more and more diſagreeable to *Atlante*, and would have been her abſolute

Averſion,

Averſion, had ſhe known ſhe had every day entertained a Lover: but as ſhe grew in Years and Senſe, he ſeemed the more deſpicable in her Eyes as to his Perſon; yet as ſhe had reſpect to his Parts and Qualities, ſhe paid him all the Complaiſance ſhe could, and which was due to him, and ſo muſt be confeſs'd. Tho he had a ſtiff Formality in all he ſaid and did, yet he had Wit and Learning, and was a great Philoſopher. As much of his Learning as *Atlante* was capable of attaining to, he made her Miſtreſs of, and that was no ſmall Portion; for all his Diſcourſe was fine and eaſily comprehended, his Notions of Philoſophy fit for Ladies; and he took greater pains with *Atlante*, than any Maſter would have done with a Scholar: ſo that it was moſt certain, he added very great Accompliſhment to her natural Wit; and the more, becauſe ſhe took a great Delight in Philoſophy; which very often made her impatient of his coming, eſpecially when ſhe had many Queſtions to ask him concerning it, and ſhe would often receive him with a Pleaſure in her Face, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage, being very apt to flatter himſelf. Her Siſter *Charlot* would often ask her, *How ſhe could give whole Afternoons to ſo diſagreeable a Man. What is it* (ſaid ſhe) *that charms you ſo? his tawny Leather-Face, his extraordinary high Noſe, his wide Mouth and Eye-Brows,*

that

that hang lowring over his Eyes, his lean Carcaſe, and his lame and halting Hips? But *Atlante* would diſcreetly reply, *If I muſt grant all you ſay of Count* Vernole *to be true, yet he has a Wit and Learning that will atone ſufficiently for all thoſe Faults you mention: A fine Soul is infinitely to be preferr'd to a fine Body; this decays, but that's eternal; and Age that ruins one, refines the other.* Tho poſſibly *Atlante* thought as ill of the Count as her Siſter, yet in reſpect to him, ſhe would not own it.

Atlante was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year, when her *Beauty, which every day* increas'd, became the Diſcourſe of the whole *Town*, which had already gain'd her as many Lovers as had beheld her; for none ſaw her without languiſhing for her, or at leaſt, but what were in very great admiration of her. Every body talk'd of the young *Atlante*, and all the Nobility who had Sons (knowing the Smallneſs of her Fortune, and the Luſtre of her Beauty) would ſend them, for fear of their being charm'd with her Beauty, either to ſome other part of the World, or exhorted them, by way of Precaution, to keep out of her ſight. Old *Bellyaurd* was one of thoſe wiſe Parents; and timely Prevention, as he thought, of *Rinaldo*'s falling in love with *Atlante*, perhaps was the occaſion of his being ſo: He had before heard of *Atlante*, and of her Beauty, yet it had made

no

no Impreſſions on his Heart; but his Father no ſooner forbid him Loving, than he felt a new Deſire tormenting him, of ſeeing this lovely and dangerous young Perſon: he wonders at his unaccountable Pain, which daily ſollicits him within, to go where he may behold this Beauty; of whom he frames a thouſand Ideas, all ſuch as were moſt agreeable to him; but then upbraids his Fancy for not forming her half ſo delicate as ſhe was; and longs yet more to ſee her, to know how near ſhe approaches to the Picture he has drawn of her in his Mind: and tho he knew ſhe liv'd the next Houſe to him, yet he knew alſo ſhe was kept within like a vow'd *Nun*, or with the Severity of a *Spaniard*. And tho he had a Chamber, which had a jutting Window, that look'd juſt upon the Door of Monſieur *De Pais*, and that he would watch many hours at a time, in hope to ſee them go out, yet he could never get a Glimpſe of her; yet he heard ſhe often frequented the Church of our *Lady*. Thither then young *Rinaldo* reſolv'd to go, and did ſo two or three Mornings; in which time, to his unſpeakable Grief, he ſaw no Beauty appear that charm'd him; and yet he fancy'd that *Atlante* was there, and that he had ſeen her; that ſome one of theſe young Ladies that he ſaw in the Church was ſhe, tho he had no body to enquire of, and that ſhe was not ſo fair as the World reported;

reported; for which he would often ſigh as if he had loſt ſome great Expectation. However, he ceaſed not to frequent this Church, and one day ſaw a young Beauty, who at firſt glimpſe made his Heart leap to his Mouth, and fell trembling again into its wonted place; for it immediately told him, that that young Maid was *Atlante*: ſhe was with her Siſter *Charlot*, who was very handſome, but not comparable to *Atlanté*. He fix'd his Eyes upon her as ſhe kneel'd at the Altar; he never moved from that charming Face as long as ſhe remain'd there; he forgot all *Devotion*, but what he paid to her; he ador'd her, he burnt and languiſh'd already for her, and found he muſt poſſeſs *Atlante* or die. Often as he gaz'd upon her, he ſaw her fair Eyes lifted up towards his, where they [illegible] which ſhe perceiving, would ca[illegible] into her Boſom, or on her Boo[illegible] as if ſhe had done a Fault. [illegible] ceiv'd all the Motions of *Rinal[illegible]* folded his Arms, how he ſigh'[illegible] on her Siſter; ſhe took notice o[illegible] his Garniture, and every parti[illegible] Dreſs, as young Girls uſe to do; and ſeeing him ſo very handſome, and [illegible] ter dreſs'd than all the youn[illegible] that were in the Church, ſhe was very much pleas'd with him; and could not forbear ſaying, in a low Voice, to *Atlante*, *Look, look my Siſter, what a pretty Monſieur yonder*

yonder is! ſee how fine his Face is, how delicate his Hair, how gallant his Dreſs! and do but look how he gazes on you! This would make *Atlante* bluſh anew, who durſt not raiſe her Eyes for fear ſhe ſhould encounter his. While he had the pleaſure to imagine they were talking of him, and he ſaw in the pretty Face of *Charlot*, that what ſhe ſaid was not to his diſadvantage, and by the Bluſhes of *Atlante*, that ſhe was not diſpleas'd with what was ſpoken to her; he perceiv'd the young one importunate with her; and *Atlante* jogging her with her Elbow, as much as to ſay, Hold your Peace: all this he made a kind Interpretation of, and was tranſported with Joy at the good Omens. He was willing to flatter his new Flame, and to compliment his young Deſire with a little Hope; but the divine Ceremony ceaſing, *Atlante* left the Church, and it being very fair Weather, ſhe walk'd home. *Rinaldo*, who ſaw her going, felt all the Agonies of a Lover, who parts with all that can make him happy; and ſeeing only *Atlante* attended with her Siſter, and a Footman following with their Books, he was a thouſand times about to ſpeak to 'em; but he no ſooner advanc'd a ſtep or two towards 'em to that purpoſe (for he followed them) but his Heart fail'd, and a certain Awe and Reverence, or rather the Fears and Tremblings of a Lover, prevented him: but when he conſider'd, that

poſſibly

poſſibly he might never have ſo favourable an Opportunity again, he reſolv'd a-new, and call'd up ſo much Courage to his Heart, as to ſpeak to *Atlante*; but before he did ſo, *Charlot* looking behind her, ſaw *Rinaldo* very near to 'em, and cry'd out with a Voice of Joy, ' Oh! Siſter, Siſter! look where ' the handſome *Monſieur* is, juſt behind us! ' ſure he is ſome-body of Quality, for ſee ' he has two Footmen that follow him, in ' juſt ſuch Liveries, and ſo rich as thoſe of ' our Neighbour *Monſieur Bellyaurd*.' At this *Atlante* could not forbear, but before ſhe was aware of it, turn'd her Head, and look'd on *Rinaldo*; which encourag'd him to advance, and putting off his Hat, which he clapt under his Arm, with a low Bow, ſaid, *Ladies, you are ſtenderly attended, and ſo many Accidents arrive to the Fair in the rude Streets, that I humbly implore you, permit me, whoſe duty it is as a Neighbour, to wait on you to your Door. Sir,* (said *Atlante* bluſhing) *we fear no Inſolence, and need no Protector; or if we did, we ſhould not be ſo rude to take you out of your way, to ſerve us. Madam,* (ſaid he) *my Way lies yours. I live at the next door, and am Son to* Bellyaurd, *your Neighbour. But, Madam,* (added he) *if I were to go all my Life out of the way, to do you Service, I ſhould take it for the greateſt Happineſs that could arrive to me; but, Madam, ſure a Man can never be out of his way, who has the Honour of ſo charming*

Company.

Company. *Atlante* made no reply to this, but bluſh'd and bow'd: But *Charlot* ſaid, *Nay, Sir, if you are our Neighbour, we will give you leave to conduct us home; but pray, Sir, how came you to know we are your Neighbours? for we never ſaw you before, to our knowledge. My pretty Miſs*, (reply'd *Rinaldo*) *I knew it from that tranſcendent Beauty that appear'd in your Faces, and fine Shapes; for I have heard, there was no Beauty in the World like that of* Atlante's; *and I no ſooner ſaw her, but my Heart told me it was ſhe. Heart!* (ſaid *Charlot* laughing) *why, do Hearts uſe to ſpeak? The moſt intelligible of any thing,* (*Rinaldo* reply'd) *when 'tis tenderly touch'd, when 'tis charm'd and tranſported.* At theſe words he ſigh'd, and *Atlante*, to his extreme Satisfaction, bluſh'd. *Touch'd, charm'd, and tranſported,* (ſaid *Charlot*) *what's that? And how do you do to have it be all theſe things? For I would give any thing in the World to have my Heart ſpeak. Oh!* (ſaid *Rinaldo*) *your Heart is too young, it is not yet arrived to the Years of ſpeaking; about thirteen or fourteen, it may poſſibly be ſaying a thouſand ſoft things to you; but it muſt be firſt inſpir'd by ſome noble Object, whoſe Idea it muſt retain. What* (reply'd this pretty Pratler) *I'll warrant I muſt be in Love? Yes,* (ſaid *Rinaldo*) *moſt paſſionately, or you will have but little Converſation with your Heart. Oh!* (reply'd ſhe) *I am afraid the Pleaſure of ſuch a Converſation, will not*

make

make me amends for the Pain that Love wi
give me. That (ſaid *Rinaldo*) *is accordi*
as the Object is kind, and as you hope; if
love, and you hope, you will have doub
Pleaſure: And in this, how great an adva
tage have fair Ladies above us Men! 'Tis a
moſt impoſſible for you to love in vain, y
have your Choice of a thouſand Hearts, whi
you have ſubdu'd, and may not only chuſe yo
Slaves, but be aſſur'd of 'em; without ſpeak
ing, you are belov'd, it needs not coſt you
Sigh or a Tear: But unhappy Man is often d
ſign'd to give his Heart, where it is not re
garded, to ſigh, to weep, and languiſh, with
out any hope of Pity. You ſpeak ſo feelingly,
Sir, (ſaid *Charlot*) *that I am afraid this is*
your Caſe. Yes, Madam, (reply'd *Rinaldo,*
ſighing) *I am that unhappy Man. Indeed it*
is pity, (ſaid ſhe.) *Pray, how long ha*
been ſo? Ever ſince I heard of the ch
Atlante, (reply'd he, ſighing ag
ador'd her Character; but now I have
I die for her. For me, Sir! (ſaid
who had not yet ſpoke) *this is the*
Compliment of all the young Men, who
to be Lovers; and if one ſhould pity
Sighers, we ſhould have but very little
our ſelves. I believe (ſaid *Rinaldo*) *there are*
none that tell you ſo, who do not mean as they
ſay: Yet among all thoſe Adorers, and thoſe
who ſay they will die for you, you will find none
will be ſo good as their Words but Rinaldo.
Perhaps (ſaid *Atlante*) *of all thoſe who tell*

me

me of dying, there are none that tell me of it with ſo little reaſon as Rinaldo, *if that be your Name, Sir. Madam, it is,* (ſaid he) *and who am tranſported with an unſpeakable Joy, to hear thoſe laſt Words from your fair Mouth: and let me, Oh lovely* Atlante! *aſſure you, that what I have ſaid, are not Words of courſe, but proceed from a Heart that has vow'd it ſelf eternally yours, even before I had the Happineſs to behold this divine Perſon; but now that my Eyes have made good all my Heart before imagin'd, and did but hope, I ſwear I will die a thouſand Deaths, rather than violate what I have ſaid to you; that I adore you; that my Soul, and all my Faculties, are charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence, and that my Life and Fortune, not inconſiderable, ſhall be laid at your feet.* This he ſpoke with a Fervency of Paſſion, that left her no doubt of what he had ſaid; yet ſhe bluſh'd for ſhame, and was a little angry at her ſelf, for ſuffering him to ſay ſo much to her, the very firſt time ſhe ſaw him, and accuſed her ſelf for giving him any Encouragement: And in this Confuſion ſhe replied, 'Sir, you have ſaid 'too much to be believ'd; and I cannot 'imagine ſo ſhort an Acquaintance can 'make ſo conſiderable an Impreſſion; of 'which Confeſſion I accuſe my ſelf much 'more than you, in that I did not only 'hearken to what you ſaid, without for-'bidding you to entertain me at that rate, 'but for unheedfully ſpeaking ſomething,

'that

'that has encourag'd this Boldneſs: for ſo
'I muſt call it, in a Man ſo great a ſtranger
'to me. Madam (*ſaid he*) if I have of-
'fended by the ſuddenneſs of my preſump-
'tuous Diſcovery, I beſeech you to conſi-
'der my Reaſons for it, the few Opportu-
'nities I am like to have, and the Impoſ-
'ſibility of waiting on you, both from the
'Severity of your Father and mine; who,
'e'er I ſaw you, warn'd me of my Fate,
'as if he foreſaw I ſhould fall in love, as
'ſoon as I ſhould chance to ſee you; and
'for that reaſon has kept me cloſer to my
'Studies, than hitherto I have been. And
'from that time I began to feel a Flame,
'which was kindled by Report alone, and
'the Deſcription my Father gave of your
'wondrous and dangerous Beauty: There-
'fore, Madam, I have not ſuddenly told
'you of my Paſſion. I have been long your
'Lover, and have long languiſh'd without
'telling of my Pain; and you ought to
'pardon it now, ſince it is done with all
'the Reſpect and religious Awe, that 'tis
'poſſible for a *Heart* to deliver and unload
'it ſelf in; therefore, Madam, if you
'have by chance uttered any thing, that I
'have taken advantage or hope from. I
'aſſure you 'tis ſo ſmall, that you have no
'reaſon to repent it; but rather, if you
'would have me live, ſend me not from
'you, without a Confirmation of that lit-
'tle Hope. See, Madam, (*ſaid he, more*

'*earneſtly*

'*earneſtly and trembling*) ſee we are almoſt 'arriv'd at our Homes, ſend me not to 'mine in a deſpair that I cannot ſupport 'with Life; but tell me, I ſhall be bleſs'd 'with your Sight, ſometimes in your Bal-'cony, which is very near to a jetting 'Window in our Houſe, from whence I 'have ſent many a longing Look towards 'yours, in hope to have ſeen my Soul's 'Tormenter.' 'I ſhall be very unwilling '(*ſaid ſhe*) to enter into an Intrigue of 'Love or Friendſhip with a Man, whoſe 'Parents will be averſe to my Happineſs, 'and poſſibly mine as refractory, tho they 'cannot but know ſuch an Alliance would 'be very conſiderable, my Fortune not be-'ing ſuitable to yours: I tell you this, that 'you may withdraw in time from an En-'gagement, in which I find there will be 'a great many Obſtacles. 'Oh! Madam, '(*reply'd* Rinaldo, *ſighing*) if my Perſon be 'not diſagreeable to you, you will have 'no occaſion to fear the reſt; 'tis that I 'dread, and *that which* is all my fear.' He, ſighing, beheld her with a languiſhing Look, that told her, he expected her an-ſwer; when ſhe reply'd, 'Sir, if that will 'be Satisfaction enough for you at this 'time, I do aſſure you, I have no averſion 'for your Perſon, in which I find more to 'be valu'd, than in any I have yet ſeen; 'and if what you ſay be real, and proceed 'from a Heart truly affected, I find, in

'ſpite of me, you will oblige me to give 'you hope.'

They were come ſo near their own Houſes, that he had not time to return her any anſwer; but with a low Bow he acknowledg'd her Bounty, and expreſs'd the Joy her laſt Words had given him, by a Look that made her underſtand he was charm'd and pleas'd: and ſhe bowing to him with an Air of Satisfaction in her Face, he was well aſſur'd, there was nothing to be ſeen ſo lovely as ſhe then appear'd, and left her to go into her own Houſe: but till ſhe was out of ſight, he had not power to ſtir, and then ſighing, retired to his own Apartment, to think over all that had paſt between them. He found nothing but what gave him a thouſand Joys, in all ſhe had ſaid: and he bleſt this happy Day, and wondred how his Stars came ſo kind, to make him in one hour at once ſee *Atlante*, and have the happineſs to know from her Mouth that he was not diſagreeable to her: Yet with this Satisfaction, he had a thouſand Thoughts mix'd which were tormenting, and thoſe were the fear of their Parents he foreſaw from what his Father had ſaid to him already, that it would be difficult to draw him to a conſent of his Marriage with *Atlante*. Theſe Joys and Fears were his Companions all the Night, in which he took but little reſt. Nor was

Atlante

Atlante without her Inquietudes: She found *Rinaldo* more in her Thoughts than ſhe wiſh'd, and a ſudden change of Humour, that made her know ſomething was the matter with her more than uſual; ſhe calls to mind *Rinaldo*'s ſpeaking of the Converſation with his Heart, and found hers would be tattling to her, if ſhe would give way to it; and yet the more ſhe ſtrove to avoid it, the more it importun'd her, and in ſpight of all her Reſiſtance, would tell her, that *Rinaldo* had a thouſand Charms: It tells her, that he loves and adores her, and that ſhe would be the moſt cruel of her Sex, ſhould ſhe not be ſenſible of his Paſſion. She finds a thouſand Graces in his Perſon and Converſation, and as many Advantages in his Fortune, which was one of the moſt conſiderable in all thoſe Parts; for his Eſtate exceeded that of the moſt Noble Men in *Orleans*, and ſhe imagines ſhe ſhould be the moſt fortunate of all Womankind in ſuch a Match. With theſe Thoughts ſhe employ'd all the Hours of the night; ſo that ſhe lay ſo long in Bed the next day, that Count *Vernole*, who had invited himſelf to Dinner, came before ſhe had quitted her Chamber, and ſhe was forc'd to ſay, ſhe had not been well. He had brought her a very fine Book, newly come out, of delicate Philoſophy, fit for the Study of Ladies. But he appear'd ſo diſagreeable to

that Heart, wholly taken up with a new and fine Object, that ſhe could now hardly pay him that Civility ſhe was wont to do; while on the other ſide that little State and Pride *Atlante* aſſum'd, made her appear the more charming to him: ſo that if *Atlante* had no mind to begin a new Leſſon of Philoſophy, while ſhe fancied her Thoughts were much better employ'd, the Count every moment expreſſing his Tenderneſs and Paſſion, had as little an Inclination to inſtruct her, as ſhe had to be inſtructed: Love had taught her a new Leſſon, and he would fain teach her a new Leſſon of Love, but fears it will be a diminiſhing his Gravity and Grandeur, to open the Secrets of his Heart to ſo young a Maid; he therefore thinks it more agreeable to his Quality and Years, being about Forty, to uſe her Father's Authority in this Affair, and that it was ſufficient for him to declare himſelf to Monſieur *De Pais*, who he knew would be proud of the Honour he did *him ſome time paſt*, before he could be perſuaded even to declare himſelf to her Father: he fancies the little Coldneſs and Pride he ſaw in *Atlante*'s Face, which was not uſual, proceeded from ſome Diſcovery of Paſſion, which his Eyes had made, or now and then a Sigh, that unawares broke forth; and accuſes himſelf of a Levity below his Quality, and the Dignity of his Wit and Gravity; and therefore aſſumes a more rigid and for-

mal Behaviour than he was wont, which rendred him yet more diſagreeable than before; and 'twas with greater pain than ever, ſhe gave him that Reſpect which was due to his Quality.

Rinaldo, after a reſtleſs Night, was up very early in the Morning; and tho he was not certain of ſeeing his adorable *Atlante*, he dreſs'd himſelf with all that care, as if he had been to have waited on her, and got himſelf into the Window, that overlook'd Monſieur *De Pais*'s Balcony, where he had not remain'd long, before he ſaw the pretty *Charlot* come into it, not with any deſign of ſeeing *Rinaldo*, but to look and gaze about her a little. *Rinaldo* ſaw her, and made her a very low Reverence, and found ſome diſorder'd Joy on the ſight of even *Charlot*, ſince ſhe was Siſter to *Atlante*. He call'd to her, (for the Window was ſo near her, he could eaſily be heard by her) and told her, *He was infinitely indebted to her Bounty, for giving him an opportunity yeſterday of falling on that Diſcourſe, which had made him the happieſt Man in the World:* He ſaid, *If ſhe had not by her agreeable Converſation encourag'd him, and drawn him from one Word to another, he ſhould never have had the Confidence to have told* Atlante, *how much he ador'd her. I am very glad,* (replyed *Charlot*) *that I was the occaſion of the beginning of an Amour, which was diſpleaſing to neither one nor the other; for I aſ-*

ſure you for your Comfort, my Siſter nothing but thinks on you: We lie together, and you have taught her already to ſigh ſo, that I could not ſleep for her. At this his Face was cover'd over with a riſing Joy, which his Heart could not contain: And after ſome Diſcourſe, in which this innocent Girl diſcovered more than *Atlante* wiſh'd ſhe ſhould, he beſought her to become his Advocate; and ſince ſhe had no Brother, to give him leave to aſſume that Honour, and call her Siſter. Thus, by degrees, he flatter'd her into a conſent of carrying a Letter from him to *Atlante*; which ſhe, who believ'd all as innocent as her ſelf, and being not forbid to do ſo, immediately conſented to; when he took his Pen and Ink, that ſtood in the Window, with Paper, and wrote *Atlante* this following Letter:

Rinaldo to *Atlante.*

IF my Fate be ſo ſevere, as to deny me the Happineſs of ſighing out my Pain and Paſſion daily at your Feet, if there be any Faith in the Hope you were pleaſed to give me (as 'twere a Sin to doubt) Oh charming Atlante! *ſuffer me not to languiſh, both without beholding you, and without the Bleſſing of now and then a Billet, in anſwer to thoſe that ſhall daily aſſure you of my eternal Faith and Vows; 'tis all I ask, till Fortune, and our Affairs, ſhall allow me the unſpeakable Satiſfaction*

faction of claiming you: yet, if your Charity can ſometimes afford me a ſight of you, either from your Balcony in the Evening, or at a Church in the Morning, it would ſave me from that Deſpair and Torment, which muſt poſſeſs a Heart ſo unaſſur'd, as that of

Your Eternal Adorer,

Rin. Bellyaurd.

He having writ and ſeal'd this, toſs'd it into the Balcony to *Charlot*, having firſt look'd about to ſee if none perceiv'd them. She put it in her Boſom, and ran into her Siſter, whom by chance ſhe found alone; *Vernole* having taken *De Pais* into the Garden, to diſcourſe him concerning the ſending *Charlot* to the Monaſtery, which Work he deſir'd to ſee perform'd, before he declar'd his Intentions to *Atlante:* for among all his other good Qualities, he was very avaritious; and as fair as *Atlante* was, he thought ſhe would be much fairer with the Addition of *Charlot*'s Portion. This Affair of his with Monſieur *De Pais*, gave *Charlot* an opportunity of delivering her Letter to her Siſter; who no ſooner drew it from her Boſom, but *Atlante*'s Face was covered over with Bluſhes: For ſhe imagin'd from whence it came, and had a ſecret Joy in that Imagination, tho ſhe thought ſhe muſt put on the Severity and Niceneſs of a Virgin, who would not

be thought to have ſurrendered her Heart with ſo ſmall an Aſſault, and the firſt too. So ſhe demanded from whence *Charlot* had that Letter? Who replyed with Joy, *From the fine young Gentleman, our Neighbour.* At which *Atlante* aſſum'd all the Gravity ſhe could, to chide her Siſter; who replied, *Well, Siſter, had you this day ſeen him, you would not have been angry to have receiv'd a Letter from him; he look'd ſo handſome, and was ſo richly dreſs'd, ten times finer than he was yeſterday; and I promis'd him you ſhould read it: therefore, pray let me keep my Word with him; and not only ſo, but carry him an Anſwer. Well* (ſaid *Atlante*) *to ſave your Credit with Monſieur* Rinaldo, *I will read it:* Which ſhe did, and finiſh'd with a Sigh. While ſhe was reading, *Charlot* ran into the Garden, to ſee if they were not likely to be ſurpriz'd; and finding the Count and her Father ſet in an Arbour, in deep Diſcourſe, ſhe brought Pen, Ink, and Paper to her Siſter, and told her, ſhe might write without the fear of being diſturbed: and urged her ſo long to what was enough her Inclination, that ſhe at laſt obtained this Anſwer.

Atlante *to* Rinaldo.

CHarlot, *your little importunate Advocate, has at laſt ſubdued me to a Conſent of returning you this. She has put me on an Affair with which I am wholly unacquainted; and you*

ought

ought to take this very kindly from me, ſince it is the very firſt time I ever writ to one of your Sex, tho perhaps I might with leſs danger have done it to any other Man. I tremble while I write, ſince I dread a Correſpondence of this nature, which may inſenſibly draw us into an inconvenience, and engage me beyond the Limits of that Nicety I ought to preſerve: For this way we venture to ſay a thouſand little kind things, which in Converſation we dare not do; for now none can ſee us bluſh: I am ſenſible I ſhall this way put my ſelf too ſoon into your power; and tho you have abundance of Merit, I ought to be aſham'd of confeſſing, I am but too ſenſible of it:——But hold——I ſhall diſcover for your Repoſe (which I would preſerve) too much of the Heart of Atlante.

She gave this Letter to *Charlot*; who immediately ran into the Balcony with it, where ſhe ſtill found *Rinaldo* in a melancholy poſture, leaning his Head on his Hand: She ſhewed him the Letter, but was afraid to toſs it to him, for fear it might fall to the Ground; ſo he ran and fetched a long Cane, which he cleft at one end, and held it while ſhe put the Letter into the Cleft, and ſtaid not to hear what he ſaid to it. But never was Man ſo tranſported with Joy, as he was at the reading of this Letter; it gives him new Wounds; for to the Generous, nothing obliges Love ſo much as Love: tho it is

now too much the nature of that inconſtant Sex, to ceaſe to love as ſoon as they are ſure of the Conqueſt. But it was far different with our Cavalier; he was the more inflamed, by imagining he had made ſome Impreſſions on the Heart of *Atlante*, and kindled ſome Sparks there, that in time might increaſe to ſomething more; ſo that he now reſolves to die hers: and conſidering all the Obſtacles that may poſſibly hinder his Happineſs, he found none but his Father's Obſtinacy, perhaps occaſioned by the Meanneſs of *Atlante*'s Fortune. To this he urged again, that he was his only Son, and a Son whom he loved equal to his own Life; and that certainly, as ſoon as he ſhould behold him dying for *Atlante*, which if he were forc'd to quit her he muſt be, he then believed the Tenderneſs of ſo fond a Parent would break forth into Pity, and plead within for his Conſent. Theſe were the Thoughts that flatter'd this young Lover all the day; and whether he were riding the great Horſe, or at his Study of Philoſophy, or Mathematicks, Singing, Dancing, or whatſoever other Exerciſe his Tutors ordered, his Thoughts were continually on *Atlante*. And now he profited no more, whatever he ſeem'd to do: every day he fail'd not to write to her by the Hand of the kind *Charlot*; who, young as ſhe was, had conceived a great Friendſhip for *Rinaldo*, and fail'd not to fetch her Letters; and bring

him Anſwers, ſuch as he wiſh'd to receive. But all this did not ſatisfy our impatient Lover; Abſence kill'd, and he was no longer able to ſupport himſelf, without a ſight of this adorable Maid; he therefore implores, ſhe will give him that Satisfaction: And ſhe at laſt grants it, with a better Will than he imagin'd. The next day was the appointed time, when ſhe would, under pretence of going to Church, give him an Aſſignation: And becauſe all publick Places were dangerous, and might make a great noiſe, and they had no private Place to truſt to, *Rinaldo*, under pretence of going up the River in his Pleaſure-Boat, which he often did, ſent to have it made ready by the next day at ten of the clock. This was accordingly done, and he gave *Atlante* notice of his Deſign of going an Hour or two on the River in his Boat, which lay near to ſuch a Place, not far from the Church. She and *Charlot* came thither: and becauſe they durſt not come out without a Footman or two, they taking one, ſent him with a *How-do-ye* to ſome young Ladies, and told him, he ſhould find them at Church: So getting rid of their Spy, they haſtened to the Riverſide, and found a Boat and *Rinaldo*, waiting to carry them on board his little Veſſel, which was richly adorn'd, and a very handſome Collation ready for them, of cold Meats, Sallads and Sweetmeats.

As

As ſoon as they were come into the Pleaſure Boat, unſeen of any, he kneel'd at the feet of *Atlante*, and there utter'd ſo many paſſionate and tender things to her with a Voice ſo trembling and ſoft, with Eyes ſo languiſhing, and a Fervency and a Fire ſo ſincere, that her young Heart, wholly uncapable of Artifice, could no longer reſiſt ſuch Language, and ſuch Looks of Love; ſhe grows tender, and he perceives it in her fine Eyes, who could *not* diſſemble; he reads her Heart in her Looks, and found it yielding apace; and therefore aſſaults it anew, with freſh Forces of Sighs and Tears: He implores ſhe would aſſure him of her Heart, which ſhe could no otherway do, than by yielding to marry him: He would carry her to the next Village, there conſummate that Happineſs, without which he was able to live no longer; for he had a thouſand Fears, that ſome other Lover was, or would ſuddenly be provided for her; and therefore he would make ſure of her, while he had this Opportunity: and to that end, he anſwer'd all the Objections ſhe could make to the contrary. But ever, when he named Marriage, ſhe trembled, with fear of doing ſomething that ſhe fancy'd ſhe ought not to do without the conſent of her Father. She was ſenſible of the Advantage, but had been ſo us'd to a ſtrict Obedience, that ſhe could not without Horror think of violating it; and therefore beſought

him,

him, as he valu'd her Repoſe, not to urge her to that: And told him further, That if he fear'd any Rival, ſhe would give him what other Aſſurance and Satisfaction he pleas'd, but that of Marriage; which ſhe could not conſent to, till ſhe knew ſuch an Alliance would not be fatal to him: for ſhe fear'd as paſſionately as he lov'd her, when he ſhould find ſhe had occaſion'd him the loſs of his Fortune, or his Father's Affection, he would grow to hate her. Tho he anſwer'd to this all that a fond Lover could urge, yet ſhe was reſolv'd, and he forc'd to content himſelf with obliging her by his Prayers and Proteſtations, his Sighs and Tears, to a Contract, which they ſolemnly made each other, vowing on either ſide, they would never marry any other. This being ſolemnly concluded, he aſſum'd a Look more gay and contented than before: He preſented her a very rich Ring, which ſhe durſt not put on her Finger, but hid it in her Boſom. And beholding each other now as Man and Wife, ſhe ſuffer'd him all the decent Freedoms he could wiſh to take; ſo that the Hours of this Voyage ſeem'd the moſt ſoft and charming of his Life: and doubtleſs they were ſo; every Touch of *Atlante* tranſported him, every Look pierced his Soul, and he was all Raptures of Joy, when he conſider'd this charming lovely Maid was his own.

Charlot all this while was gazing a-

bove-

bove-deck, admiring the Motion of the little Veſſel, and how eaſily the Wind and Tide bore her up the River. She had never been in any thing of this kind before, and was very well pleas'd and entertain'd, when *Rinaldo* call'd her down to eat; where they enjoy'd themſelves, as well as was poſſible: and *Charlot* was wondring to ſee ſuch a Content in their Eyes.

But now they thought it was high time for them to return; they fancy the Footman miſſing them at Church, would go home and alarm their Father, and the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, as *Charlot* call'd Count *Vernole*, whoſe Severity put their Father on a greater Reſtriction of them, than naturally he would do of himſelf. At the Name of this Count, *Rinaldo* chang'd Colour, fearing he might be ſome Rival; and asked *Atlante*, if this *Vernole* was a-kin to her? She anſwer'd no; but was a very great Friend to her Father, and one who from their Infancy had had a particular Concern for their Breeding, and was her Maſter for Philoſophy. *Ah!* (reply'd *Rinaldo*, ſighing) *this Man's Concern muſt proceed from ſomething more than Friendſhip for her Father*; and therefore conjur'd her to tell him, whether he was not a Lover: *A Lover!* (reply'd *Atlante*) *I aſſure you, he is a perfect Antidote againſt that Paſſion:* And tho ſhe ſuffer'd his ugly Preſence now, ſhe ſhould loath and hate him, ſhould he but name Love to her.

She

She ſaid, ſhe believed ſhe need not fear any ſuch Perſecution, ſince he was a Man who was not at all amorous; that he had too much of the Satire in his Humour, to harbour any Softneſs there: and Nature had form'd his Body to his Mind, wholly unfit for Love. And that, he might ſet his Heart abſolutely at reſt, ſhe aſſur'd him her Father had never yet propos'd any Marriage to her, tho many advantageous ones were offer'd him every day.

The Sails being turned to carry them back from whence they came; after having diſcourſed of a thouſand things, and all of Love and Contrivance, to carry on their mutual Deſign, they with Sighs parted; *Rinaldo* ſtaying behind in the Pleaſure-Boat, and they going a-ſhore in the Wherry that attended: after which he caſt many an amorous and ſad Look, and perhaps was anſwer'd by thoſe of *Atlante*.

It was paſt Church-time two or three Hours, when they arrived at home, wholly unprepar'd with an Excuſe, ſo abſolutely was *Atlante*'s Soul poſſeſt with ſofter Buſineſs. The firſt Perſon they met was the Footman, who open'd the Door, and began to cry out how long he had waited in the Church, and how in vain; without giving them time to reply. *De Pais* came towards 'em, and with a frowning Look demanded where they had been? *Atlante*, who was not accuſtom'd to Excuſes and Untruth, was a while at a

ſtand;

ſtand; when *Charlot* with a Voice of Joy cry'd out, *Oh Sir! we have been a-board of a fine little Ship:* At this *Atlante* bluſh'd, fearing ſhe would tell the truth. But ſhe proceeded on, and ſaid, that they had not been above a Quarter of an Hour at Church, when the Lady ——, with ſome other Ladies and Cavaliers, were going out of the Church, and that ſpying them, they would needs have 'em go with 'em: My Siſter, Sir, continu'd ſhe, was very loth to go, for fear you ſhould be angry; but my Lady —— was ſo importunate with her on one ſide, and I on the other, becauſe I never ſaw a little Ship in my Life, that at laſt we prevail'd with her: therefore, good Sir, be not angry. He promiſed them he was not. And when they came in, they found Count *Vernole*, who had been inſpiring *de Pais* with Severity, and counſelled him to chide the young Ladies, for being too long abſent, under pretence of going to their Devotion. Nor was it enough for him to ſet the Father on, but himſelf with a Gravity, where Concern and Malice were both apparent, reproached *Atlante* with Levity; and told her, He believed ſhe had ſome other Motive than the Invitation of a Lady, to go on ſhip-board; and that ſhe had too many Lovers, not to make them doubt that this was a deſign'd thing; and that ſhe had heard Love from ſome one, for whom it was deſign'd. To this ſhe made but a ſhort

Reply,

Reply, That if it was ſo, ſhe had no reaſon to conceal it, ſince ſhe had Senſe enough to look after herſelf; and if any body had made love to her, he might be aſſur'd, it was ſome one whoſe Quality and Merit deſerved to be heard: and with a Look of Scorn, ſhe paſſed on to another Room, and left him ſilently raging within with Jealouſy: Which, if before ſhe tormented him, this Declaration increas'd it to a pitch not to be conceal'd. And this Day he ſaid ſo much to the Father, that he reſolv'd forthwith to ſend *Charlot* to a Nunnery: and accordingly the next day he bid her prepare to go. *Charlot*, who was not yet arrived to the Years of Diſtinction, did not much regret it; and having no Trouble but leaving her Siſter, ſhe prepared to go to a Nunnery, not many Streets from that where ſhe dwelt. The Lady Abbeſs was her Father's Kinſwoman, and had treated her very well, as often as ſhe came to viſit her: ſo that with Satisfaction enough, ſhe was condemned to a monaſtick Life, and was now going for her Probation-Year. *Atlante* was troubled at her departure, becauſe ſhe had no body to bring and to carry Letters between *Rinaldo* and ſhe: however, ſhe took her leave of her, and promis'd to come and ſee her as often as ſhe ſhould be permitted to go abroad; for ſhe fear'd now ſome Conſtraint extra-

extraordinary would be put upon her; and ſo it happened.

Atlante's Chamber was that to which the Balcony belong'd; and tho ſhe durſt not appear there in the day-time, ſhe could in the night, and that way give her Lover as many Hours of Converſation as ſhe pleaſed, without being perceiv'd: But how to give *Rinaldo* notice of this, ſhe could not tell; who not knowing *Charlot* was gone to a Monaſtery, waited many days at his Window to ſee her: at laſt, they neither of them knowing who to truſt with any Meſſage, one day, when he was, as uſual, upon his watch, he ſaw *Atlante* ſtep into the Balcony, who having a Letter, in which ſhe had put a piece of Lead, ſhe toſt it into his Window, whoſe Caſement was open, and run in again unperceived by any but himſelf. The Paper contain'd only this:

My Chamber is that which looks into the Balcony; from whence, tho I cannot converſe with you in the day, I can at night, when I am retired to go to bed: therefore be at your Window. Farewel.

There needed no more to make him a diligent Watcher: and accordingly ſhe was no ſooner retired to her Chamber, but ſhe would come into the Balcony, where ſhe fail'd not to ſee him attending at his Window. This happy Contrivance was thus carry'd

carry'd on for many nights, where they entertain'd one another with all the Endearment that two Hearts could dictate, who were perfectly united and aſſur'd of each other; and this pleaſing Converſation would often laſt till Day appear'd, and forced them to part.

But old *Bellyaurd* perceiving his Son frequent that Chamber more than uſual, fancy'd ſomething extraordinary muſt be the Cauſe of it; and one night asking for his Son, his Valet told him, he was gone into the great Chamber, ſo this was called: *Bellyaurd* asked the Valet what he did there; he told him he could not tell; for often he had lighted him thither, and that his Maſter would take the Candle from him at the Chamber-Door, and ſuffer him to go no farther. Tho the old Gentleman could not imagine what Affairs he could have alone every night in that Chamber, he had a Curioſity to ſee: and one unlucky night, putting off his Shoes, he came to the Door of the Chamber, which was open; he enter'd ſoftly, and ſaw the Candle ſet in the Chimney, and his Son at a great open Bay-Window: he ſtopt awhile to wait when he would turn, but finding him unmoveable, he advanced ſomething farther, and at laſt heard the ſoft Dialogue of Love between him and *Atlante*, whom he knew to be ſhe, by his often calling her by her Name in their Diſcourſe. He heard enough to

confirm

confirm him how Matters went; and unſeen as he came, he returned, full of Indignation, and thought how to prevent ſo great an Evil, as this Paſſion of his Son might produce: at firſt he thought to round him ſeverely in the Ear about it, and upbraid him for doing the only thing he had thought fit to forbid him; but then he thought that would but terrify him for awhile, and he would return again, where he had ſo great an Inclination, if he were near her; he therefore reſolves to ſend him to *Paris*, that by abſence he might forget the young Beauty that had charm'd his Youth. Therefore, without letting *Rinaldo* know the Reaſon, and without taking notice that he knew any thing of his Amour, he came to him one day, and told him all the Maſters he had for the improving him in noble Sciences were very dull, or very remiſs; and that he reſolved he ſhould go for a Year or two to the Academy at *Paris*. To this the Son made a thouſand Evaſions; but the Father was poſitive, and not to be perſuaded by all his Reaſons: And finding he ſhould abſolutely diſpleaſe him if he refus'd to go, and not daring to tell him the dear Cauſe of his Deſire to remain at *Orleans*, he therefore, with a breaking Heart, conſents to go, nay, reſolves it, tho it ſhould be his Death. But alas! he conſiders that this parting will not only prove the greateſt Torment upon Earth to

him,

him, but that *Atlante* will ſhare in his Miſfortunes alſo: This Thought gives him a double Torment, and yet he finds no way to evade it.

The Night that finiſhed this fatal Day, he goes again to his wonted Station, the Window; where he had not ſighed very long, but he ſaw *Atlante* enter the Balcony: He was not able a great while to ſpeak to her, or to utter one Word. The Night was light enough to ſee him at the wonted Place; and ſhe admires at his Silence, and demands the Reaſon in ſuch obliging Terms as adds to his Grief; and he, with a deep Sigh, reply'd, *Urge me not, my fair* Atlante, *to ſpeak, leſt by obeying you I give you more cauſe of Grief than my Silence is capable of doing:* and then ſighing again, he held his peace, and gave her leave to ask the Cauſe of theſe laſt Words. But when he made no reply but by ſighing, ſhe imagin'd it much worſe than indeed it was; and with a trembling and fainting Voice, ſhe cried, *Oh!* Rinaldo, *give me leave to divine that cruel News you are ſo unwilling to tell me: It is ſo,* added ſhe, *you are deſtin'd to ſome more fortunate Maid than* Atlante. At this Tears ſtopp'd her Speech, and ſhe could utter no more. *No, my deareſt Charmer* (reply'd *Rinaldo*, elevating his Voice) *if that were all, you ſhould ſee with what Fortitude I would die, rather than obey any ſuch Commands. I am vow'd yours to the laſt Moment of my Life;*

and

and will be yours in ſpite of all the Oppoſition in the World: that Cruelty I could evade, but cannot this that threatens me. Ah! (cried *Atlante*) *let Fate do her worſt, ſo ſhe ſtill continue* Rinaldo *mine, and keep that Faith he hath ſworn to me entire: What can ſhe do beſide that can afflict me? She can ſeparate me* (cried he) *for ſome time from* Atlante. *Oh!* (reply'd ſhe) *all Misfortunes fall ſo below that which I firſt imagined, that methinks I do not reſent this, as I ſhould otherwiſe have done: but I know, when I have a little more conſider'd it, I ſhall even die with the Grief of it; Abſence being ſo great an Enemy to Love, and making us ſoon forget the Object belov'd: This, tho I never experienc'd, I have heard, and fear it may be my Fate.* He then convinc'd her Fear with a thouſand new Vows, and a thouſand Imprecations of Conſtancy. She then asked him, *If their Loves were diſcover'd, that he was with ſuch haſte to depart?* He told her, *Nothing of that was the Cauſe; and he could almoſt wiſh it were diſcover'd, ſince he could reſolutely then refuſe to go: but it was only to cultivate his Mind more effectually than he could do here; 'twas the Care of his Father to accompliſh him the more; and therefore he could not contradict it. But* (ſaid he) *I am not ſent where Seas ſhall part us, nor vaſt Diſtances of Earth, but to* Paris, *from whence he might come in two Days to ſee her again; and that he would expect from that Balcony, that had given him ſo many happy*

Moments,

Moments, many more when he ſhould come to ſee her. He beſought her to ſend him away with all the Satisfaction ſhe could, which ſhe could no otherwiſe do, than by giving him new Aſſurances that ſhe would never give away that Right he had in her to any other Lover: She vows this with innumerable Tears; and is almoſt angry with him for queſtioning her Faith. He tells her he has but one Night more to ſtay, and his Grief would be unſpeakable, if he ſhould not be able to take a better leave of her, than at a Window; and that, if ſhe would give him leave, he would by a Rope or two, tied together, ſo as it may ſerve for Steps, aſcend her Balcony; he not having time to provide a Ladder of Ropes. She tells him ſhe has ſo great a Confidence in his Vertue and Love, that ſhe will refuſe him nothing, tho it would be a very bold Venture for a Maid, to truſt her ſelf with a paſſionate young Man, in ſilence of Night: and tho ſhe did not extort a Vow from him to ſecure her, ſhe expected he would have a care of her Honour. He ſwore to her, his Love was too religious for ſo baſe an Attempt. There needed not many Vows to confirm her Faith; and it was agreed on between them, that he ſhould come the next night into her Chamber.

It happen'd that night, as it often did, that Count *Verhole* lay with Monſieur *de Pais*,

Pair, which was in a Ground-Room, juſt under that of *Atlante's*. As ſoon as ſhe knew all were in bed, ſhe gave the word to *Rinaldo*, who was attending with the Impatience of a paſſionate Lover below, under the Window; and who no ſooner heard the Balcony open, but he aſcended with ſome difficulty, and enter'd the Chamber, where he found *Atlante* trembling with Joy and Fear: He throws himſelf at her feet, as unable to ſpeak as ſhe; who nothing but bluſhed and bent down her Eyes, hardly daring to glance them towards the dear Object of her Deſires, the Lord of all her Vows: She was aſham'd to ſee a Man in her Chamber, where yet none had ever been alone, and by night too. He ſaw her Fear, and felt her trembling; and after a thouſand Sighs of Love had made way for Speech, he beſought her to fear nothing from him, for his Flame was too ſacred, and his Paſſion too holy to offer any thing but what Honour with Love might afford him. At laſt he brought her to ſome Courage, and the Roſes of her fair Cheeks aſſum'd their wonted Colour, not bluſhing too red, nor languiſhing too pale. But when the Converſation began between them, it was the ſofteſt in the world: They ſaid all that parting Lovers could ſay; all that Wit and Tenderneſs could expreſs: They exchanged their Vows anew; and to confirm his, he tied a Bracelet of Diamonds about

about her Arm, and ſhe returned him one of her Hair, which he had long begged, and ſhe had on purpoſe made, which claſped together with Diamonds; this ſhe put about his Arm, and he ſwore to carry it to his Grave. The Night was far ſpent in tender Vows, ſoft Sighs and Tears on both ſides, and it was high time to part: but, as if Death had been to have arrived to them in that minute, they both linger'd away the time, like Lovers who had forgot themſelves; and the Day was near approaching when he bid farewel, which he repeated very often: for ſtill he was interrupted by ſome commanding Softneſs from *Atlante*, and then loſt all his Power of going; till ſhe, more courageous and careful of his Intereſt and her own Fame, forc'd him from her: and it was happy ſhe did, for he was no ſooner got over the Balcony, and ſhe had flung him down his Rope, and ſhut the Door, but *Vernole*, whom Love and Contrivance kept waking, fancy'd ſeveral times he heard a noiſe in *Atlante*'s Chamber. And whether in paſſing over the Balcony, *Rinaldo* made any noiſe or not, or whether it were ſtill his jealous Fancy, he came up in his Night-Gown, with a Piſtol in his Hand. *Atlante* was not ſo much loſt in Grief, tho ſhe were all in Tears, but ſhe heard a Man come up, and imagin'd it had been her Father, ſhe not knowing of Count *Vernole*'s lying in the

Houſe that Night; if ſhe had, ſhe poſſibly had taken more care to have been ſilent: but whoever it was, ſhe could not get to b d ſoon enough, and therefore turn'd her ſelf to her Dreſſing-Table, where a Candle ſtood, and where lay a Book open of the Story of *Ariadne* and *Theſeus*. The Count turning the Latch, enter'd halting into her Chamber in his Night-Gown clapped cloſe about him, which betray'd an *ill-favour'd* Shape, his Night-Cap on, without a Perriwig, which diſcover'd all his lean wither'd Jaws, his pale Face, and his Eyes ſtaring; and made altogether ſo dreadful a Figure, that *Atlante*, who no more dreamt of him than of a Devil, had poſſibly have rather ſeen the laſt. She gave a great Shriek, which frighted *Vernole*; ſo both ſtood for a while ſtaring on each other, till both were recollected: He told her the Care of her Honour had brought him thither; and then rolling his ſmall Eyes round the Chamber, to ſee if he could diſcover any body, he proceeded, a[illegible] cry'd *Madam, if I had no other Motive [illegible] being up at this time of Night, or Day, I could eaſily gueſs how you ha[illegible] tertain'd. What Inſolence is this* all in a rage) *when to cover your approaching my Chamber at this would queſtion how I have been Either explain your ſelf, or quit m[illegible] for I do not uſe to ſee ſuch terrible C[illegible]*

Poſſibly thoſe you do ſee (ſaid the Count) *are indeed more agreeable, but I am afraid have not that regard to your Honour as I have:* And at that word he ſtepped to the Balcony, open'd it, and looked out; but ſeeing no body, he ſhut it to again. This enraged *Atlante* beyond all patience; and ſnatching the Piſtol out of his Hand, ſhe told him, *He deſerved to have it aimed at his Head, for having the Impudence to queſtion her Honour, or her Conduct; and commanded him to avoid her Chamber as he lov'd his Life, which ſhe believ'd he was fonder of than of her Honour.* She ſpeaking this in a Tone wholly tranſported with Rage, and at the ſame time holding the Piſtol towards him, made him tremble with Fear; and he now found, whether ſhe were guilty or not, it was his turn to beg pardon: For you muſt know, however it came to paſs that his Jealouſy made him come up in that fierce poſture, at other times *Vernole* was the moſt tame and paſſive Man in the World, and one who was afraid of his own Shadow in the night: He had a natural Averſion for Danger, and thought it below a Man of Wit, or common Senſe, to be guilty of that brutal thing, called Courage or Fighting: His Philoſophy told him, *It was ſafe ſleeping in a whole Skin*; and poſſibly he apprehended as much Danger from this *Virago*, as ever he did from his own Sex. He therefore fell on his knees, and be-

ſought her to hold her fair hand, and not to ſuffer that, which was the greateſt Mark of his Reſpect, to be the Cauſe of her Hate or Indignation. The pitiful Faces he made, and the Signs of mortal Fear in him, had almoſt made her laugh, at leaſt it allay'd her Anger; and ſhe bid him riſe and play the fool hereafter ſomewhere elſe, and not in her preſence: yet for once ſhe would deign to give him this Satisfaction, that ſhe was got into a Book, which had many moving Stories very well writ; and that ſhe found her ſelf ſo well entertain'd, ſhe had forgot how the night paſſed. He moſt humbly thanked her for this Satisfaction, and retired, perhaps not ſo well ſatisfied as he pretended.

After this, he appear'd more ſubmiſſive and reſpectful towards *Atlante*; and ſhe carry'd herſelf more reſerv'd and haughty towards him; which was one Reaſon, he would not yet diſcover his Paſſion.

Thus the time run on at *Orleans*, while *Rinaldo* found himſelf daily languiſhing at *Paris*. He was indeed in the beſt Academy in the City, amongſt a number of brave and noble Youths, where all things that could accompliſh them, were to be learn'd by thoſe that had any Genius; but *Rinaldo* had other Thoughts, and other Buſineſs: his time was wholly paſt in the moſt ſolitary Parts of the Garden, by the melancholy Fountains, and in the moſt gloomy Shades,

Shades, where he could with moſt liberty breathe out his Paſſion and his Griefs. He was paſt the Tutorage of a Boy; and his Maſters could not upbraid him, but found he had ſome ſecret Cauſe of Grief, which made him not mind theſe Exerciſes, which were the Delight of the reſt: ſo that nothing being able to divert his Melancholy, which daily increaſed upon him, he fear'd it would bring him into a Fever, if he did not give himſelf the Satisfaction of ſeeing *Atlante*. He had no ſooner thought of this, but he was impatient to put it in execution; he reſolved to go (having very good Horſes) without acquainting any of his Servants with it. He got a very handſom and light Ladder of Ropes made, which he carry'd under his Coat, and away he rid for *Orleans*, ſtay'd at a little Village, till the Darkneſs of the Night might favour his Deſign: And then walking about *Atlante*'s Lodgings, till he ſaw a Light in her Chamber, and then making that noiſe on his Sword, as was agreed between them; he was heard by his adorable *Atlante*, and ſuffer'd to mount her Chamber, where he would ſtay till almoſt break of Day, and then return to the Village, and take horſe, and away for *Paris* again. This, once in a Month, was his Exerciſe, without which he could not live; ſo that his whole Year was paſt in riding between

Orleans and *Paris*, between exceſs of Grief, and exceſs of Joy by turns.

It was now that *Atlante*, arrived to her fifteenth Year, ſhone out with a Luſtre of Beauty greater than ever; and in this Year, in the abſence of *Rinaldo*, had carry'd herſelf with that Severity of Life, without the youthful Deſire of going abroad, or deſiring any Diverſion, but what ſhe found in her own retired Thoughts, that *Vernole*, wholly unable longer to conceal his Paſſion, reſolv'd to make a Publication of it, firſt to the Father, and then to the lovely Daughter, of whom he had ſome hope, becauſe ſhe had carry'd her ſelf very well towards him for this year paſt; which ſhe would never have done, if ſhe had imagin'd he would ever have been her Lover: She had ſeen no ſigns of any ſuch Misfortune towards her in theſe many Years he had converſed with her, and ſhe had no cauſe to fear him. When one day her Father taking her into the Garden, told her what Honour and Happineſs was in ſtore for her; and that now the Glory of his fall'n Family would riſe again, ſince ſhe had a Lover of an illuſtrious Blood, allay'd to Monarchs; and one whoſe Fortune was newly encreaſed to a very conſiderable degree, anſwerable to his Birth. She changed Colour at this Diſcourſe, imagining but too well who this illuſtrious Lover was; when *de Pais* proceeded and told her, [illegible]

deed his Perſon was not the moſt agreeable that ever was ſeen; but he marry'd her to Glory and Fortune, not the Man: And a Woman (ſays he) *ought to look no farther.*

She needed not any more to inform her who this intended Husband was; and therefore, burſting forth into Tears, ſhe throws her ſelf at his Feet, imploring him not to uſe the Authority of a Father, to force her to a thing ſo contrary to her Inclination: aſſuring him, ſhe could not conſent to any ſuch thing; and that ſhe would rather die than yield. She urged many Arguments for this her Diſobedience; but none would paſs for current with the old Gentleman, whoſe Pride had flatter'd him with hopes of ſo conſiderable a Son-in-law: He was very much ſurpriz'd at *Atlante*'s refuſing what he believ'd ſhe would receive with Joy; and finding that no Arguments on his Side could draw hers to an obedient Conſent, he grew to ſuch a Rage, as very rarely poſſeſt him: vowing, if ſhe did not conform her Will to his, he would abandon her to all the Cruelty of Contempt and Poverty; ſo that at laſt ſhe was forced to return him this Anſwer, *That ſhe would ſtrive all ſhe could with her Heart; but ſhe verily believed ſhe ſhould never bring it to conſent to a Marriage with Monſieur the Count.* The Father continued threatning her, and gave her ſome Days to conſider of it: So leaving her in Tears, he returned to his Chamber,

to conſider what Anſwer he ſhould give Count *Vernole*, who he knew would be impatient to learn what Succeſs he had, and what himſelf was to hope. *De Pais*, after ſome Conſideration, reſolved to tell him, ſhe receiv'd the Offer very well, but that he muſt expect a little Maiden-Nicety in the Caſe: and accordingly did tell him ſo; and he was not at all doubtful of his good Fortune.

But *Atlante*, who reſolv'd to die a thouſand Deaths rather than break her ſolemn Vows to *Rinaldo*, or to marry the Count, caſt about how ſhe ſhould avoid it with the leaſt hazard of her Father's Rage. She found *Rinaldo* the better and more advantageous Match of the two, could they but get his Father's Conſent: He was beautiful and young; his Title was equal to that of *Vernole*, when his Father ſhould die; and his Eſtate exceeded his: yet ſhe dares not make a Diſcovery, for fear ſhe ſhould injure her Lover; who at this Time, though ſhe knew it not, lay ſick of a Fever, while ſhe was wondring that he came not as he uſed to do. However ſhe reſolves to ſend him a Letter, and acquaint him with the Misfortune; which ſhe did in theſe Terms.

Atlante *to* Rinaldo.

MY Father's *Authority would force me to violate my ſacred Vows to you, and give them to the Count* Vernole, *whom I*

tally hate, yet could wiſh him the greateſt Monarch in the World, that I might ſhew you I could even then deſpiſe him for your Sake. My Father is already too much enraged by my Denial, to hear Reaſon from me, if I ſhould confeſs to him my Vows to you: So that I ſee nothing but a Proſpect of Death before me; for aſſure your ſelf, my Rinaldo, *I will die rather than conſent to marry any other: Therefore come my* Rinaldo, *and come quickly, to ſee my Funerals, inſtead of thoſe Nuptials they vainly expect from*

Your Faithful

ATLANTE.

This Letter *Rinaldo* receiv'd; and there needed no more to make him fly to *Orleans:* This raiſed him ſoon from his Bed of Sickneſs, and getting immediately to horſe, he arrived at his Father's Houſe; who did not ſo much admire to ſee him, becauſe he heard he was ſick of a Fever, and gave him leave to return, if he pleas'd: He went directly to his Father's Houſe, becauſe he knew ſomewhat of the Buſineſs, he was reſolv'd to make his Paſſion known, as ſoon as he had ſeen *Atlante*, from whom he was to take all his Meaſures: He therefore fail'd not, when all were in Bed, to riſe and go from his Chamber into the Street; where finding a Light in *Atlante*'s Chamber, for ſhe every Night expected him, he made the uſual Sign, and ſhe went into the Balcony;

and he having no Conveniency of mounting up into it, they diſcourſed, and ſaid all they had to ſay. From thence ſhe tells him of the Count's Paſſions, of her Father's Reſolution, and that her own was rather to die his, than live any Body's elſe: And at laſt, as their Refuge, they reſolv'd to diſcover the whole Matter; ſhe to her Father, and he to his, to ſee what Accommodation they could make; if not, to die together. They parted at this Reſolve, for ſhe would permit him no longer to ſtay in the Street after ſuch a Sickneſs; ſo he went home to bed, but not to ſleep.

The next Day, at Dinner, *Monſieur Bellyaurd* believing his Son abſolutely cur'd, by abſence, of his Paſſion; and ſpeaking of all the News in the Town among the reſt, told him he was come in good time to dance at the Wedding of Count *Vernole* with *Atlante*, the Match being agreed on: *No, Sir,* (reply'd Rinaldo) *I ſhall never dance at the Marriage of Count* Vernole *with* Atlante; *and you will ſee in Monſieur* de Pais's *Houſe a Funeral ſooner than a Wedding.* And thereupon he told his Father all his Paſſion for that lovely Maid; and aſſur'd him, if he would not ſee him laid in his Grave, he muſt conſent to this Match. *Bellyaurd* roſe in a Fury, and told him, *He had rather ſee him in his Grave, than in the Arms of* Atlante: *Not* (continued he) *ſo much for any diſlike I have to the young Lady, or the Sweetneſs*

neſs of her Fortune; but becauſe I have ſo long warn'd you from ſuch a Paſſion, and have with ſuch care endeavour'd by your Abſence to prevent it. He travers'd the Room very faſt, ſtill proteſting againſt this Alliance; and was deaf to all *Rinaldo* could ſay. On the other ſide the Day being come, wherein *Atlante* was to give her final Anſwer to her Father concerning her Marriage with Count *Vernole*; ſhe aſſum'd all the Courage and Reſolution ſhe could to withſtand the Storm that threatned a Denial. And her Father came to her, and demanding her Anſwer, ſhe told him, *She could not be the Wife of* Vernole, *ſince ſhe was Wife to* Rinaldo, *only Son to* Bellyaurd. If her Father ſtorm'd before, he grew like a Man diſtracted at her Confeſſion; and *Vernole* hearing them loud, ran to the Chamber to learn the Cauſe; where juſt as he enter'd he found *De Pais*'s Sword drawn, and ready to kill his Daughter, who lay all in Tears at his Feet. He with-held his Hand; and asking the Cauſe of his Rage, he was told all that *Atlante* had confeſs'd; which put *Vernole* quite beſide all his Gravity, and made him diſcover the Infirmity of Anger, which he uſed to ſay ought to be diſſembled by all wiſe Men: So that *De Pais* forgot his own to appeaſe his, but 'twas in vain, for he went out of the Houſe, vowing Revenge to *Rinaldo*: And to that end, being not very well aſſur'd of his own Courage, as I ſaid before, and

being

being of the Opinion, that no Man ought to expoſe his Life to him who has injur'd him; he hired *Swiſs* and *Spaniſh* Soldiers to attend him in the nature of Footmen; and watch'd ſeveral Nights about *Bellyaurd*'s Door, and that of *De Pais*'s, believing he ſhould ſome time or other ſee him under the Window of *Atlante*, or perhaps mounting into it: for now he no longer doubted, but this happy Lover was he, whom he fancy'd he heard go from the Balcony that Night he came up with his Piſtol; and being more a *Spaniard* than a *Frenchman* in his Nature, he reſolv'd to take him any way unguarded or unarm'd, if he came in his way.

Atlante, who heard his Threatnings when he went from her in a Rage, fear'd his Cowardice might put him on ſome baſe Action, to deprive *Rinaldo* of his Life; and therefore thought it not ſafe to ſuffer him to come to her by Night, as he had before done; but ſent him word in a Note, that he ſhould forbear her Window, for *Vernole* had ſworn his Death. This Note came, unſeen by his Father, to his Hands: but this could not hinder him from coming to her Window, which he did as ſoon as it was dark: he came thither, only attended with his Valet, and two Footmen; for now he car'd not who knew the Secret. He had no ſooner made the Sign, but he found himſelf incompaſs'd with *Vernole*'s Bravoes; and himſelf

himſelf ſtanding at a diſtance cry'd out, *That is he:* With that they all drew on both ſides, and *Rinaldo* receiv'd a Wound in his Arm. *Atlante* heard this, and ran crying out, *That* Rinaldo *preſt by Numbers, would be kill'd.* *De Pais*, who was reading in his Cloſet, took his Sword, and ran out; and, contrary to all Expectation, ſeeing *Rinaldo* fighting with his Back to the Door, pull'd him into the Houſe, and fought himſelf with the Bravoes: who being very much wounded by *Rinaldo*, gave ground, and ſheer'd off; and *De Pais*, putting up old *Bilbo* into the Scabbard, went into his Houſe, where he found *Rinaldo* almoſt fainting with loſs of Blood, and *Atlante*, with her Maids, binding up his Wound; to whom *De Pais* ſaid, *This Charity*, Atlante, *very well becomes you, and is what I can allow you; and I could wiſh you had no other Motive for this Action.* *Rinaldo* by degrees recover'd of his Fainting, and as well as his Weakneſs would permit him, he got up and made a low Reverence to *De Pais*, telling him, *He had now a double Obligation to pay him all the Reſpect in the World; firſt, for his being the Father of* Atlante; *and ſecondly, for being the Preſerver of his Life: two Tyes that ſhould eternally oblige him to love and honour him, as his own Parent.* *De Pais* reply'd, *He had done nothing but what common Humanity compell'd him to: But if he would make good that Reſpect he profeſs'd towards him, it muſt be in*

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quitting all Hopes of Atlante, *whom he had deſtin'd to another, or an eternal Incloſure in a Monaſtery: He had another Daughter, whom if he would think worthy of his Regard, he ſhould take his Alliance as a very great Honour; but his Word and Reputation, nay his Vows were paſt, to give* Atlante *to Count* Vernole. *Rinaldo*, who before he ſpoke took meaſure from *Atlante*'s Eyes, which told him her Heart was his, return'd this Anſwer to *De Pais*, *That he was infinitely glad to find by the Generoſity of his Offer, that he had no Averſion againſt his being his Son-in-law; and that, next to* Atlante, *the greateſt Happineſs he could wiſh would be his receiving* Charlot *from his Hands: but that he could not think of quitting* Atlante, *how neceſſary ſoever it would be, for Glory, and his—— (the further) Repoſe.* *De Pais* would not let him at this time argue the matter further, ſeeing he was ill, and had need of looking after; he therefore begg'd he would for his Health's ſake retire to his own Houſe, whither he himſelf conducted him, and left him to the care of his Men, who were eſcap'd the Fray; and returning to his own Chamber, he found *Atlante* retir'd, and ſo he went to bed full of Thoughts. This Night had increas'd his Eſteem for *Rinaldo*, and leſſen'd it for Count *Vernole*; but his Word and Honour being paſt, he could not break it, neither with Safety nor Honour for he knew the haughty reſenting Nature of the Count

Count, and he fear'd ſome danger might arrive to the brave *Rinaldo*, which troubled him very much. At laſt he reſolv'd, that neither might take any thing ill at his hands, to loſe *Atlante*, and ſend her to the Monaſtery where her Siſter was, and compel her to be a Nun. This he thought would prevent Miſchiefs on both ſides; and accordingly, the next Day, (having in the Morning ſent word to the Lady Abbeſs what he would have done) he carries *Atlante*, under pretence of viſiting her Siſter, (which they often did) to the Monaſtery, where ſhe was no ſooner come, but ſhe was led into the Incloſure: Her Father had rather ſacrifice her, than ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of the Murder of two ſuch noble Men as *Vernole* and *Rinaldo*.

The Noiſe of *Atlante*'s being inclos'd, was ſoon ſpread all over the buſy Town, and *Rinaldo* was not the laſt to whom the News arriv'd: He was for a few Days confin'd to his Chamber; where, when alone, he rav'd like a Man diſtracted: But his Wounds had ſo incens'd his Father againſt *Atlante*, that he ſwore he would ſee his Son die of them, rather than ſuffer him to marry *Atlante*; and was extremely overjoy'd to find ſhe was condemn'd, for ever, to the Monaſtery. So that the Son thought it the wiſeſt Courſe, and moſt for the advantage of his Love, to ſay nothing to contradict his Father; but being almoſt aſſur'd *Atlante* would never conſent to be ſhut up

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in a Cloyſter, and abandon him, himſelf with hope, that he ſho from thence, and marry her i oppoſition. This he was imp in practice: He believ'd, if permitted to ſee *Atlante*, he ha Advocate in *Charlot*, who was to her Thirteenth Year, and i vanc'd in Wit and Beauty. *R* fore often goes to the Monaſtery, ſurrounding it, to ſee what poſſibility there was of accompliſhing his Deſign; if he could get her conſent, he finds it not impoſſible, and goes to viſit *Charlot*; who had command not to ſee him, or ſpeak to him. This was a Cruelty he look'd not for, and which gave him an unſpeakable Trouble, and without her aid it was wholly impoſſible to give *Atlante* any account of his Deſign. In this Perplexity he remain'd many Days, in which he languiſh'd almoſt to death; he was diſtracted with Thought, and continually hovering about the Nunnery-Walls, in hope, at ſome time or other, to ſee or hear from that lovely Maid, who alone could make his Happineſs. In theſe Traverſes he often met *Vernole*, who had liberty to ſee her when he pleas'd: It happen'd that they chanc'd to meet in the day-time, tho *Vernole* was attended with an Equipage of Ruffians, and *Rin* but only with a couple of Footmen, he could perceive *Vernole* ſhun him, grow

moſt tremble with Fear ſometimes, and get to the other ſide of the Street; and if he did not, *Rinaldo* having a mortal hate to him, would often bear up ſo cloſe to him, that he would joſtle him againſt the Wall, which *Vernole* would patiently put up, and paſs on; ſo that he could never be provok'd to fight by Day-light, how ſolitary ſoever the place was where they met: but if they chanc'd to meet at Night, they were certain of a Skirmiſh, in which he would have no part himſelf; ſo that *Rinaldo* was often like to be aſſaſſinated, but ſtill came off with ſome ſlight Wound. This continu'd ſo long, and made ſo great a Noiſe in the Town, that the two old Gentlemen were mightily alarm'd by it; and Count *Bellyaurd* came to *De Pais*, one day, to diſcourſe with him of this Affair; and *Bellyaurd*, for the Preſervation of his Son, was almoſt conſenting, ſince there was no Remedy, that he ſhould marry *Atlante*. *De Pais* confeſs'd the Honour he proffer'd him, and how troubled he was, that his Word was already paſt to his Friend, the Count *Vernole*, whom he ſaid ſhe ſhould marry, or remain for ever a Nun; but if *Rinaldo* could diſplace his Love from *Atlante*, and place it on *Charlot*, he ſhould gladly conſent to the Match. *Bellyaurd*, who would now do any thing for the Repoſe of his Son, tho he believ'd this Exchange would not paſs, yet reſolv'd to propoſe it, ſince by marrying him he took

him

him out of the danger of *Vernole*'s Aſſaſſinates, who would never leave him till they had diſpatch'd him, ſhould he marry *Atlante*.

While *Rinaldo* was contriving a thouſand ways to come to ſpeak to, or ſend Billets to *Atlante*, none of which could ſucceed without the Aid of *Charlot*, his Father came and propos'd this Agreement between *De Pais* and himſelf, to his Son. At firſt *Rinaldo* receiv'd it with a chang'd Countenance, and a breaking Heart; but ſwiftly turning from Thought to Thought, he conceiv'd this the only way to come at *Charlot*, and ſo conſequently at *Atlante*: he therefore, after ſome diſſembled Regret, conſents, with a ſad put-on Look: And *Charlot* had notice given her to ſee and entertain *Rinaldo*. As yet they had not told her the Reaſon; which her Father would tell her, when he came to viſit her, he ſaid. *Rinaldo* over-joy'd at this Contrivance, and his own Diſſimulation, goes to the Monaſtery, and viſits *Charlot*; where he ought to have ſaid ſomething of this Propoſition: but wholly bent upon other Thoughts, he ſollicits her to convey ſome Letters, and Preſents to *Atlante*; which ſhe readily did, to the unſpeakable Joy of the poor Diſtreſt. Sometimes he would talk to *Charlot* of her own Affairs; asking her, if ſhe reſolv'd to become a Nun? To which ſhe would ſigh, and ſay, If ſhe muſt it would be extremely againſt her Inclinations; and, if it pleas'd

her

her Father, ſhe had rather begin the World with any tolerable Match.

Things paſt thus for ſome Days, in which our Lovers were happy, and *Vernole* aſſur'd he ſhould have *Atlante*. But at laſt *De Pais* came to viſit *Charlot*, who ask'd her, if ſhe had ſeen *Rinaldo*? She anſwer'd, *She had. And how does he entertain you?* (reply'd *De Pais*) *Have you receiv'd him as a Husband? and has he behav'd himſelf like one?* At this a ſudden Joy ſeiz'd the Heart of *Charlot*; and loth to confeſs what ſhe had done for him to her Siſter, ſhe hung down her bluſhing Face to ſtudy for an Anſwer. *De Pais* continued, and told her the Agreement between *Bellyaurd* and him, for the ſaving of Bloodſhed.

She, who bleſt the Cauſe, whatever it was, having always a great Friendſhip and Tenderneſs for *Rinaldo*, gave her Father a thouſand Thanks for his Care; and aſſur'd him, ſince ſhe was commanded by him, ſhe would receive him as her Husband.

And the next Day, when *Rinaldo* came to viſit her, as he us'd to do, and bringing a Letter with him, wherein he propos'd the ſight of *Atlante*; he found a Coldneſs in *Charlot*, as ſoon as he told her his Deſign, and deſir'd her to carry the Letter. He ask'd the Reaſon of this Change? She tells him ſhe was inform'd of the Agreement between their two Fathers, and that ſhe look'd upon herſelf as his Wife, and

would

would act no more as a Confident; that he had ever a violent Inclination of Friendſhip for him, which ſhe would ſoon improve into ſomething more ſoft.

He could not deny the Agreement, nor his Promiſe; but it was in vain to tell her he did it only to get a Correſpondence with *Atlante*: She is obſtinate, and he as preſſing, with all the Tenderneſs of Perſuaſion: He vows he can never be *any but Atlante's*, and ſhe may ſee him die, but never break his Vows. She urges her Claim in vain, ſo that at laſt ſhe was overcome, and promiſed ſhe would carry the Letter; which was to have her make her eſcape that Night. He waits at the Gate for her Anſwer, and *Charlot* returns with one that pleaſed him very well; which was, that Night her Siſter would make her eſcape, and that he muſt ſtand in ſuch a place of the Nunnery-Wall, and ſhe would come out to him.

After this ſhe upbraids him with *his* falſe Promiſe to her, and of *her* Goodneſs to ſerve him after ſuch a Diſappointment. He receives her Reproaches with a thouſand Sighs, and bemoans her Misfortune in not being capable of more than Friendſhip for her; and vows, that next *Atlante*, he eſteems her of all Womankind. She ſeems to be obliged by this, and aſſured him, ſhe would haſten the Flight of *Atlante*; and taking

taking leave, he went home to order a Coach, and ſome Servants to aſſiſt him.

In the mean time Count *Vernole* came to viſit *Atlante*; but ſhe refuſed to be ſeen by him: And all he could do there that Afternoon, was entertaining *Charlot* at the Grate; to whom he ſpoke a great many fine Things, both of her improved Beauty and Wit; and how happy *Rinaldo* would be in ſo fair a Bride. She received this with all the Civility that was due to his Quality; and their Diſcourſe being at an end, he took his leave, it being towards the Evening.

Rinaldo, wholly impatient, came betimes to the corner of the dead Wall, where he was appointed to ſtand, having ordered his Footmen and Coach to come to him as ſoon as it was dark. While he was there walking up and down, *Vernole* came by the end of the Wall to go home; and looking about, he ſaw, at the other end, *Rinaldo* walking, whoſe Back was towards him, but he knew him well; and tho he feared and dreaded his Buſineſs there, he durſt not encounter him, they being both attended but by one Footman a-piece. But *Vernole*'s Jealouſy and Indignation were ſo high, that he reſolved to fetch his Bravoes to his aid, and come and aſſault him: for he knew he waited there for ſome Meſſage from *Atlante*.

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In the mean time it grew dark *naldo*'s Coach came with another which were hardly arrived, whe with his Aſſiſtants, came to the the Wall, and skreening themſelv behind it, near to the Place wher ſtood, who waited now cloſe to Door, out of which the Gardener throw the Weeds and Dirt, *Vernole* perceive anon the Door to open, and a Woman come out of it, calling *Rinaldo* by his Name, who ſtept up to her, and caught her in his Arms with Signs of infinite Joy. *Vernole* being now all Rage, cry'd to his Aſſaſſinates, *Fall on, and kill the Raviſher:* And immediately they all fell on. *Rinaldo*, who had only his two Footmen on his ſide, was forc'd to let go the Lady; who would have run into the Garden again, but the Door fell to and lock'd: ſo that while *Rinaldo* was fighting, and beaten back by the Bravoes, one of which he laid dead at his Feet, *Vernole* came to the frighted Lady, and taking her by the Hand, cry'd, *Come, my fair Fugitive, you muſt go along with us.* She, wholly ſcar'd out of her Senſes, was willing to go any where out of the Terror ſhe heard ſo near her, and without reply, gave her ſelf into his Hand, who carried her directly to her Father's Houſe; where ſhe was no ſooner come, but he told her Father all that had paſt, and how ſhe was running away with *Rinaldo*, but that his good

good Fortune brought him juſt in the lucky Minute. Her Father turning to reproach her, found by the Light of a Candle that this was *Charlot*, and not *Atlante*, whom *Vernole* had brought home: At which *Vernole* was extremely aſtoniſh'd. Her Father demanded of her why ſhe was running away with a Man, who was deſign'd her by conſent? *Yes*, (ſaid *Charlot*) *you had his Conſent, Sir, and that of his Father; but I was far from getting it: I found he reſolv'd to die rather than quit* Atlante; *and promiſing him my Aſſiſtance in his Amour, ſince he could never be mine, he got me to carry a Letter to* Atlante; *which was, to deſire her to fly away with him. Inſtead of carrying her this Letter, I told her, he was deſign'd for me, and had cancell'd all his Vows to her: She ſwoon'd at this News; and being recover'd a little, I left her in the Hands of the Nuns, to perſuade her to live; which ſhe reſolves not to do without* Rinaldo. *Tho they preſs'd me, yet I reſolv'd to purſue my Deſign, which was to tell* Rinaldo *ſhe would obey his kind Summons. He waited for her; but I put my ſelf into his Hands in lieu of* Atlante; *and had not the Count receiv'd me, we had been marry'd by this time, by ſome falſe Light that could not have diſcover'd me: But I am ſatisfied, if I had, he would never have liv'd with me longer than the Cheat had been undiſcover'd; for I find them both reſolved to die, rather than change. And for my part, Sir, I was not ſo much in love with* Rinaldo,

naldo, *as I was out of love with the Nunnery; and took any Opportunity to quit a Life abſolutely contrary to my Humour.* She ſpoke this with a Gaiety ſo brisk, and an Air ſo agreeable, that *Vernole* found it touch'd his Heart; and the rather becauſe he found *Atlante* would never be his; or if ſhe were, he ſhould be ſtill in danger from the Reſentment of *Rinaldo*: he therefore bowing to *Charlot*, and taking her by the Hand, cry'd, *Madam, ſince Fortune has diſpos'd you thus luckily for me, in my Poſſeſſion, I humbly implore you would conſent ſhe ſhould make me entirely happy, and give me the Prize for which I fought, and have conquer'd with my Sword. My Lord,* (reply'd *Charlot*, with a modeſt Air) *I am ſuperſtitious enough to believe, ſince Fortune, ſo contrary to all our Deſigns, has given me into your Hands, that ſhe from the beginning deſtin'd me to the Honour, which, with my Father's Conſent, I ſhall receive as becomes me.* *De Pais* tranſported with Joy, to find all things would be ſo well brought about, it being all one to him, whether *Charlot* or *Atlante* gave him Count *Vernole* for his Son-in-law, readily conſented; and immediately a Prieſt was ſent for, and they were that Night marry'd. And it being now not above ſeven a-clock, many of their Friends were invited, the Muſick ſent for, and as good a Supper as ſo ſhort a time would provide, was made ready.

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All this was perform'd in as ſhort a time as *Rinaldo* was fighting; and having kill'd one, and wounded the reſt, they all fled before his conquering Sword, which was never drawn with ſo good a Will. When he came where his Coach ſtood, juſt againſt the Back-Garden-Door, he looked for his Miſtreſs: But the Coachman told him, he was no ſooner engaged, but a Man came, and with a thouſand Reproaches on her Levity, bore her off.

This made our young Lover rave; and he is ſatisfied ſhe is in the Hands of his Rival, and that he had been fighting, and ſhedding his Blood, only to ſecure her Flight with him. He loſt all Patience, and it was with much ado his Servants perſuaded him to return; telling him, in their Opinion, ſhe was more likely to get out of the Hands of his Rival, and come to him, than when ſhe was in the Monaſtery.

He ſuffers himſelf to go into his Coach and be carry'd home; but he was no ſooner alighted, than he heard Muſick and Noiſe at *De Pais*'s Houſe. He ſaw Coaches ſurround his Door, and Pages and Footmen, with Flambeaux. The Sight and Noiſe of Joy made him ready to ſink at the Door; and ſending his Footmen to learn the Cauſe of this Triumph, the Pages that waited told him, That Count *Vernole* was this Night married to Monſieur *De Pais*'s Daugh-

ter. He needed no more to deprive him of all Senſe; and ſtaggering againſt his Coach, he was caught by his Footmen and carried into his Houſe, and to his Chamber, where they put him to bed, all ſenſleſs as he was, and had much ado to recover him to Life. He aſk'd for his Father, with a faint Voice, for he deſir'd to ſee him before he died. It was told him he was gone to Count *Vernole*'s Wedding, where there was a perfect Peace agreed on between them, and all their Animoſities laid aſide. At this News *Rinaldo* fainted again; and his Servants call'd his Father home, and told him in what Condition they had brought home their Maſter, recounting to him all that was paſt. He haſten'd to *Rinaldo*, whom he found juſt recover'd of his Swooning; who, putting his Hand out to his Father, all cold and trembling, cry'd, *Well, Sir, now you are ſatisfied, ſince you have ſeen* Atlante *married to Count* Vernole, *I hope now you will give your unfortunate Son leave to die; as you wiſh'd he ſhould, rather than give him to the Arms of* Atlante. Here his Speech fail'd, and he fell again into a Fit of Swooning: His Father ready to die with fear of his Son's Death, kneel'd down by his Bed-ſide; and after having recover'd a little, he ſaid, *My dear Son, I have been indeed at the Wedding of Count* Vernole, *but 'tis not* Atlante *to whom he is married, but* Charlot

Charlot; *who was the Perſon you were bearing from the Monaſtery, inſtead of* Atlante, *who is ſtill reſerv'd for you, and ſhe is dying till ſhe hear you are reſerv'd for her: Therefore, as you regard her Life, make much of your own, and make your ſelf fit to receive her; for her Father and I have agreed the Marriage already.* And without giving him leave to think, he call'd to one of his Gentlemen, and ſent him to the Monaſtery, with this News to *Atlante*. *Rinaldo* bowed himſelf as low as he could in his Bed, and kiſs'd the Hand of his Father, with Tears of Joy: But his Weakneſs continued all the next Day; and they were fain to bring *Atlante* to him, to confirm his Happineſs.

It muſt only be gueſſed by Lovers, the perfect Joy theſe two receiv'd in the ſight of each other. *Bellyaurd* receiv'd her as his Daughter; and the next Day made her ſo with very great Solemnity, at which were *Vernole* and *Charlot*: Between *Rinaldo* and him was concluded a perfect Peace, and all thought themſelves happy in this double Union.

THE COURT OF THE King of *Bantam*.

THIS Money certainly is a moſt deviliſh Thing! I'm ſure the want of it had like to have ruin'd my dear *Philibella*, in her Love to *Valentine Goodland*; who was really a pretty deſerving Gentleman, Heir to about fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which, however, did not ſo much recommend him, as the Sweetneſs of his Temper, the Comelineſs of his Perſon, and the Excellency of his Parts: In all which Circumſtances my obliging Acquaintance equal'd him, unleſs in the Advantage of their Fortune. Old Sir *George Goodland* knew

knew of his Son's Paſſion for *Philibella*; and tho he was generous, and of a humour ſufficiently complying, yet he could by no means think it convenient, that his only Son ſhould marry with a young Lady of ſo ſlender a Fortune as my Friend, who had not above five hundred Pound, and that the Gift of her Uncle Sir *Philip Friendly*: tho her Vertue and Beauty might have deſerv'd, and have adorn'd the Throne of an *Alexander*, or a *Cæſar*.

Sir *Philip* himſelf, indeed, was but a younger Brother, tho of a good Family, and of a generous Education; which, with his Perſon, Bravery, and Wit, recommended him to his Lady *Philadelphia*, Widow of Sir *Bartholomew Banquier*, who left her poſſeſs'd of two thouſand Pounds *per Annum*, beſides twenty thouſand Pounds in Money and Jewels; which oblig'd him to get himſelf dubb'd, that ſhe might not deſcend to an inferior Quality. When he was in Town, he liv'd——let me ſee! in the *Strand*; or, as near as I can remember, ſomewhere about *Charing-Croſs*; where, firſt of all Mr. *Would-be-King*, a Gentleman of a large Eſtate in Houſes, Land and Money, of a haughty, extravagant and profuſe humour, very fond of every new Face, had the misfortuue to fall paſſionately in love with *Philibella*, who then liv'd with her Uncle.

This Mr. *Would-be* (it ſeems) had often been told, when he was yet a Stripling, either by one of his Nurſes, or his own Grandmother, or by ſome other Gipſy, that he ſhould infallibly be what his Sirname imply'd, a King, by Providence or Chance, e'er he dy'd, or never. This glorious Prophecy had ſo great an Influence on all his Thoughts and Actions, that he diſtributed and diſpers'd his Wealth ſometimes ſo largely, that one would have thought he had undoubtedly been King of ſome part of the *Indies*; to ſee a Preſent made to-day of a Diamond Ring, worth two or three hundred Pouuds, to Madam *Flippant*; to-morrow, a large Cheſt of the fineſt *China* to my Lady *Fleecewell*; and next day, perhaps, a rich Necklace of large Oriental Pearl, with a Locket to it of Saphires, Emeralds, Rubies, *&c.* to pretty Miſs *Ogleme*, for an amorous Glance, for a Smile, and (it may be, tho but rarely) for the mighty Bleſſing of one ſingle Kiſs. But ſuch were his Largeſſes, not to reckon his Treats, his Balls, and Serenades beſides, tho at the ſame time he had marry'd a virtuous Lady, and of good Quality: But her Relation to him (it may be fear'd) made her very diſagreeable: For a Man of his Humour and Eſtate can no more be ſatiſfy'd with one Woman, than with one Diſh of Meat; and, to ſay truth, 'tis ſomething unmodiſh.

unmodiſh. However, he might have dy'd a pure Celibate, and altogether unexpert of Women, had his good or bad Hopes only terminated in Sir *Philip*'s Niece. But the brave and haughty Mr. *Would-be* was not to be baulk'd by Appearances of Virtue, which he thought all Womankind only did affect; beſides, he promis'd himſelf the Victory over any Lady whom he attempted, by the force of his damn'd Money, tho her Vertue were ever ſo real and ſtrict.

With *Philibella* he found another pretty young Creature, very like her, who had been a *quondam* Miſtreſs to Sir *Philip*: He, with young *Goodland*, was then diverting his Miſtreſs and Nicce at a Game at Cards, when *Would-be* came to viſit him; he found 'em very merry, with a Flask or two of Claret before 'em, and Oranges roaſting by a large Fire, for it was *Chriſtmas-time*. The Lady *Friendly* underſtanding that this extraordinary Man was with Sir *Philip* in the Parlour, came in to 'em, to make the number of both Sexes equal, as well as in hopes to make up a Purſe of Guineas toward the purchaſe of ſome new fine Buſineſs that ſhe had in her Head, from his accuſtom'd deſign of loſing at play to her. Indeed, ſhe had part of her Wiſh, for ſhe got twenty Guineas of him; *Philibella* ten; and *Lucy*, Sir *Philip*'s quon-

dam, five: Not but that *Would-be* intended better Fortune to the young ones, than he did to Sir *Philip's* Lady; but her Ladyship was utterly unwilling to give him over to their Management, tho at the last, when they were all tir'd with the Cards, after *Would-be* had said as many obliging things as his present Genius would give him leave, to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, especially to the first, not forgetting his Basmains to the Lady *Friendly*, he bid the Knight and *Goodland* adieu; but with a Promise of repeating his Visit at six a-clock in the *Evening* on *Twelfth-day*, to renew the famous and antient Solemnity of chusing King and Queen; to which Sir *Philip* before invited him, with a Design yet unknown to you, I hope.

As soon as he was gone, every one made their Remarks on him, but with very little or no difference in all their Figures of him. In short, all Mankind, had they ever known him, would have universally agreed in this his Character, That he was an Original; since nothing in Humanity was ever so vain, so haughty, so profuse, so fond, and so ridiculously ambitious, as Mr. *Would-be King*. They laugh'd and talk'd about an Hour longer, and then young *Goodland* was oblig'd to see *Lucy* home in his Coach; tho he had rather have sat up all night in the same House with *Philibella*, I fancy, of whom he took but an unwilling leave; which was

ſible enough to every one there, ſince they were all acquainted with his Paſſion for my fair Friend.

About twelve a-clock on the Day prefix'd, young *Goodland* came to dine with Sir *Philip*, whom he found juſt return'd from Court, in a very good Humour. On the ſight of *Valentine*, the Knight ran to him, and embracing him, told him, That he had prevented his Wiſhes, in coming thither before he ſent for him, as he had juſt then deſign'd. The other return'd, that he therefore hoped he might be of ſome Service to him, by ſo happy a Prevention of his intended Kindneſs. No doubt (reply'd Sir *Philip*) the Kindneſs, I hope, will be to us both; I am aſſur'd it will, if you will act according to my Meaſures. I deſire no better Preſcriptions for my Happineſs (return'd *Valentine*) than what you ſhall pleaſe to ſet down to me: But is it neceſſary or convenient that I ſhould know 'em firſt? It is, (anſwer'd Sir *Philip*) let us ſit, and you ſhall underſtand 'em. —— I am very ſenſible (continued he) of your ſincere and honourable Affection and Pretenſion to my Niece, who, perhaps, is as dear to me as my own Child could be, had I one; nor am I ignorant how averſe Sir *George* your Father is to your Marriage with her, inſomuch that I am confident he would diſinherit you immediately upon it, merely for want of a

Fortune ſomewhat proportionable to your Eſtate: but I have now contriv'd the Means to add two or three thouſand Pounds to the five hundred I have deſign'd to give with her; I mean, if you marry her, *Val*, not otherwiſe; for I will not labour ſo for any other Man. What inviolable Obligations you put upon me! (cry'd *Goodland.*) No return, by way of Compliments, good *Val*, (ſaid the Knight:) Had I not engag'd to my Wife, before Marriage, that I would not diſpoſe of any part of what ſhe brought me, without her Conſent, I would certainly make *Philibella*'s Fortune anſwerable to your Eſtate: And beſides, my Wife is not yet full eight and twenty, and we may therefore expect Children of our own, which hinders me from propoſing any thing more for the Advantage of my Niece.—— But now to my Inſtructions;—— King will be here this Evening without fail, and, at ſome time or other to-night, will ſhew the Haughtineſs of his Temper to you, I doubt not, ſince you are in a manner a Stranger to him: Be ſure therefore you ſeem to quarrel with him before you part, but ſuffer as much as you can firſt from his Tongue; for I know he will give you Occaſions enough to exerciſe your paſſive Valour. I muſt appear his Friend, and you muſt retire home, if you pleaſe, for this night, but let me ſee you early as your Convenience will permit

to-

to-morrow: my late Friend *Lucy* muſt be my Niece too. Obſerve this, and leave the reſt to me. I ſhall moſt punctually, and will in all things be directed by you, (ſaid *Valentine.*) I had forgot to tell you (ſaid *Friendly)* that I have ſo order'd matters, that he muſt be King to-night, and *Lucy* Queen, by the Lots in the Cake. By all means (return'd *Goodland;)* it muſt be Majeſty.

Exactly at ſix a-clock came *Would-be* in his Coach and ſix, and found Sir *Philip*, and his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella*, and *Lucy* ready to receive him; *Lucy* as fine as a Dutcheſs, and almoſt as beautiful as ſhe was before her Fall. All things were in ample Order for his Entertainment. They play'd till Supper was ſerv'd in, which was between eight and nine. The Treat was very ſeaſonable and ſplendid. Juſt as the ſecond Courſe was ſet on the Table, they were all on a ſudden ſurpriz'd, except *Would-be*, with a Flouriſh of Violins, and other Inſtruments, which proceeded to entertain 'em with the beſt and neweſt Airs in the laſt new Plays, being then in the Year 1683. The Ladies were curious to know to whom they ow'd the chearful part of their Entertainment: On which he call'd out, Hey! *Tom Farmer! Aleworth! Eccles! Hall!* and the reſt of you! Here's a Health to theſe Ladies, and all this honorable Company.

pany. They bow'd; he drank, and commanded another Glaſs to be fill'd, into which he put ſomething yet better than the Wine, I mean, ten Guineas: *Here, Farmer*, (ſaid he then) this for you and your Friends. We humbly thank the honourable Mr. *Would-be King*. They all return'd, and ſtruck up with more Spritelineſs than before. For Gold and Wine, doubtleſs, are the beſt Roſin for Muſicians.

After Supper they took a hearty Glaſs or two to the King, Queen, Duke, *&c.* and then the mighty Cake, teeming with the Fate of this extraordinary Perſonage, was brought in, the Muſicians playing an Overture at the Entrance of the *Alimental Oracle*; which was then cut and conſulted, and the royal Bean and Pea fell to thoſe to whom Sir *Philip* had deſign'd 'em. 'Twas then the Knight began a merry Bumper, with three Huzza's, and, *Long live King* Would-be! to *Goodland*, who eccho'd and pledg'd him, putting the Glaſs about to the harmonious Attendants; while the Ladies drank their own Quantities among themſelves, to the *aforeſaid Majeſty*. Then of courſe you may believe Queen *Lucy*'s Health went merrily round, with the ſame Ceremony: After which he ſaluted his Royal Conſort, and condeſcended to do the ſame Honour to the two other Ladies.

Then

Then they fell a dancing, like Lightning; I mean, they mov'd as ſwift, and made almoſt as little noiſe: But his Majeſty was ſoon weary of that; for he long'd to be making love both to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, who (believe me) that Night might well enough have paſſed for a Queen.

They fell then to Queſtions and Commands; to croſs Purpoſes: *I think a Thought, what is it like?* &c. In all which, his *Would-be* Majeſty took the Opportunity of ſhewing the Excellency of his Parts, as, How fit he was to govern! How dextrous at mining and countermining! and, How he could reconcile the moſt contrary and diſtant Thoughts! The Muſick, at laſt, good as it was, grew troubleſome and too loud; which made him diſmiſs them: And then he began to this effect, addreſſing himſelf to *Philibella*, Madam, had Fortune been juſt, and were it poſſible that the World ſhould be govern'd and influenc'd by two Suns, undoubtedly we had all been Subjects to you, from this Night's Chance, as well as to that Lady, who indeed alone can equal you in the *Empire* of Beauty, which yet you ſhare with her Majeſty here preſent, who only could diſpute it with you, and is only ſuperior to you in Title. My Wife is infinitely oblig'd to your Majeſty, (interrupted Sir *Philip*) who in my Opinion, has greater Charms, and more than both of them together.

gether. You ought to think ſo, Sir *Phi*
(returned the new dubb'd King) howe
you ſhould not ſo liberally have expre
your ſelf, in oppoſition and derogation to
Majeſty: ——Let me tell you 'tis a ſaucy
Boldneſs that thus has loos'd your Tongue!
——What think you, young Kinſman and
Counſellor? (ſaid he to *Goodland.*) With all
Reſpect due to your ſacred Title, (return'd
Valentine, riſing and bowing) Sir *Philip*
ſpoke as became a truly affectionate Huſ-
band; and it had been Preſumption in him,
unpardonable, to have ſeem'd to prefer her
Majeſty, or that other ſweet Lady, in his
Thoughts, ſince your Majeſty has been
pleas'd to ſay ſo much and ſo particularly of
their Merits: 'Twould appear as if he
durſt lift up his Eyes, with Thoughts, too
near the Heaven you only would enjoy.
And only can deſerve, you ſhould have
ded, (ſaid *King*, no longer, *Would-be.*) H
may it pleaſe your Majeſty (cry'd *Frie*
both my Nieces! tho you deſerve ten th
ſand more, and better, would your Maj
enjoy them both? Are they then b
Nieces? (asked *Chance's* King) Y
Sir (return'd the Knight.) her Ma
the eldeſt, and in that Fortune ha
ſome Juſtice. So ſhe has (reply'd
lar Monarch:) My Lot is fair (pur
tho I can be bleſs'd but with one.

Le

Let Majeſty with Majeſty be join'd,
To get and leave a Race of Kings behind.

Come Madam (continued he, kiſſing *Lucy*) this, as an Earneſt of our future Endeavours. I fear (return'd the pretty Queen) your Majeſty will forget the unhappy *Statira*, when you return to the Embraces of your dear and beautiful *Roxana*. There is none beautiful but you (reply'd the titular King) unleſs this Lady, to whom I yet could pay my Vows moſt zealouſly, were't not that Fortune has thus pre-engaged me. But, Madam (continued he) to ſhew that ſtill you hold our Royal Favour, and that next to our Royal Conſort, we eſteem you, we greet you thus (kiſſing *Philibella*;) and as a Signal of our continued Love, wear this rich Diamond: (here he put a Diamond Ring on her Finger, worth three hundred Pounds.) Your Majeſty (purſu'd he to *Lucy*) may pleaſe to wear this Necklace, with this Locket of Emeralds. Your Majeſty is bounteous as a God! (ſaid *Valentine.*) Art thou in want, young Spark? (ask'd the King of *Bantam*) I'll give thee an Eſtate ſhall make thee merit the Miſtreſs of thy Vows, be ſhe who ſhe will. That is my other Niece, Sir, (cry'd *Friendly.*) How! how! preſumptuous Youth! How are thy Eyes and Thoughts exalted? ha! To Bliſs your Majeſty muſt

muſt never hope for, (reply'd *Go*
How now! thou Creature of th
Mold! Not hope for what thou doſt aſpire
to! *Mock-King*, thou canſt not, dar'ſt not,
ſhall not hope it, (return'd *Valentine* in a
heat.) Hold, *Val.* (cry'd Sir *Philip*) you
grow warm, forget your Duty to their
Majeſties, and abuſe your Friends, by ma-
king us ſuſpected. Good night, dear *Phi-
libella*, and my Queen! Madam, I am your
Ladyſhip's Servant (ſaid *Goodland*:) Fare-
wel Sir *Philip*: Adieu thou Pageant! thou
Property-King! I ſhall ſee thy Brother on
the Stage e'er long; but firſt I'll viſit thee:
and in the mean time, by way of return to
thy proffer'd Eſtate, I ſhall add a real Terri-
tory to the reſt of thy empty Titles; for
from thy Education, barbarous manner of
Converſation, and Complexion, I think I
may juſtly proclaim thee, *King of* Bantam—
So, *Hail, King that Wou'd-be! Hail, thou
King of* Chriſtmas! *All hail, Wou'd-be King
of* Bantam——and ſo he left 'em.——
They all ſeem'd amazed, and gaz
another, without ſpeaking a Syl
Sir *Philip* broke the Charm, and
Oh, the monſtrous Effects of Paſ
rather, Oh, the fooliſh Effects o
Education! (interrupted his M
Bantam.) For Paſſions were giv
Uſe, Reaſon to govern and dire
Uſe, and Education to cultivate a

that

that Reaſon. But (purſu'd he) for all his Impudence to me, which I ſhall take a time to correct, I am oblig'd to him, that at laſt he has found me out a Kingdom to my Title; and if I were Monarch of that Place (believe me, Ladies) I would make you all Princeſſes and Dutcheſſes;' and thou, my old Companion, *Friendly*, ſhouldſt rule the roaſt with me. But theſe Ladies ſhould be with us there, where we would erect Temples and Altars to 'em; build Golden Palaces of Love, and Caſtles——in the Air (interrupted her Majeſty, *Lucy* I. ſmiling.) 'Gad take me (cry'd King *Wou'd-be*) thou dear Partner of my Greatneſs, and ſhalt be, of all my Pleaſures! thy pretty ſatirical Obſervation has oblig'd me beyond Imitation. I think your Majeſty is got into a vein of Rhiming to-night, (ſaid *Philadelphia.*) Ay! Pox of that young inſipid Fop, we could elſe have been as great as an Emperor of *China*, and as witty as *Horace* in his Wine; but let him go, like a pragmatical, captious, giddy Fool as he is! I ſhall take a time to ſee him. Nay, Sir, (ſaid *Philibella*) he has promis'd your Majeſty a Viſit in our hearing. Come, Sir, I beg your Majeſty to pledge me this Glaſs to your long and happy Reign; laying aſide all thoughts of ungovern'd Youth: Beſides, this Diſcourſe muſt needs be ungrateful to her Majeſty, to whom, I fear, he will be marry'd within this

this Month. How! (cry'd *King and n*
married to my Queen! I muſt not,
ſuffer it! Pray reſtrain your ſelf a
Sir, (ſaid Sir *Philip*) and when once theſe Ladies have left us, I will diſcourſe your Majeſty further about this Buſineſs. Well, pray Sir *Philip*, (ſaid his Lady) let not your Worſhip be pleas'd to ſit up too long for his Majeſty: About five a-clock I ſhall expect you; 'tis your old Hour. And yours, Madam, to wake to receive me coming to bed —— Your Ladyſhip underſtands me, (return'd *Friendly*.) You're merry, my Love, you're merry, (cry'd *Philadelphia:*) Come Niece, to bed! to bed! Ay, (ſaid the Knight) Go, both of you and ſleep together, if you can, without the Thoughts of a Lover, or a Husband. His Majeſty was pleas'd to wiſh them a good Repoſe; and ſo, with a Kiſs, they parted for that Time.

Now we're alone (ſaid Sir *Philip*) let me aſſure you, Sir, I reſent this Affront done to you by Mr. *Goodland*, almoſt as highly as you can: and tho I can't wiſh that you ſhould take ſuch Satisfaction, as perhaps ſome other hotter Sparks would; yet let me ſay, his Miſcarriage ought not to go unpuniſh'd in him. Fear not (reply'd the other) I ſhall give him a ſharp Leſſon. No Sir (return'd *Friendly*) I would not have you think of a bloody Revenge; for 'tis that which poſſibly he deſigns on you: I know him brave

brave as any Man. However, were it convenient that the Sword ſhould determine betwixt you, you ſhould not want mine: The Affront is partly to me, ſince done in my Houſe; but I've already laid down ſafer meaſures for us, tho of more fatal Conſequence to him: that is, I've form'd them in my Thoughts. Diſmiſs your Coach and Equipage, all but one Servant, and I will diſcourſe it to you at large. 'Tis now paſt twelve; and if you pleaſe, I would invite you to take up as eaſy a Lodging here, as my Houſe will afford. (Accordingly they were diſmiſs'd, and he proceeded:) — As I hinted to you before, he is in love with my youngeſt Niece *Philibella*; but her Fortune not exceeding five hundred Pound, his Father will aſſuredly diſinherit him, if he marries her: tho he has given his Conſent that he ſhould marry her eldeſt Siſter, whoſe Father dying e'er he knew his Wife was with child of the youngeſt, left *Lucy* three thouſand Pounds, being as much as he thought convenient to match her handſomly, and accordingly the Nuptials of young *Godland* and *Lucy* are to be celebrated next *Sister*. They ſhall not, if I can hinder them (interrupted his offended Majeſty.) Never endeavour the Obſtruction (ſaid the Knight) for I'll ſhew you the way to a dearer Vengeance: Women are Women, your Majeſty knows; ſhe may be won to your Embraces

braces before that time, and then you antedate him your Creature. *A Cuckold*, you mean (cry'd King in *Fancy*:) O exquisite Revenge! but can you consent that I should attempt it? What is't to me? We live not in *Spain*, where all the Relations of the Family are oblig'd to vindicate a Whore: No, I would wound him in his most tender Part. But how shall we compass it? (ask'd t'other.) Why thus, throw away three thousand Pounds on the youngest Sister, as a Portion, to make her as happy as she can be in her new Lover Sir *Frederick Flygold*, an extravagant young Fop, and wholly given over to gaming; so, ten to one, but you may retrieve your Money of him, and have the two Sisters at your Devotion. Oh, thou my better Genius than that which was given to me by Heaven at my Birth! What Thanks, what Praises shall I return and sing to thee for this! (cry'd King *Conundrum*.) No Thanks, no Praises, I beseech [illegible] jesty, since in this I gratify my sel—— [illegible] think I am your Friend? and, you will agree to this? (said *Friendly*, by way of Question.) Most readily, (return'd the Fop King:) Would it were b[illegible] that I might send for the Money to my Ba[illegible] ker's; for in all my Life, in all my Frolicks, Encounters and Extravagances, I never had one so grateful, and so pleasant as this will be, if you are in earnest, to grat[illegible] both my

my Love and Revenge! That I am in earneſt, you will not doubt, when you ſee with what application I ſhall purſue my Deſign: In the mean time, *My Duty to your Majeſty; To our good Succeſs in this Affair.* While he drank, t'other return'd, *With all my Heart*; and pledg'd him. Then *Friendly* began afreſh: Leave the whole Management of this to me; only one thing more I think neceſſary, that you make a Preſent of five hundred Guineas to her Majeſty, the Bride that muſt be. By all means (return'd the wealthy King of *Bantam*;) I had ſo deſign'd before. Well Sir (ſaid Sir *Philip*) what think you of a ſet Party or two at *Piquet*, to paſs away a few Hours, till we can ſleep? A ſeaſonable and welcome Propoſition (return'd the King;) but I won't play above twenty Guineas the Game, and forty the Lurch. Agreed (ſaid *Friendly*;) firſt call in your Servant; mine is here already. The Slave came in, and they began, with unequal Fortune at firſt; for the Knight had loſt a hundred Guineas to Majeſty, which he paid in Specie; and then propos'd fifty Guineas the Game, and a hundred the Lurch, which t'other conſented; and without W[illegible]ing more than three Games, and thoſe no[illegible] together, made ſhift to get three thouſand two hundred Guineas in debt to Sir *Philip*; for which Majeſty was pleas'd to give

give him Bond, whether *Friendly* would or no,

Seal'd and deliver'd in the Preſence of,

The Mark of *(W.) Will. Watchful.*
And, *(S.) Sim. Slyboots.*

A couple of delicate Beagles, their mighty Attendants.

It was then about the Hour that Sir *Philip*'s (and, it may be, other Ladies) began to yawn and ſtretch; when the Spirits refreſh'd, troul'd about and tickled the Blood with Deſires of Action; which made Majeſty and Worſhip think of a Retreat to bed: where in leſs than half an Hour, or before ever he cou'd ſay his Prayers, I'm ſure the firſt fell faſt aſleep; but the laſt, perhaps, paid his accuſtom'd Devotion, e'er he begun his Progreſs to the Shadow of Death. However, he waked earlier than his Cully Majeſty, and got up to receive young *Goodland*, who came according to his Word, with the firſt Opportunity. Sir *Philip* receiv'd him with more than uſual Joy, tho not with greater Kindneſs, and I know every Syllable and Accident that paſs'd between them till they went to which you may believe was not a little pleaſantly ſurprizing to *Valentine*, who began then to have ſome Aſſurance of his Happineſs with *Philibella*. His Friend told him that

that he must now be reconcil'd to his *Mock-Majesty*, tho with some difficulty; and so taking one hearty Glass a-piece, he left *Valentine* in the Parlour to carry the ungrateful News of his Visit to him that Morning. King——was in an odd sort of taking, when he heard that *Valentine* was below; and had been, as Sir *Philip* inform'd *Majesty*, at *Majesty*'s Palace, to enquire for him there: But when he told him, that he had already school'd him on his own behalf for the Affront done in his House, and that he believ'd he could bring his Majesty off without any loss of present Honour, his Countenance visibly discover'd his past Fear, and present Satisfaction; which was much encreas'd too, when *Friendly* shewing him his Bond for the Money he won of him at play, let him know, that if he paid three thousand Guineas to *Philibella*, he would immediately deliver him up his Bond, and not expect the two hundred Guineas overplus. His Majesty of *Bantam* was then in so good a humour, that he could have made love to Sir *Philip*; nay, I believe he could have kiss'd *Valentine*, instead of seeming angry. Down they came, and saluted like Gentlemen: But after the greeting was over, *Goodland* began to talk some thing of Affront, Satisfaction, Honour, *&c.* when immediately *Friendly* interpos'd, and after a little seeming Uneasiness and Reluctancy, reconcil'd

cil'd the hot and cholerick Youth to the cold phlegmatick King.

Peace was no ſooner proclaim'd, than the King of *Bantam* took his Rival and late Antagoniſt with him in his own Coach, not excluding Sir *Philip* by any means, to *Locket's*, where they din'd: Thence he would have 'em to Court with him, where he met the Lady *Flippant*, the Lady *Harpy*, the Lady *Crocodile*, Madam *Tattlemore*, Miſs *Medler*, Mrs. *Gingerly*, a rich Grocer's Wife, and ſome others, beſides Knights and Gentlemen of as good Humours as the Ladies; all whom he invited to a Ball at his own Houſe, the Night following; his own Lady being then in the Country. Madam *Tattlemore*, I think, was the firſt he ſpoke to in Court, and whom firſt he ſurpriz'd with the happy News of his Advancement to the Title of King of *Bantam*. How wondrous haſty was ſhe to be gone, as ſoon as ſhe heard it! 'Twas not in her Power, becauſe not in her Nature, to ſtay long enough to take a civil leave of the Company; but away ſhe flew, big with the empty Title of a fantaſtick King, proclaiming it to every one of her Acquaintance, as ſhe paſſed thro every Room, 'till ſhe came to the *Preſence-Chamber*, where ſhe only whiſper'd it; but her Whiſpers made above half the honourable Company quit the Preſence of the King of *Great-Britain*, to go make their court to his Majeſty

Majesty of *Bantam*; some cry'd, *God bless your Majesty!* Some, *Long live the King of* Bantam! Others, *All Hail to your sacred Majesty!* In short, he was congratulated on all sides. Indeed I don't hear that his Majesty King *Charles* II. ever sent an Ambassador to compliment him; tho, possibly, he saluted him by his Title the first time he saw him afterwards: For, you know, he is a wonderful good natur'd and well bred Gentleman.

After he thought the Court of *England* was universally acquainted with his mighty Honour, he was pleas'd to think fit to retire to his own more private Palace, with Sir *Philip* and *Goodland*, whom he entertain'd that Night very handsomly, till about seven a-clock; when they went together to the Play, which was that Night, *A King and no King*. His Attendant-Friends could not forbear smiling, to think how aptly the Title of the Play suited his Circumstances. Nor could he chuse but take notice of it behind the Scenes, between Jest and Earnest; telling the Players how kind Fortune had been the Night past, in disposing the Beam; and justifying what one of her Progenitresses had foretold some Years since. I shall now no more regard (said he) that old doating Fellow *Pythagoras*'s Saying, *Abstineto a Fabis*, That is, (added he, by way of Construction) *Abstain from Beans*: For I find the Excellency of 'em in Cakes and

Diſhes; from the firſt, they inſpire the Soul with mighty Thoughts; and from the laſt our Bodies receive a ſtrong and wholeſom Nouriſhment. That is, (ſaid a Wag among thoſe ſharp Youths, I think 'twas my Friend the Count) theſe puff you up in Mind, Sir, thoſe in Body. They had ſome further Diſcourſe among the Nymphs of the Stage, e'er they went into the Pit; where Sir *Philip* ſpread the News of his Friend's Acceſſion to the Title, tho not yet to the Throne of *Bantam*; upon which he was there again complimented on that Occaſion. Several of the Ladies and Gentlemen who ſaluted him, he invited to the next Night's Ball at his Palace.

The Play done, they took each of them a Bottle at the *Roſe*, and parted till Seven the Night following; which came not ſooner than deſired: for he had taken ſuch care that all things were in readineſs before Eight, only he was not to expect the Muſick till the end of the Play. About Nine, Sir *Philip*, his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philbell*, and *Lucy* came. Sir *Philip* returned him *Rabelais*, which he had borrow'd of him, wherein the Knight had written, in an old ſort of a Character, this Prophecy of his own making; with which he ſurpriz'd the Majeſty of *Bantam*, who vow'd he had never taken notice of it before: but he perceiv'd it had been long written,

the Character; and here it follows, as near as I can remember:

When M. D. C. *come* L. *before,*
Three XXX's, *two* II's, *and one* I. *more;*
Then KING, *tho now but Name to thee,*
Shall both thy Name and Title be.

They had hardly made an end of reading it, e'er the whole Company, and more than he had invited, came in, and were receiv'd with a great deal of Formality and Magnificence. *Lucy* was there attended as his Queen; and *Philibella*, as the Princeſs her Siſter. They danc'd then till they were weary; and afterwards retired to another large Room, where they found the Tables ſpread and furniſhed with all the moſt ſeaſonable cold Meat; which was ſucceeded by the choiceſt Fruits, and the richeſt Deſert of Sweetmeats that Luxury could think on, or at leaſt that this Town could afford. The Wines were all moſt excellent in their kind; and their Spirits flew about thro every corner of the Houſe: There was ſcarce a Spark ſober in the whole Company, with drinking repeated Glaſſes to the Health of the King of *Bantam*, and his Royal Conſort, with the Princeſs *Philibella*'s, who ſat together under a Royal Canopy of State, his Majeſty between the two beautiful Siſters: only *Friendly* and

Goodland wiſely manag'd that part of the Engagement where they were concern'd, and preſerv'd themſelves from the heat of the Debauch.

Between Three and Four moſt of them began to draw off, laden with Fruit and Sweetmeats, and rich Favours compos'd of Yellow, Green, Red and White, the Colours of his new Majeſty of *Bantam*. Before Five they were left to themſelves; when the Lady *Friendly* was diſcompos'd, for want of Sleep, and her uſual Cordial, which obliged Sir *Philip* to wait on her home, with his two Nieces: But his Majeſty would by no means part with *Goodland*, whom, before Nine that Morning, he made as drunk as a Lord, and by conſequence, one of his Peers; for Majeſty was then, indeed, as great as an Emperor: He fancy'd himſelf *Alexander*, and young *Valentine* his *Hepheſtion*; and did ſo be-[illegible] him, that the young Gentleman fear'd he was fallen into the Hands of an [illegible] However, by the kind Perſuaſion[illegible] condeſcending and diſſembling [illegible] ventur'd to go into bed with him; [illegible] King *Wou'd-be* fell aſleep, hand [illegible] and not long after, *Goodland*, his new [illegible] Peer, follow'd him to the cool Retreats of *Morpheus*.

About Three the next Afternoon they both wak'd, as by conſent, and called to [illegible] dreſs

dreſs. And after that Buſineſs was over, I think they ſwallow'd each of 'em a Pint of *Old-Hock*, with a little Sugar, by the way of healing. Their Coaches were got ready in the mean time; but the Peer was forced to accept of the Honour of being carried in his Majeſty's to Sir *Philip*'s, whom they found juſt riſen from Dinner, with *Philadelphia* and his two Nieces. They ſat down, and ask'd for ſomething to reliſh a Glaſs of Wine, and Sir *Philip* order'd a cold Chine to be ſet before 'em, of which they eat about an Ounce a-piece; but they drank more by half, I dare ſay.

After their little Repaſt, *Friendly* call'd the *Would-be-Monarch* aſide, and told him, that he would have him go to the Play that Night, which was, *The London-Cuckolds*; promiſing to meet him there in leſs than half an hour after his departure: telling him withal, that he would ſurprize him with a much better Entertainment than the Stage afforded. Majeſty took the hint, imagining, and that rightly, that the Knight had ſome Intrigue in his Head, for the promotion of the Commonwealth of Cuckoldom: In order therefore to his Addreſs, he took his leave about a quarter of an hour after.

When he was gone, Sir *Philip* thus beſpoke his pretended Niece: Madam, I hope your Majeſty will not refuſe me the

Honour of waiting on you to a Place where you will meet with better Entertainment than your Majesty can expect from the best Comedy in Christendom. *Val.* (continued he) you must go with us, to secure me against the Jealousy of my Wife. That, indeed (return'd his Lady) is very material; and you are mightily concern'd not to give me occasion, I must own. You see I am now, (replied he:) But——come! on with Hoods and Scarf! (pursued he, to *Lucy*) Then addressing himself again to his Lady; *Madam*, (said he) we'll wait on you. In less time than I could have drank a Bottle to my share, the Coach was got ready, and on they drove to the Play-house. By the way, said *Friendly* to *Val.*—Your Honour, noble Peer, must be set down at *Long*'s; for only *Lucy* and I must be seen to his Majesty of *Bantam*. And now, I doubt not, you understand what you must trust to.——To be robb'd of her Majesty's Company, I warrant (return'd the other) for these long three Hours. (cry'd *Lucy*) you don't mean, I [illegible] leave me with his Majesty of *Bantam*? 'Tis for thy good, Child! 'Tis for thy good (return'd *Friendly*.) To the *Ro*[illegible] they drove then; where *Goodland* alighted, and expected Sir *Philip*; who led *Lucy* into the King's Box, to his new Majesty; where, after the first Scene, he left them together.

The

The over-joy'd fantaſtick Monarch would fain have ſaid ſome fine obliging Things to the Knight, as he was going out; but *Friendly*'s haſte prevented 'em, who went directly to *Valentine*, took one Glaſs, call'd a Reckoning, mounted his Chariot, and away home they came: where I believe he was welcome to his Lady; for I never heard any thing to the contrary.

In the mean time, his Majeſty had not the patience to ſtay out half the Play, at which he was ſaluted by above twenty Gentlemen and Ladies by his new and mighty Title: but out he led Miſs Majeſty e'er the third Act was half done; pretending, that it was ſo damn'd bawdy a Play, that he knew her Modeſty had been already but too much offended at it; ſo into his Coach he got her. When they were ſeated, ſhe told him ſhe would go to no place with him, but to the Lodgings her Mother had taken for her, when ſhe firſt came to Town, and which ſtill ſhe kept. Your Mother! Madam, (cry'd he) why, is Sir *Philip*'s Siſter living then? His Brother's Widow is, Sir, (ſhe reply'd.) Is ſhe there? (he ak'd.) No, Sir, (ſhe return'd;) ſhe's in the Country. Oh, then we will go thither to chuſe. The Coach-man was then order'd to drive to *Jermain Street*; where, when he came into the Lodgings, he found 'em very rich and modiſhly furniſh'd. He preſently call'd one

of his Slaves, and whiſper'd him to get three or four pretty Diſhes for Supper; and then getting a Pen, Ink and Paper, writ a Note to *C—d* the Goldſmith within *Temple-Bar*, for five hundred Guineas; which *Watchful* brought him, in leſs than an hour's time, when they were juſt in the height of Supper; *Lucy* having invited her Landlady, for the better colour of the matter. His *Bantamite* Majeſty took the Gold from his Slave, and threw it by him in the Window, that *Lucy* might take notice of it; (which you may aſſure your ſelf ſhe did, and after Supper wink'd on the goodly Matron of the Houſe to retire, which ſhe immediately obey'd.) Then his Majeſty began his Court very earneſtly and hotly, throwing the naked Guineas into her Lap: which ſhe ſeem'd to refuſe with much Diſdain; but upon his repeated Promiſes, confirm'd by unheard of Oaths and Imprecations, that he would give her Siſter three thouſand Guineas to her Portion, ſhe began by degrees to mollify, and let the Gold lie quietly in her Lap: And the next Night, after he had drawn Notes on two or three of his Bankers, for the Payment of three thouſand Guineas to Sir *Philip*, or Order, and receiv'd his own Bond made for what he had loſt at play from *Friendly*, ſhe made no great difficulty to admit his Majeſty to her Bed. Where I think

fit to leave 'em for the preſent; for (perhaps) they had ſome private Buſineſs.

The next Morning before the Titular King was (I won't ſay up, or ſtirring, but) out of bed, young *Goodland* and *Philibella* were privately marry'd; the Bills being all accepted and paid in two Days time. As ſoon as ever the fantaſtick Monarch could find in his Heart to divorce himſelf from the dear and charming Embraces of his beautiful Bedfellow, he came flying to Sir *Philip*, with all the haſte that Imagination big with Pleaſure could inſpire him with, to diſcharge it ſelf to a ſuppos'd Friend. The Knight told him, that he was really much troubled to find that his Niece had yielded ſo ſoon and eaſily to him; however, he wiſh'd him Joy: To which the other return'd, that he could never want it, whilſt he had the command of ſo much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the moſt nauſeous, hateful, pernicious and deſtructive of Love imaginable. Think you ſo, Sir? (ask'd the Knight;) we ſhall hear what a Friend of mine will ſay on ſuch an Occaſion, to-morrow about this time: but I beſeech your Majeſty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, leſt you make him as uneaſy as you ſeem to be in that Circumſtance. Be aſſur'd I will, (return'd the other:) But when ſhall I ſee the ſweet, the

dear, the blooming, the charming *Philibella?* She will be with us at dinner. Where's her Majesty? (ask'd Sir *Philip.*) Had you enquir'd before, she had been here; for, look, she comes! *Friendly* seems to regard her with a kind of Displeasure, and whisper'd Majesty, that he should express no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his House, at any time, especially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella*, who came down presently after to Dinner.

About four a-clock, as his Majesty had intrigu'd with her, *Lucy* took a Hackney-Coach, and went to her Lodgings; whither, about an hour after, he follow'd her. Next morning, at nine, he came to *Friendly*'s, who carry'd him up to see his new married Friends—But (O Damnation to Thoughts!) what Torments did he feel, when he saw young *Goodland* and *Philibella* in bed together; the last of which return'd him humble and hearty Thanks for her Portion and Husband, as the first did for his Wife. He shook his Head at Sir *Philip*, and without speaking one word, left 'em, and hurry'd to *Lucy*, to lament the ill Treatment he had met with from *Friendly*. They coo'd and bill'd as long as he was able; she (sweet Hypocrite) seeming to bemoan his Misfortunes; which he took so kindly, that when he left her, which was about three in the

the Afternoon, he caus'd a Scrivener to draw up an Inſtrument, wherein he ſettled a hundred Pounds a year on *Lucy* for her Life, and gave her a hundred Guineas more againſt her Lying-in: (For ſhe told him, and indeed 'twas true, that ſhe was with child, and knew her ſelf to be ſo from a very good Reaſon——) And indeed ſhe was ſo ——by the *Friendly* Knight. When he return'd to her, he threw the obliging Inſtrument into her Lap; (it ſeems, he had a particular Kindneſs for that Place——) then call'd for Wine, and ſomething to eat; for he had not drank a Pint to his ſhare all the day, (tho he had ply'd it at the Chocolate-Houſe.—) The Landlady, who was invited to ſup with 'em, bid 'em goodnight, about eleven; when they went to bed, and partly ſlept till about ſix; when they were entertain'd by ſome Gentlemen of their Acquaintance, who play'd and ſung very finely, by way of *Epithalamium*, theſe words and more:

Joy to great Bantam!
Live long, love and wanton!
And thy Royal Conſort!
For both are of one ſort, &c.

The reſt I have forgot. I took ſome offence at the Words; but more at the Viſit that Sir *Philip*, and *Goodland*, made him, about an

an hour after, who found him in bed with his Royal Conſort; and after having wiſh'd 'em Joy, and thrown their Majeſties own Shoes and Stockings at their Heads, retir'd. This gave Monarch in Fancy ſo great a Caution, that he took his Royal Conſort into the Country, (but above forty Miles off the Place where his own Lady was) where, in leſs than eight Months, ſhe was deliver'd of a Princely Babe, who was chriſten'd by the heatheniſh Name of *Hayoumorecake Bantam*; while her Majeſty lay in like a petty Queen.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE *BLACK LADY.*

ABOUT the beginning of laſt *June* (as near as I can remember) *Bellamora* came to Town from *Hampſhire*, and was obliged to lodge the firſt Night at the ſame Inn where the Stage-Coach ſet up. The next Day ſhe took Coach for *Covent-Garden*, where ſhe thought to find Madam *Brightly*, a Relation of hers; with whom ſhe deſign'd to continue for about half a Year undiſcover'd, if poſſible, by her Friends in the Country: and order'd therefore her Trunk, with her Clothes, and moſt of her Money and Jewels, to be brought

brought after her to Madam *Brightly's*, by a ſtrange Porter, whom ſhe ſpoke to in the Street as ſhe was taking Coach; being utterly unacquainted with the neat Practices of this fine City. When ſhe came to *Bridges Street*, where indeed her Couſin had lodged near three or four Years ſince, ſhe was ſtrangely ſurprized that ſhe could not learn any thing of her; no, nor ſo much as meet with any one that had ever heard of her Couſin's Name: Till, at laſt, deſcribing Madam *Brightly* to one of the Houſe-keepers in that Place, he told her, that there was ſuch a kind of Lady, whom he had ſometimes ſeen there about a Year and a half ago; but that he believed ſhe was married and remov'd towards *Soho*. In this Perplexity ſhe quite forgot her Trunk and Money, *&c.* and wander'd in her Hackney-Coach all over St. *Anne's* Pariſh; inquiring for Madam *Brightly*, ſtill deſcribing her Perſon, but in vain; for no Soul could give her any Tale or Tidings of ſuch a Lady. After ſhe had thus fruitleſly rambled, till ſhe, the Coachman, and the very Horſes were even tired, by good fortune for her, ſhe happen'd on a private Houſe, where lived a good, diſcreet, antient Gentlewoman, who was fallen to decay, and forc'd to let Lodgings for the beſt part of her Livelihood: From whom ſhe underſtood, that there was ſuch a kind of Lady who

who had lain there ſomewhat more than a Twelvemonth, being near three Months after ſhe was married; but that ſhe was now gone abroad with the Gentleman her Husband, either to the Play, or to take the freſh Air; and ſhe believ'd would not return till night. This Diſcourſe of the good Gentlewoman's ſo elevated *Bellamora*'s drooping Spirits, that after ſhe had beg'd the liberty, of ſtaying there till they came home, ſhe diſcharg'd the Coach-man in all haſte, ſtill forgetting her Trunk, and the more valuable Furniture of it.

When they were alone, *Bellamora* deſired ſhe might be permitted the Freedom to ſend for a Pint of Sack; which, with ſome little difficulty, was at laſt allow'd her. They began then to chat for a matter of half an hour of things indifferent: and at length the antient Gentlewoman ask'd the fair Innocent (I muſt not ſay fooliſh) one, of what Country, and what her Name was: to both which ſhe anſwer'd directly and truly, tho it might have prov'd not diſcreetly. She then enquir'd of *Bellamora* if her Parents were living, and the Occaſion of her coming to Town. The fair unthinking Creature reply'd, that her Father and Mother were both dead; and that ſhe had eſcap'd from her Uncle, under the pretence of making a Viſit to a young Lady, her Couſin, who was lately married, and liv'd above twenty Miles

Miles from her Uncle's, in the Road to *London*; and that the Cauſe of her quitting the Country, was to avoid the hated Importunities of a Gentleman, whoſe pretended Love to her ſhe fear'd had been her eternal Ruin. At which ſhe wept and ſigh'd moſt extravagantly. The diſcreet Gentlewoman endeavour'd to comfort her by all the ſofteſt and moſt powerful Arguments in her Capacity; promiſing her all the friendly Aſſiſtance that ſhe could expect from her, during *Bellamora*'s ſtay in Town: which ſhe did with ſo much Earneſtneſs, and viſible Integrity, that the pretty innocent Creature was going to make her a full and real Diſcovery of her imaginary inſupportable Misfortunes; and (doubtleſs) had done it, had ſhe not been prevented by the return of the Lady, whom ſhe hop'd to have found her Coulin *Brightly*. The Gentleman her Huſband juſt ſaw her within doors, and order'd the Coach to drive to ſome of his Bottle-Companions; which gave the Women the better Opportunity of entertaining one another, which happen'd to be with ſome Surprize on all ſides. As the Lady was going up into her Apartment, the Gentlewoman of the Houſe told her there was a young Lady in the Parlour, who came out of the Country that very Day on purpoſe to viſit her: The Lady ſtept immediately to ſee who it was, and *Bellamora* approaching to receive

receive her hop'd-for Couſin, ſtop'd on the ſudden juſt as ſhe came to her; and ſigh'd out aloud, Ah, Madam! I am loſt.—It is not your Ladyſhip I ſeek. No, Madam (return'd the other) I am apt to think you did not intend me this Honour. But you are as welcome to me, as you could be to the deareſt of your Acquaintance: Have you forgot me, Madam *Bellamora?* (continued ſhe.) That Name ſtartled the other: However, it was with a kind of Joy. Alas! Madam, (replied the young one) I now remember that I have been ſo happy to have ſeen you; but where and when, my Memory can't tell me. 'Tis indeed ſome Years ſince, (return'd the Lady) But of that another time.——Mean while, if you are unprovided of a Lodging, I dare undertake, you ſhall be welcome to this Gentlewoman. The Unfortunate return'd her Thanks; and whilſt a Chamber was preparing for her, the Lady entertain'd her in her own. About ten a-clock they parted, *Bellamora* being conducted to her Lodging by the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, who then left her to take what reſt ſhe could amidſt her ſo many Misfortunes; returning to the other Lady, who deſir'd her to ſearch into the Cauſe of *Bellamora*'s retreat to Town.

The next Morning the good Gentlewoman of the Houſe coming up to her, found *Bellamora* almoſt drown'd in Tears, which by

by many kind and ſweet Words ſhe at laſt ſtopp'd; and asking whence ſo great ſigns of Sorrow ſhould proceed, vow'd a moſt profound Secrecy if ſhe would diſcover to her their Occaſion; which, after ſome little Reluctancy, ſhe did, in this manner.

I was courted (ſaid ſhe) above three Years ago, when my Mother was yet living, by one Mr. *Fondlove*, a Gentleman of good Eſtate, and true Worth; and one who, I dare believe, did then really love me: He continu'd his Paſſion for me, with all the earneſt and honeſt Sollicitations imaginable, till ſome Months before my Mother's Death; who, at that time, was moſt deſirous to ſee me diſpoſed of in Marriage to another Gentleman, of a much better Eſtate than Mr. *Fondlove*; but one whoſe Perſon and Humour did by no means hit with my Inclinations: And this gave *Fondlove* the unhappy Advantage over me. For, finding me one day all alone in my Chamber, and lying on my Bed, in as mournful and wretched a Condition to my then fooliſh Apprehenſion, as now I am, he urged his Paſſion with ſuch Violence, and accurſed Succeſs for me, with reiterated Promiſes of Marriage, whenſoever I pleas'd to challenge 'em, which he bound with the moſt ſacred Oaths, and moſt dreadful Execrations; that partly with my Averſion to the other, and partly with my Inclinations to pity him, I ruin'd my ſelf.—

Here

Here ſhe relaps'd into a greater Extravagance of Grief than before; which was ſo extreme that it did not continue long. When therefore ſhe was pretty well come to herſelf, the antient Gentlewoman ask'd her, why ſhe imagin'd her ſelf ruin'd: To which ſhe anſwer'd, I am great with Child by him, Madam, and wonder you did not perceive it laſt night. Alas! I have not a Month to go: I am aſham'd, ruin'd, and damn'd, I fear, for ever loſt. Oh! fie, Madam, think not ſo, (ſaid the other) for the Gentleman may yet prove true, and marry you. Ay, Madam, (replied *Bellamora*) I doubt not that he would marry me; for ſoon after my Mother's Death, when I came to be at my own diſpoſal, which happen'd about two Months after, he offer'd, nay moſt earneſtly ſollicited me to it, which ſtill he perſeveres to do. This is ſtrange! (return'd the other) and it appears to me to be your own fault, that you are yet miſerable. Why did you not, or why will you not conſent to your own Happineſs? Alas! (cry'd *Bellamora*) 'tis the only thing I dread in this World: For, I am certain, he can never love me after. Beſides, ever ſince I have abhorr'd the ſight of him: and this is the only Cauſe that obliges me to forſake my Uncle, and all my Friends and Relations in the Country, hoping in this populous and publick Place to be moſt private, eſpecially, Madam, in your

your Houſe, and in your Fidelity and Diſcretion. Of the laſt you may aſſure your ſelf, Madam, (ſaid the other:) but what Proviſion have you made for the Reception of the young Stranger that you carry about you? Ah, Madam! (cry'd *Bellamora*) you have brought to my mind another Misfortune: Then ſhe acquainted her with the ſuppos'd loſs of her Money and Jewels, telling her withal, that ſhe had but three Guineas and ſome Silver left, and the Rings ſhe wore, in her preſent Poſſeſſion. The good Gentlewoman of the Houſe told her, ſhe would ſend to enquire at the Inn where ſhe lay the firſt night ſhe came to Town; for, happily, they might give ſome Account of the Porter to whom ſhe had entruſted her Trunk; and withal repeated her Promiſe of all the Help in her power, and for that time left her much more compos'd than ſhe found her. The good Gentlewoman went directly to the other Lady, her Lodger, to whom ſhe recounted *Bellamora*'s mournful Confeſſion; at which the Lady appear'd mightily concern'd: and at laſt ſhe told her Landlady, that ſhe would take care that *Bellamora* ſhould lie in according to her Quality: For, added ſhe, the Child, it ſeems, is my own Brother's.

As ſoon as ſhe had din'd, ſhe went to the *Exchange*, and bought Child-bed Linen; but deſired that *Bellamora* might not have

have the leaſt notice of it: And at her retur- diſpatch'd a Letter to her Brother *Fondlove* in *Hampſhire*, with an account of every Particular; which ſoon brought him up to Town, without ſatisfying any of his or her Friends with the reaſon of his ſudden departure. Mean while, the good Gentlewoman of the Houſe had ſent to the *Swan* on *Fish-ſtreet-hill*, to demand the Trunk, which ſhe rightly ſuppos'd to have been carried back thither: For by good luck, it was a Fellow that ply'd thereabouts, who brought it to *Bellamora's* Lodgings that very Night, but unknown to her. *Fondlove* no ſooner got to *London*, but he poſts to his Siſter's Lodgings, where he was adviſ'd not to be ſeen of *Bellamora* till they had work'd farther upon her, which the Laudlady began in this manner; ſhe told her that her things were miſcarried, and ſhe fear'd, loſt; that ſhe had but a little Money her ſelf, and if the Overſeers of the Poor (juſtly ſo call'd from their over-looking 'em) ſhould have the leaſt ſuſpicion of a ſtrange and unmarried Perſon, who was entertain'd in her Houſe big with Child, and ſo near her time as *Bellamora* was, ſhe ſhould be troubled if they could not give Security to the Pariſh of twenty or thirty Pounds, that they ſhould not ſuffer by her, which ſhe could not; or other-

otherwiſe ſhe muſt be ſent to the Houſe of Correction, and her Child to a Pariſh-Nurſe. This Diſcourſe, one may imagine, was very dreadful to a Perſon of her Youth, Beauty, Education, Family and Eſtate: However, ſhe reſolutely proteſted, that ſhe had rather undergo all this, than be expos'd to the Scorn of her Friends and Relations in the Country. The other told her then, that ſhe muſt write down to her Uncle a Farewel-Letter, as if ſhe were juſt going aboard the Pacquet-Boat for *Holland*, that he might not ſend to enquire for her in Town, when he ſhould underſtand ſhe was not at her new-married Couſin's in the Country; which accordingly ſhe did, keeping her ſelf cloſe Priſoner to her Chamber, where ſhe was daily viſited by *Fondlove*'s Siſter and the Landlady, but by no Soul elſe, the firſt diſſembling the knowledge ſhe had of her Misfortunes. Thus ſhe continued for above three Weeks, not a Servant being ſuffer'd to enter her Chamber, ſo much as to make her Bed, leſt they ſhould take notice of her great Belly: but for all this caution, the Secret had taken wind, by the means of an Attendant of the other Lady below, who had over-heard her ſpeaking of it to her Husband. This ſoon got out of doors, and ſpread abroad, till it reach'd the long Ears of the Wolves

of

of the Pariſh, who next day deſign'd to pay her a Viſit: But *Fondlove*, by good Providence, prevented it; who, the night before, was uſher'd into *Bellamora*'s Chamber by his Siſter, his Brother-in-Law, and the Landlady. At the ſight of him ſhe had like to have ſwoon'd away: but he taking her in his Arms, began again, as he was wont to do, with Tears in his Eyes, to beg that ſhe would marry him e'er ſhe was deliver'd; if not for his, nor her own, yet for the Child's ſake, which ſhe hourly expected; that it might not be born out of Wedlock, and ſo be made uncapable of inheriting either of their Eſtates; with a great many more preſſing Arguments on all ſides: To which at laſt ſhe conſented; and an honeſt officious Gentleman, whom they had before provided, was call'd up, who made an end of the Diſpute: So to Bed they went together that Night; next Day to the *Exchange*, for ſeveral pretty Buſineſſes that Ladies in her Condition want. Whilſt they were abroad, came the Vermin of the Pariſh, (I mean, the Overſeers of the Poor, who eat the Bread from 'em) to ſearch for a young Black-hair'd Lady (for ſo was *Bellamora*) who was either brought to bed, or juſt ready to lie down. The Landlady ſhew'd 'em all the Rooms in her Houſe, but no ſuch Lady could be found. At laſt ſhe bethought her

ſelf,

ſelf, and led 'em into her Parlour, where ſhe open'd a little Cloſet-door, and ſhew'd 'em a black Cat that had juſt kitten'd; aſſuring 'em, that ſhe ſhould never trouble the Pariſh as long as ſhe had Rats or Mice in the Houſe; and ſo diſmiſs'd 'em like Logger-heads as they came.

FINIS.

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